TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Poetry.

THE LAST SCENE.

Down where the buzzards buzz the moon,
And the bittern sings his bitter tune,
The great man fumbles an old crow's quill,
And prays for strength on the Tariff bill.

The waves come up and they thump the shore,
The gray sea shrieks with a hollow roar.
He hears the noise in the shadows dim;
What are the wild waves saying to him?

What are the wild waves saying? Alas,
How did the bill ever come to pass?
The wild waves question, but answer not,
Save to hint that the party's going to pot.

The crow quill trembles in the great man's hand,
Dishonor and perfidy near him stand;
If he does or he doesn't, it's about the same,
For somebody has got to shoulder the shame.

He paws the carpet and champs his bits,
And he gives those sugar Senators fits;
They've got him ag'in, and they make him sad,
And he doubts if there's balm in Gliead.

He sweats and swears in his home by the bay,
And wonders why, when the devil's to pay,
There's no pitch hot, and he damns, with a will,
The man who invented a tariff bill.

The gray sea shrieks, and the waves bring in
The popgun wreckage and his cuckoo kin,
And the black crow, sitting above his door,
Croaks and croaks forevermore,
And he hastens away from that dreadful shore.

—New York Sun.

PROCRASTINATION.

I said: "To-morrow!" one bleak winter day,
"To-morrow I will live my life anew."
And still "To-morrow!" while the winter grew
To spring and yet I dallied by the way
And sweet dear sins held me still in their sway.
"To-morrow!" I said, while summer days wore through;
"To-morrow!" while chill autumn round me drew;
And so my soul remained the sweet sin's prey.

So pass the years and still, perpetually,
I cry: "To-morrow will I flee each wile;
To-morrow, surely, shall my soul stand free,
Safe from the siren voices that beguile!"
But death waits for me with a mocking smile,
And whispers: "Yea! To-morrow, verily!"

—Philip Bourke Marston.

THE DRUM.

Rataplan! Rataplan!
In the forefront of the van
'Tis a little beardless drummer boy that leads the bearded man.
See the limping veteran
Keeping step as best he can
To the little beardless drummer boy's commanding rataplan.
Rataplan!

How old recollections come,
At the beating of the drum,
Of the battle's mad fantasia, the throbbing and the hum
Of the rifles rataplan
In the forefront of the van,
Where the drumstick was a bullet and the parchment was a man.
Rataplan!

—Boston Transcript.

Miscellany.

A TRAGEDY OF THE TIMES.

It was in the gloaming and the fair Lady Sugar sat in the great hall of the castle.

Ere she had sat long, the Baron de Robbaire presented his compliments, and desired that she see him.

It was not the first time the Baron had seen members of the Sugar family, and the lady feared him because he had been known to strike various members of her family, and she did not know what instant she would be the next.

She commanded the seneschal to show him up, and that worthy servitor did the best he knew how, but it was not much, because he didn't know enough; and, besides, the Baron was even then on the ground floor.

When he appeared before the fair Lady Sugar she trembled visibly.

He noted her alarm and laughed mockingly.

With clasped hands she gazed at him appealingly.

"Aha!" he hissed between his firm set teeth.

She shook as if in an ague fit, but she could not shake him.

He drew back his arm as if about to strike her.

"Heaven protect me!" she shrieked, falling at his feet.

"Heaven protect you?" he hissed tauntingly and questioningly, "What's the matter with Congress and the administration?"

This recalled the sweet one to her senses, and she got up and shook hands with the baron.—New York Sun.

Dispensation From Above.

"Were there any marks of violence found on the remains?" inquired the coroner.

"None that I could see," answered the witness.

"You positively identify the remains as those of a man you saw walking along the pier one day last week?"

"I do. There is the same slouch hat, Prince Albert coat, black trowsers and yellow shoes."

And the jury brought in a verdict to the effect that the deceased had probably been struck by lightning and afterward fallen into the river.—Chicago Tribune.

Taking Down a Noble.

Not long since a certain noble peer in Yorkshire, who is fond of boasting of his Norman descent, thus addressed one of his tenants, who, he thought, was not speaking to him with proper respect:

"Do you know that my ancestors came over with William the Conqueror?"

"And mayhap," replied the noble Saxon, nothing daunted, "they found mine here when they came."

The noble felt he had the worst of it.—Spare Moments.

Quite Appropriate.

Jimmieboy has a little playmate, a small Western child, who is visiting near Jimmieboy's house for the summer.

"Do you live here?" asked Jimmieboy's father.

"No," said the little girl, "I's only here for the simmer."

Which seemed to Jimmieboy's father an excellent word for summer, particularly a hot one like this.—Philadelphia Press.

Thrift.

Hans (proprietor of the half-way house)—How many beds empty upstairs, Katrina?

Katrina—Four, Hans.

Hans—Vell, empty some tacks quick on the street out. I dinks me I see five picycle riders comin' dis way aletty on dem wheels vat dey blows mit air up.—Judge.

From Boston.

"How do you like the young woman from Boston?" asked the young man's sister.

"Oh, very well; only she uses such big words. I gave her a flower and she wouldn't call it by anything but its scientic name."

"But you always liked botany."

"It wasn't her botany I objected to. It was her haughty-culture."—Washington Star.

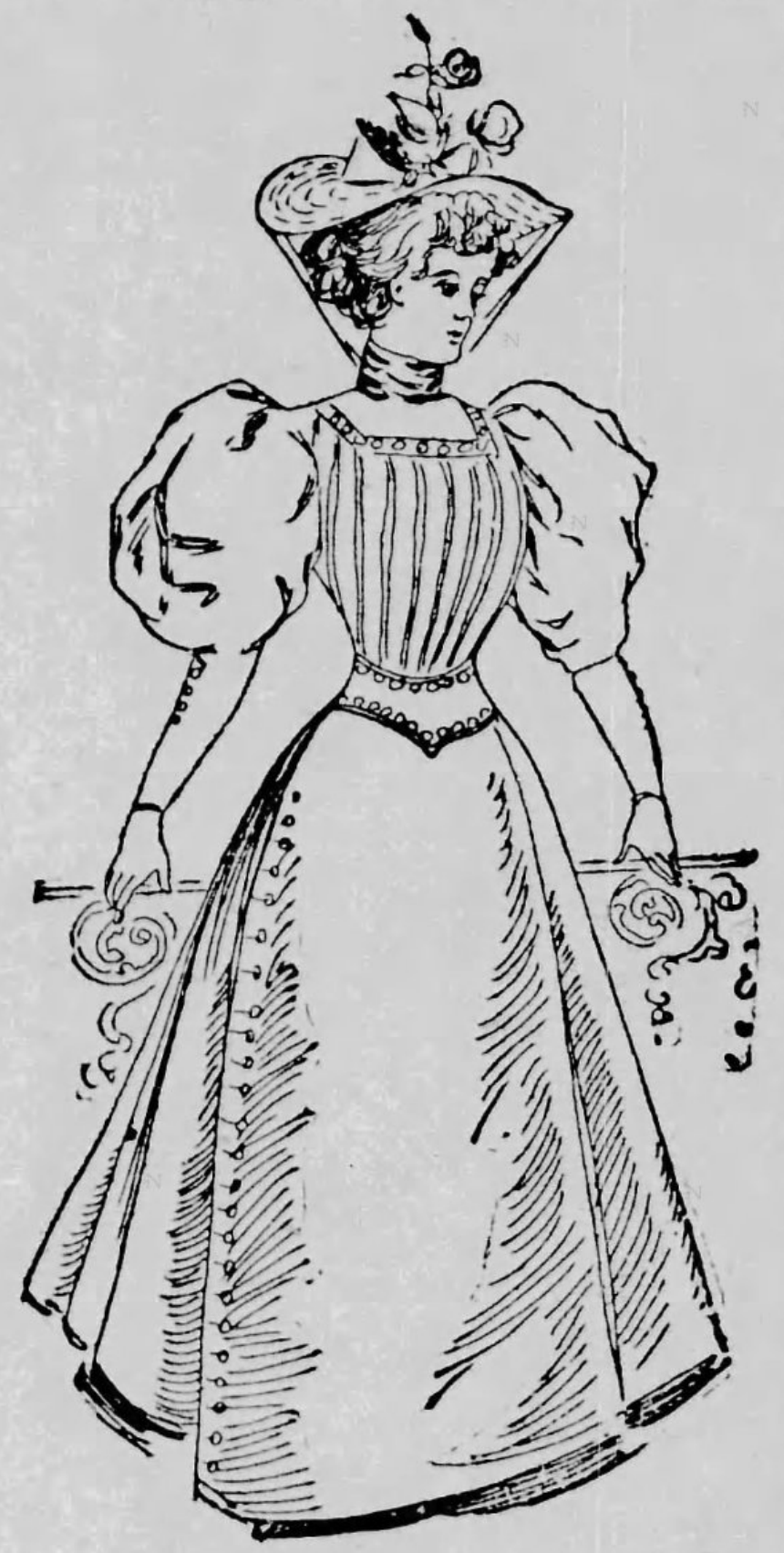
BUTTONS EVERYWHERE.

An Imported Frock Glistening With Sixteen Dozen Buttons.

Her button gown was a great success. She was conscious of this after wearing it for the first time. Such an amount of attention she had never before received. It was an important frock and it carried just sixteen dozen buttons. They were very small buttons of glistening gilt and they shone upon her dress like cords of gold.

The skirt of this French costume was made of fine white broadcloth, with an unusual amount of fulness at the back. On the right side of the skirt a narrow panel of heliotrope velvet appeared to be caught to the broadcloth by a row of gilt buttons, which stretched from waist line to hem. The bottom of the skirt was finished by a band of the velvet gleaming with another line of gilt buttons. The bodice was heliotrope chiffon over silk and shirred to a yoke of white broadcloth outlined with very small gilt buttons. The chiffon at the waist line tucked in to a corselet of heliotrope velvet bordered with buttons.

The draped sleeve was of white chiffon over heliotrope silk. The puff was most graceful. Below the elbow the chiffon was drawn over a tight-fitting cuff, which seemed held together by a row of buttons.



SIXTEEN DOZEN BUTTONS.

MARRYING IN GERMANY.

Union Between Kinsfolk Prevails to a Great Extent.

Matrimony in Germany is a singular institution. There are so many restrictions, such a complement of formalities to be submitted to that marriage is rather unpopular than otherwise. The prevailing idea is to keep money in the family, and to attain this end the people, so sensible and level-headed in many respects, are willing to go to any lengths. A man may even have for his wife his cousin, his aunt, his stepmother, and his sister-in-law combined—he doesn't care so long as he has a hold on the money. The number of marriages among first cousins is countless, and the results appalling. How many idiots there are in the fatherland I should not care to say. So that he may keep the money in his family it is quite a common occurrence for an uncle to marry his niece, and a man will sometimes wed his brother's widow. In Bavaria it is legal for a boy to marry at 14 and a girl at 12.

A soldier may not become a benedict until he has reached the age of 30—a most unpopular condition, and one which causes very disagreeable consequences. I heard of a case of a man who married his first cousin. He had four children, one of whom became a leper and two of them idiots. Three committed suicide, and the fourth married her fifth cousin and had an idiot child. In another family the result of an intermarriage between cousins was two imbecile out of three children; all three died young. In one district numbers of people with dreadfully swollen necks may be met. In the valleys of the Alps some of the most deformed idiots on earth are to be found. They are Cretins, and live by begging, the hideousness of their looks bringing them in a good deal of money from the charitably disposed. And yet these poor creatures intermarry and spread the scourge. The marriage does not require any great effort in breaking it in Germany—chronic mutual dislike and incompatibility of temper are sufficient reasons for divorce.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

SHE DID NOT LIKE THE BED.

Sarah's Sister Offers a Conclusive Reason for Not Buying It.

Two maiden ladies walked into a Broadway furniture store the other day, according to the New York Herald, and asked to be shown some chamber suits of reasonable price.

They were tall, thin, prim and sisters.

The salesman showed them an extensive line of bedroom furniture.

At last a suit was reached that pleased one of the women.

"What's the price of this?" she asked.

"Twenty-eight dollars," replied the salesman. "Seven pieces in the set. Made of thoroughly seasoned wood. Everything is first class about it. You couldn't buy one like it anywhere else in the city for less than $35. It's a bargain."

"It does seem reasonable, Sarah," said the woman who had asked the price of the set.

Sarah walked around the bedstead, scrutinized it carefully from several points of view, and finally shook her head.

"It don't quite suit me," she said.

They left the store.

When they had reached the sidewalk Mary said:

"Sarah, I think we made a mistake in not taking that suit."

"Do you really believe that?" asked Sarah.

"Yes, it was a bargain."

"But that bedstead, Mary?"

"Well, what about it? I didn't see anything the matter with the bedstead. It was stylish looking and well made as far as I could see."

"Yes, yes; but it was so low."

"Well, what of that? For my part I like a low bed."

"But, my dear sister," said Sarah reproachfully, "that bedstead was altogether too low. It would be utterly impossible for a man to crawl under it."

Mysteries of Incubation.

"Oh, Gracie," said Aunt Hat, "wouldn't you like to come and see our little chickens? We have a dozen beautiful yellow fluffs."

"Yes," replied Grace. "I knew you were going to have some. I saw the eggs planted."—Judge.

Hot-Weather Reading.

Book Agent—Would you like to buy this work, sir, entitled "New Discoveries in Central Africa?"

Remsen Court—Suffering Moses! no; but if you have a book about the north pole, with lots of stories about people being frozen to death, and all that, I'll buy it in a rush.—Brooklyn Eagle.

An Unpleasant Use of the Verb.

Clerk—Are you going to discharge me, then?

Druggist—Yes, I think we can dispense without you.—Harvard Lampoon.

CLEVER STRATEGY.

An Incident of the French and English War in Canada.

General Putnam, a brave officer in the war between the French and English in Canada, is the hero of an interesting little story, related by the Hartford Courant. General Amherst marched across the country to Canada. Coming to one of the lakes over which he intended to pass with his troops he found a French vessel armed with 12 guns upon the lake. This greatly distressed the general, as his small boats were no match for this vessel, in the situation in which it was placed. While he was thinking what had best be done, Putnam addressed him.

"General," said he, "that ship must be taken."

"Yes," said Amherst, "I would give the world were she taken."

"I'll take her," said Putnam.

Amherst smiled and asked how.

"Give me some wedges, a beetle (a large wooden mallet) and a few men, and I'll take her," answered Putnam.

General Amherst was puzzled as to how this was to be accomplished, but he granted Putnam's request, and gave him the wedges, beetle and his choice of men. When night came he rowed over quietly to the vessel's stern, with his wedges and hammer and five men. The wedges were driven behind the rudder in the cavity between rudder and ship without attracting the enemy's attention, and then Putnam quietly came back to shore. In the morning the sails were seen fluttering about, and after awhile the vessel was blown ashore and the enemy captured.

Having lost control of the rudder by General Putnam's act, the course of the vessel could not be regulated.

TOM REED'S LITTLE MUSTACHE

Overlooked by a Ticket Agent Much to the Ex-Speaker's Disgust.

Everyone who has ever made a close study of Mr. Reed's characteristics of face has noticed that he nourishes a very small mustache. Everything about Mr. Reed is large but the hirsute adornment of his upper lip. Yet, according to the Washington Post, the man from Maine is proud of it, like a mother of her puniest offspring. Once upon a time the ex-speaker was taking his family to a neighboring town and entered the railway station to purchase tickets. He pulled out a large bill, paid for his tickets, and walked away without taking his change. He had been seated in the train but a short time when the conductor approached him.

"Did you leave your change at the ticket station?" he asked.

Mr. Reed suddenly recollected that he had. The ticket agent who sold you the tickets," said the conductor, "described you as a large man with a smooth face——"

"And a mustache," put in Mr. Reed.

"No," said the conductor, "he didn't say anything about the mustache. I guess he didn't see it."

Mr. Reed thrust his recovered change into his pocket with a pout.

"Confound it," he said to a member who was listening to the story from his lips the other day, "a man has got to be as small as Wilson, of Washington, to have anybody notice that he's got a mustache."

MADAME CASIMIR-PERIER.

Glad That She Will Not Have to Move Again for Seven Years.

The brilliant wife of the new French President, recently said, in conversation, that she had changed her residenee six times during the past twelve months. "I will add," she said, "what few other ladies could say, in narrating such an unusual number of house movings, that each change has been brought about by their husband's advance in position."

MME. CASIMIR PERIER.

From her country home Mme. Casimir-Perier moved to apartments in the Rue Nitot in Paris, then to the Chamber of Deputies, then to the residence of the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, then to the Quai d'Orsay, then back to the Chamber of Deputies, and finally into the Elysee Palace as "Madame la Presidente."

"I am heartily glad," said the Presidente, "that I am not likely to have to move again for at least seven years."

The piquant beauty of the mistress of the Elysee has long been famous in society.

Mme. Casimir-Perier goes about Paris unattended by any except a footman, although the President has received many letters threatening that his wife was to be kidnaped with a view to a ransom.

A similar threat was often made against Mme. Carnot. It is an old trick of the French desperadoes.

What We Furnish Parlors For.

The Wife—How do you like the parlor, John?

The Husband—It is beautiful. Those chairs are very inviting. (Sits down.)

The Wife—Get out of that chair, immediately. After all my trouble in fixing up the room you go and sit down in it the first thing! Just like a man!—New York Press.

Learned Better.

"Does your artist friend paint portraits true to life?"

"He did at first, but he has learned better."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; the first two or three commissions he executed were so true to life that the sitters refused to take the pictures."—Tit-Bits.

Ready for Anything.

Mr. Friepan—Dear Miss Grabber, may I dare to hope that some day you will be my wife?

Miss Grabber—You may, Henry; and the sooner the better. Get your life insured and the license to-morrow. We'll get married the day after. Delays are dangerous.—Exchange.

Reed and Springer.

Mr. Springer, in the course of a speech in the House, delivered the ringing declaration: "I'd rather be right than be President."

"You'll never be either, Springer," said Mr. Reed, with a benevolent smile.—Washington Post.

Involution.

Dinks—According to some of the scientists, the human race is gradually growing smaller. Strange, isn't it?

Danks—I dunno. People have got to adjust themselves to the modern flat some way.—Buffalo Courier.

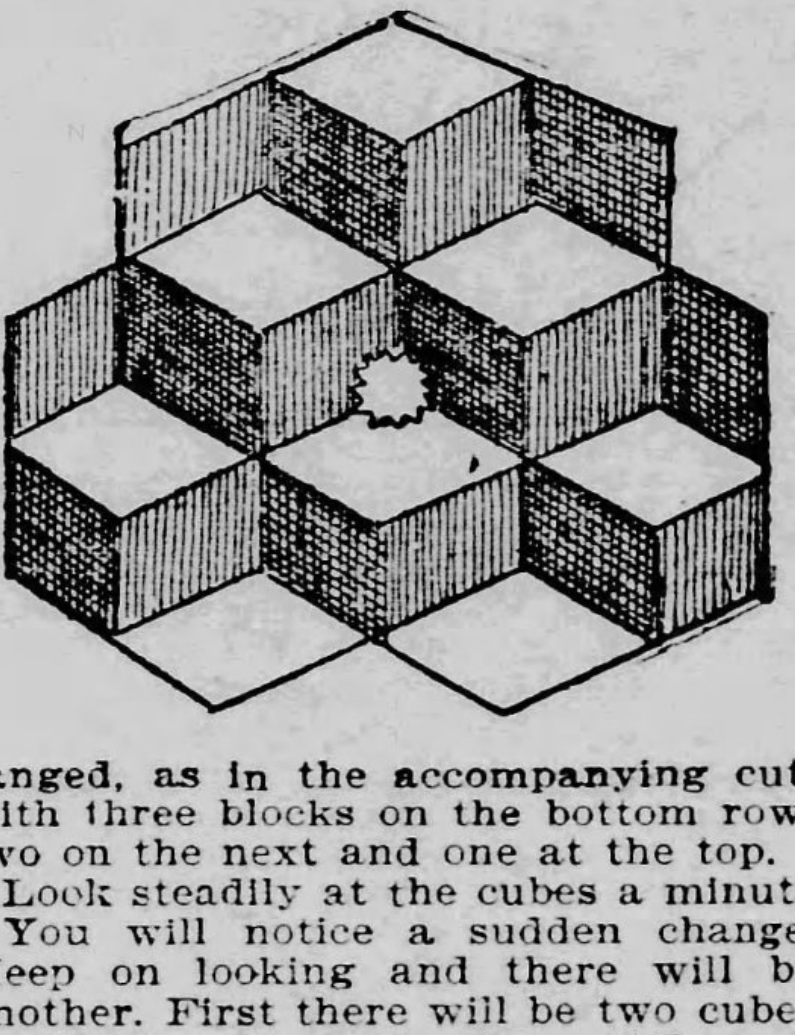
The Right Standard.

A girl measures a man by the hero in a novel, and finds out after marriage that she should have measured him by her father.—Atchison Globe.

LOOK AT THE STAR

And See the Remarkable Changes That Occur.

Neat little cards, printed upon which are six cubes, are now all the rage. There is a little star in the center of these cubes and upon this star you are asked to bend your gaze. The effect is magical. The cubes are arranged, as in the accompanying cut, with three blocks on the bottom row, two on the next and one at the top.



Look steadily at the cubes a minute You will notice a sudden change. Keep on looking and there will be another. First there will be two cubes at the top, three in the middle and two on the bottom row. The star you will find in an entirely different place than in the picture.

No one seems able to explain it, and all who have seen it are in a deep quandary as to what causes the peculiar change.

FROM THE BRIGHT LIGHTS.

It Will be Missed.

"There is one familiar phrase that won't be permitted to creep into Democratic platforms this fall."

"What is that?"

"We point with pride."—New York Press.

A Brand-New Newspaper Idea.

"If that article of mine is too long," said the new reporter to the editor, "you can cut things out of it here and there."

"Thank you!" said the editor, gratefully. "I might not have thought of that."—Somerville Journal.

Up to Date.

"She wears the most masculine garb of any of the girls."

"Yes. The last time I saw her her skirt was actually baggy at the knees."—Tammany Times.

The Autumn Cometh.

The tailor hails the signs of fall
With smile of wide expanse;
In fact, to tradesmen, nearly all,
They hint of brighter chance;
The iceman, though, forgets his song
At summer's fleeting pace,
While features grow exceeding long
Of seaside boniface.

—Boston Traveller.

The Fat Man.

The months roll on, the torrid heat
Of summer's almost over;
The nights are growing cool again,
The fat man feels in clover.

—Boston Journal.

An Explanation.

Mrs. Hasdust—That Mrs. Uppercrust called to-day and left her card, with "P. P. C." marked on the corner. I wonder what it means.

Mrs. Rollinginwealth—Oh, I believe she's going out of the city, and she probably wants to let you know she's going to travel in a Pullman palace car. The vulgarity of some folks is just terrible!—New York Herald.

A Hint to Farmers.

"Why don't you feed your pig to-day, John?"

"Because I don't want her to be too fat, and by feeding her only every second day I'm sure to get good streaked bacon."—Fliegende Blaetter.

A Fall Picture.

Mellow sunshine flashes
On the fields afar;
'Taters in the ashes
An' honey in the jar!

Silvery doves a-wingin'
Over stacks o' hay;
All the country singin',
Happy on the way.

—Atlanta Constitution.

A Gilt-Edged Courtship.

"How did you win that wealthy maid,
With bonds and mansions of brown stone?"
"I made that maid believe," he said,
"I loved her for herself alone."

"But then," he added with a grin,
"I showed her I had mortgage free,
A bigger house and much more 'tin;'
Then she agreed to marry me."

—New York Journal.

A BRIDGE OF COFFINS.

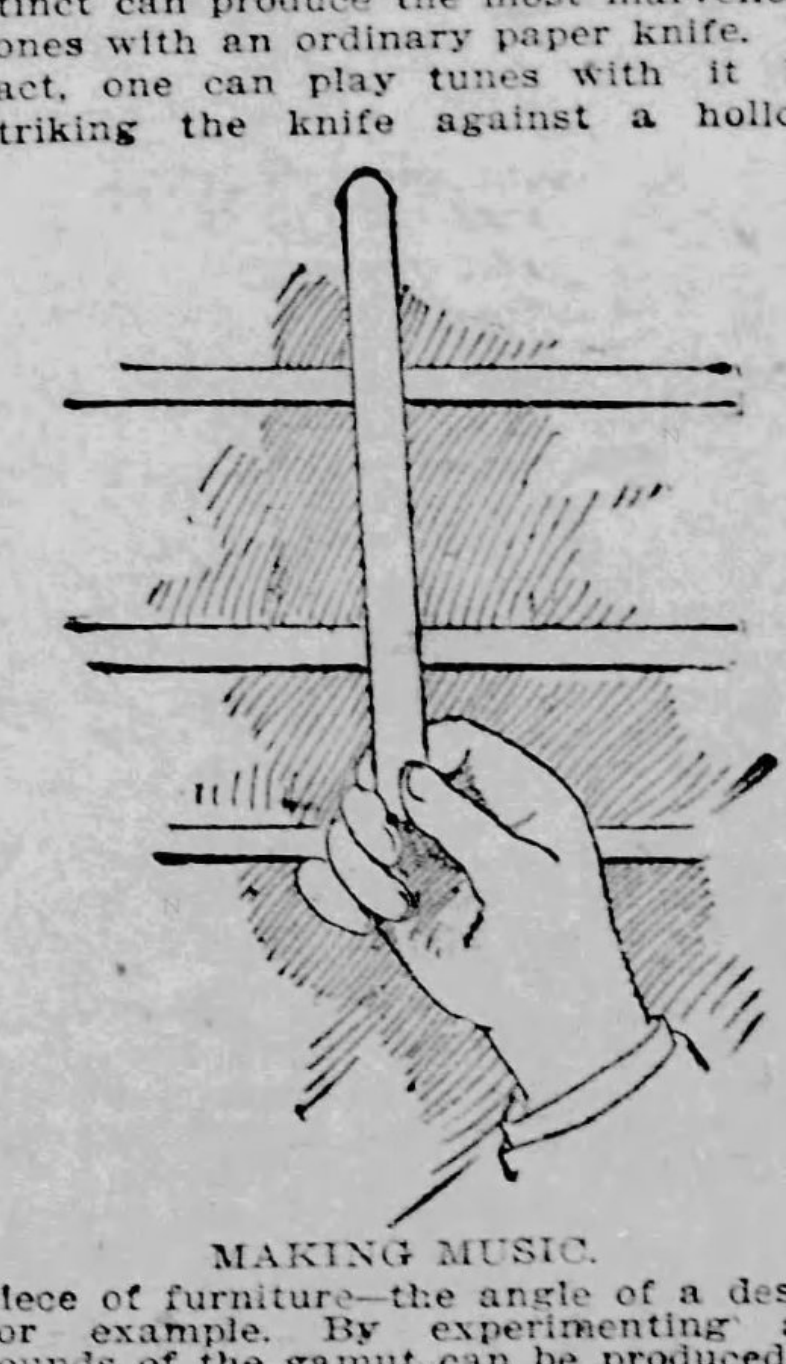
British Soldiers Didn't Mean to be Stopped by Chinese Floods.

"The war between China and Japan reminds me of a very gruesome incident which occurred on the occasion of the taking of Pekin by the British over thirty years ago," said Clement Bazante, who was at one time an officer in the British army, but who is now residing in New York, and was at the Southern yesterday. "The troops had little opposition, and were marching rapidly on to the Chinese capital, when their march was stopped by a river too deep to be forded. No provision had been made for crossing it, because in ordinary weather it is a mere brook. For a long time it looked as if the army would have to wait until the rush of water caused by recent rains had exhausted itself. A way out of the dilemma was, however, found. In China it is customary for people to purchase their coffins and store them in readiness for being needed. Chinese coffins are thoroughly airtight, and the joints are sealed up so as to prevent them against the influence of drying out. It was decided to make a raid on all the houses within reach, and secure enough coffins to make a bridge. Scouting parties went out in all directions, and brought in great many more coffins than were needed. These were chained and spliced together and formed an excellent pontoon bridge, with three or four thicknesses of coffin lids on the top for a roadway. The bridge answered all right, but a good joke in connection with it popped up. It took a day to construct the bridge, and most of the troops crossed it during the night. By morning the water had fallen so rapidly that the balance of the troops preferred to wade through it rather than wait their turn over the bridge of coffins. Several sections of lids were brought by the troops and preserved as curiosities."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MUSICAL PAPER KNIFE.

An Amusing Scientific Experiment for the Boys to Try.

An ingenious boy, with any musical instinct can produce the most marvellous tones with an ordinary paper knife. In fact, one can play tunes with it by striking the knife against a hollow piece of furniture—the angle of a desk, for example. By experimenting all sounds of the gamut can be produced.



MAKING MUSIC.

By looking at the cut you will observe the manner in which this is accomplished. Various airs can be played after some practice with this primitive instrument.

Our Serial Story.

Copyright, 1894.

THE SWORD OF FATE

BY HENRY HERMAN,

Author of "Through Golden Fire," "Scarlet Fortune," "His Angel," "Eagle Joe," "For Old Virginia," "The Great Beckleswaithe Mystery," &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

A small room about eight feet long and between five and six feet wide. The walls are brightly distempered. At one end there was a window draped from the top by nice, clean, white lace curtains. Across the lower part of the window a deft hand had drawn a shorter curtain of figured muslin, and had ornamented it with a bow of pink silk ribbon. On one side, a small bedstead with a comfortable bed, covered with warm blankets and a silk patchwork quilt. Next to it a comfortable leather covered arm chair.

On the other side of the room an American organ in a walnut case testified to the musical taste of the occupant, for whose comfort a smaller chair covered with leather had also been provided. A small hanging bookcase filled with books, Tennyson, Longfellow, Shakespeare, the Bible, Chaucer, Plutarch, and the like, was ready to the hand of the student.

Underneath the window a dressing-table, partly covered with one of those pieces of Oriental embroidery which have lately become so popular. By the side of the toilet ornaments a chessboard and chessmen. On the floor an Indian rug large enough nearly to cover the boards. In the corner nearest the door a small chest of drawers filled with linen and articles of daily wear. A tiny washstand in the other corner. Opposite the window, the door covered by a moving tapestry curtain. On the dressing table a small vase filled with flowers.

The little room was scrupulously clean. It was bright, and looked out upon a vast landscape of moor and pine woods. A sunny little room. It had the aspect of comfort in a nutshell. A woman's hand could be traced in every arrangement, from the draping of the curtains of the window to the flowers on the table.

Now where does the reader think he or she might have found this room?

Not in poorer London. The vast sweep of undulating greenland seen from the window forbade that. Not in a suburban cottage. The room was too lofty.

There was one indication which I have left out, which completed the picture and marked the locality.

Outside of the window, the prospect was streaked by six heavy iron bars which forbade egress. If we had lifted the curtain and examined the door we would have found it heavy, solid and iron-studded.

The room was a cell in Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum—the one occupied by Ralph Usselby.

Another room, a very large one, of irregular shape, the part near the door being much narrower than that in which the windows were placed. The walls were distempered in a salmony red. Four large windows looked out upon the Berkshire moors and woods.

The furniture of this room consisted of heavy solid oaken tables, of heavy massive benches and wooden chairs of the Bristol shape. Near the door stood an old and well-worn billiard table, on which six or seven men were playing pool. Between thirty and forty men were seated on the benches and chairs some of them playing dominoes, others draughts, others engaged in various occupations.

The pool was now being played for colossal stakes ranging as high as a thousand pounds on a stroke, and the losses so incurred were immediately paid for by scraps of paper torn from old letters, etc., and duly marked with the amount and initialed by the loser.

One man, a tall, thin elderly gentleman with snowy white hair and scrupulously kept military moustache and short cut whiskers, dressed in the neatest of black morning coats, with a gold-rimmed monocle hanging from a black silk ribbon around his neck, had lost a fortune.

"I really think that I must cease giving you credit, colonel," said one of the players. "You owe me seven thousand pounds already."

The tall man waved his hand in smiling condensation.

"Pray do not trouble your mind," he said, "Mr. What's your name, about what I owe you. I shall write to my cousin and liege lady, Her Majesty, the Queen"—he bowed his head at the mention of her name—"and she will send me a million pounds in a check on the Bank of England."

That said, he made another stroke, and promptly lost another five hundred, which did not disconcert him in the least.

At another, a smaller table, a short stout man with a square face, and a forehead which might have done credit to Socrates or Beethoven, was busily at work writing on reams of music paper, every sheet of which had been filled over and over again with notes.

Opposite him, another man, barely out of his twenties, thin-faced, fair and freckled, with a small stubby reddish moustache and languid grey eyes, was similarly engaged upon a vast heap of ordinary writing paper.

Both pens traveled at railway speed.

The composer suddenly arresting his progress, pompously took up the sheet, still wet with ink, and handed it to the man opposite.

The latter looked at it for a few moments' space, and then gave it back with a sneer of contempt, and the single word, "Rot!"

"I have tried very hard to please you, Mr. Van Spanger," said the musician, plaintively, "and it seems there is no pleasing you."

The poet drew himself up, and shot at the composer a fierce glance of disdain.

"I will not allow any composer to shoot such music on my poetry," he said.

The stout man shrugged his shoulders and looked aside.

"He is as mad as a March hare," he said to himself quietly. "I must humor him."

The composer himself had been mad enough to cut the throat of his wife and two babes on one terrible night of black misfortune. He had succeeded in that purpose, but had failed in his endeavor to kill himself.

There was an orderly quiet about the room as far as voices were concerned. Dominoes rattled and billiard balls clicked, but beyond that the hum of conversation was subdued.

Every one of the thirty or forty men in the room had killed, or attempted to kill, one or more human creatures. That is, all save two—the burly, broad-shouldered and broad-chested warder who was leaning with his back against the wall and keeping a watchful eye upon each and every one in the place, and one other, Ralph Usselby.

Ralph was seated apart from the rest at a little table by the window in the farthest corner of the room.

His hair was, if possible, even whiter than before, and had grown more scanty. His face was more drawn, and his skin more transparent. Otherwise, in dress, manner and appearance, no change might have been noticed by the most searching of observers.

He was engaged in playing chess with a pleasant-looking clergyman of the Church of England. The clergyman was dressed in clerical garb. He was a tiny man, with a round face, framed in a short, silken-haired, brownish beard. It was a pleasant face with a humorous twinkle in the eyes—one might have thought care and trouble had never thwarted that man. And yet he had attempted to murder his bishop, and but for the barest accident would have succeeded.

"I move my bishop," he said, suiting the action to the words, "and say check to your king. Your king, sir."

"Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones,
Whose table earth—whose dice were human bones."
A mighty man is a king!
"Not all the water in the rough, rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king."

Ralph had been gazing intently at the chess board in front of him.

"I really do not see, Mr. Michael," he said, very quietly, "in what way I am in check."

The clergyman leaned back in his chair.

"Poor man," he muttered.

"'A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.' I am very sorry for him."

As a matter of fact, Ralph's king was in no way in check.

"Look, Mr. Usselby, look, sir," continued the clergyman, "do you not call that check?"

"I must beg your pardon," rejoined Ralph, "but I really cannot see it."

The Reverend Mr. Michael shrugged his shoulders again.

"Can you not see this knight here?" he asked.

'The knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust,
His soul is with the saints, I trust.'

But this knight is not yet with the saints," Mr. Usselby."

"Your knight does not threaten my king, Mr. Michael," said Mr. Usselby, in his usual quiet unruffled tone. "On the contrary, by moving your bishop you have uncovered my castle, and your queen is in check."

The clergyman sat back and looked at the landscape outside.

"It is really pitiful," he said to himself. "I can quite understand that they should keep him here. He might be dangerous. Poor man! poor man!

'You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come,
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home'"

Just then the warder advanced, and tapped Ralph on the shoulder.

"A lady to see you, sir," he said. "Will you come downstairs with me?"

Ralph rose with courtly grace.

"I hope you will excuse me, Mr. Michael," he said. "I shall be pleased to renew the game."

"Oh, don't mind me, don't mind me, sir," said the clergyman, with the most pleasant of smiles. "I wish I were you. Nobody comes to see me.

'A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing.'

I can quite see a fit reason why they should keep that man here," he said to himself, when Ralph had left. "In fact I think they allow him a great deal too much liberty. But why they should outrage justice and insult reason by imprisoning me passes the comprehension of man."

With that he rose and strolled across to another table, where an elderly man was building a house of cards.

The clergyman's light step disturbed the equilibrium of the frail structure, and down it came.

The elderly man turned round and looked at the Reverend Mr. Michael with an air of grave solemnity.

"You are a clerk of the church," he said, "can you have destroyed the temple of the Lord. Beware!" he pointed with outstretched fingers to the blank wall. "I can see His judgment written there in letters of fire You will burn!—burn! burn!"

The Reverend Mr. Michael turned upon his heel with undisguised contempt.

"They are all mad here, everyone of them except me."

With that he walked to the billiard table and watched the players, whilst they lost another fifty thousand pounds worth of paper scraps between them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

While the worthy colonel lost his thousands at pool, and finally called imperiously for a pen and ink and paper to write to his cousin, the queen, for renewed supplies,—while the Reverend Mr. Michael entered into discussion about the chemical composition of hell-fire with the gentleman who had told him he would burn there,—other men, young, old and middle-aged enjoyed the bright autumn sunshine beneath the asylum walls, on the walks in the grounds, and on the big strip of land further on, which was only divided from the Berkshire Moors by high walls and stupidly refractory warders who would not be persuaded to accept sixpence, or even a shilling, to close their eyes while the prisoners climbed over.

Out there, within sight of them all, in those sweet-scented pine woods, Liberty stretched out her arms, and they all wanted to get there, and were not allowed to do so.

One gentleman, a tall, thin man, with a goatee beard and big gray eyes, with a face that looked as if it had been put between a press sideways and had been squeezed out long, stopped in the midst of the tender care he bestowed upon a rose tree without a single bud and wiped his perspiring brow.

You don't get such roses in Covent Garden," he said to another man on the opposite side of the walk, who was patiently cultivating obstreperous tomatoes.

"No," replied the other, a short, thick-set German with swarthy skin, "Ven you see rose in Covent Garden, you see rose. Poor man, poor man. He mad.

The gentleman with the goatee beard glared at the man with the olive skin face.

"Yah!" he cried, "at any rate they're better than your tomatoes; your tomatoes that never get ripe."

"You insuld my domadoes," retorted the German with a sneer of solemn contempt. I pidy you."

And he straightway went to the next warder and told him that the man with the goatee beard ought really not to be trusted with garden tools.

One little patch near by glowed with color. There an American surgeon, who in a moment of epileptic madness had shot a man, thinking he was the devil, but who had been lured back to perfect sanity, grew the sweetest roses. Roses yellow, roses salmon, roses red, and roses white, perfumed the air in beauteous profusion.

Next to the surgeon, a square-jowled and red-bearded Scotchman raised lettuces and cabbages with alloyed success.

The surgeon's strip suffered severely at the Scotchman's hands, for whenever a lettuce or a cabbage failed to sprout properly, a rose was ruthlessly torn from its stem, and planted in its place, while the Scot glared at the American.

"He's a witch," he said. "That Yank's a witch. He pits a curse on ma kabbidges. Aw know. He canna cheat me."

The surgeon was sane enough to smile in return, and to suffer in silence.

On the other side of the wall which divided the male from the female side of the prison, the strains of waltz music reached the ear.

In a big hall there, which usually served as waiting room, some five or six musicians sat upon a slightly raised platform, with fiddle, double bass, flute, cornet, and the rest, and discoursed music from the compositions of Strauss, Gungl, and the author of Ta-ra-ra-boom-deay.

About a score and a half of dear creatures, young and middle-aged, rather middle-aged most of them, but none the less youthful in their aspirations and attire, tripped the floor in couples.

A nice young lady with yellow hair and a squint of fair proportions, with her fingers covered with rings to the middlejoints, a red satin bow at her breast, and a green one on her head, who had poisoned four children because they worried her during their lessons, danced with another, a stout young lady, rather more sober in dress, but more smirky in expression, who had cut the throat of her mother, and thrown her own baby on the kitchen fire.

Other young and elderly persons of similarly tragic experiences, footed it nimbly without thought or care, except when one trod upon another's toes, when a battle royal was only prevented by the intervention of the female warder, who kept a keen watch over them all.

Another lady—fat, forty, but far from fair—vainly endeavored to entice a bashful young thing who had killed her husband by pouring boiling water over his face, to join her in the waltz.

"I don't like to—I don't like to," smirked the young, self-made widow. "It is not a style of dance becoming to my complexion."

Thereupon the fat and forty lady, the hue of whose face was something between a gin red and a whisky blue, followed in the footsteps of the prisoners on the male side, and lifting up her eyes, muttered "Poor thing. She's as mad as a march hare—she's mad."

I shall be charged with exaggeration in the picture I have drawn, but I resign myself to the criticism in the knowledge that my description is life-like and truthful.

There are the padded rooms—there are the cells—where two or three wardens at a time have to watch raving madmen. There are the long hospital wards, where now and then gaunt figures rise from the small beds, and mad eyes glare at the visitor as he passes through, but my picture remains truthful, nevertheless.

Broadmoor is not so much a prison as a hospital. The poor wretches confined there are treated not so much as prisoners than as patients.

A peculiar repugnance oppresses the visitor who enters Broadmoor. The knowledge that one is surrounded by four to five hundred murderers and murderesses, clouds the mind like an acrid fog.

Mrs. Usselby suffered in this way like everybody else.

When first she entered the great state prison, a feeling of awe made her flesh creep, and she shuddered in spite of herself. For a month previous to her journey to the East, she had pictured to herself the place as one of ghostly horrors. Her fears had so worked upon her mind that she fancied she could hear the shrieks and yells of raving lunatics ringing in her ears. She had pictured to herself a sea of gaunt, white, dreadful faces, each distorted by a savage grin. She had seen in her dreams mad eyes glaring at her, and had wrung her hands and wept bitter tears at the thought that her Ralph was herded among such as these.

When first she stood before the gates of the asylum, a cold dread chilled her marrow. It looked so grim, so forbidding, so formal in its massive solidity. When she crossed the threshold she thought her heart would stand still with icy horror.

But hope soon grew in tha seemingly barren soil when she knew that she would be allowed to do for the comfort of her dear one. Time after time when Ralph was away from his cell she was permitted to bring new brightness and new ease into it.

Once every week she saw him. These were days of a bitter joy—festivals of sweet tears.

To see him—to look upon him even—was a pleasure like none other upon earth. To see him so stricken nearly broke her heart.

And yet Ralph was so different from all the rest confined in that great prison.

He had passed through all his trials and removals with a blank unconcern. A Plato might have explained the inner workings of that mind, but no trace of it was depicted on Ralph Usselby's face.

The pleasant smile which had always made his handsome features doubly attractive, still sat there undisturbed. The eyes were more dreamy and now and then looked far beyond the person addressed. So soft in all his manner—so uncomplaining—undisturbed by all that passed about him—he obeyed every behest as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

When wife, or son, or friend came to see him, he treated each and all with a smiling recognition, but never asked for aught nor spake a word which proved that he remembered Usslby Grange, or the old Rosemary, or the day which wrecked his home.

"Will he ever remember?" the stricken wife asked the medical superintendent. "Do you think his mind will ever come back?"

"I hope it may, and I think it will," replied the man of science. "The only danger is, that when he does remember the shock of the first memory may be too great, and he may finally and hopelessly break down under it. We can only pray for the best."

Each hopeful word brought new gladness to Mrs. Usselby. The wicked charge hanging over her husband's head and the threatening gallows had no awe for her. She knew her husband was innocent.

Frank and Mrs. Usselby were waiting in a big square room with vaulted roof. Three windows barred and guarded by iron railings, admitted the light on one side. Around a large portion of the reddened walls ran oaken seats. A heavy table here and there, and a couple of benches. No other furniture.

Frank had had encouraging news that day. Both he and Grace had claims against his father's estate. His own rights were trivial, being simply matters of account, but Grace's were more serious and related to moneys left to her in Ralph's care, and properties in his charge as her guardian.

A chancery suit had been instituted against the estate, and Frank had that morning been informed that the judge had granted an injunction forbidding Mark to deal with, or sell, any of the property.

"That will stop him from playing ducks and drakes with our rights," said Frank. "He would otherwise be quite capable of gambling every penny of it away on the Stock Exchange."

"It was only a step, but every inch of advance was a mile on the road to a new life of hope.

Somehow or other, both Frank and his mother were in their hearts prepared for the pleasant surprises on that day, and they apparently noticed nothing strange when Ralph Usselby walked up to his wife and kissed her on the forehead as has been his habit in the olden days when his mind was as yet unruffled. He greeted his son with a cheery "Good day, lad," an expression he had not used since his bitter misfortune had crushed the light of life out of him.

The poor wife held her husband's hand in her own, and felt it trembling with unaccustomed warmth.

"God bless you, dear," she said. "You are a little brighter to-day, are you not?"

"Brighter?" asked Ralph, with seeming astonishment. "I don't know. I am glad to see you, and it seems to be so long since I have seen you. Why is that?"

"You saw me last week, dear," rejoined Mrs. Usselby, "and Frank, too, was here a week ago."

A deep sigh, and a curious enquiring look travelling round that vast chamber answered her.

"Is there anything you want, dear?" continued Mrs. Usselby. "I have brought you some flowers," she was about to say "flowers brought up from Devonshire," when she arrested herself on the remembrance that all mention of the place was forbidden.

There were among the blossoms, however, a couple of sprays of golden-colored Japanese chrysanthemums, quaintly shaped flowers with long fringy petals, and of a hue which Ralph in the olden time had delighted to cultivate. He had introduced them at Usselby, and the lady who had sent them all the way from the Tamar had obtained her plants from cuttings furnished her by Ralph.

He seemed to recognize them, and picking them out of the bunch looked at them with a puzzled inquiry.

"I know these," he said; "I have seen these before."

Frank, who had noticed and understood his father's turn of mind, came to the rescue to lead his train of thoughts away from the dangerous theme.

"Are you comfortable, dad?" he asked. "Is there anything we can do for you?"

"Very comfortable, lad," replied Ralph. "Everybody is very kind, everybody except Mr. Michael, and he insists upon playing chess with me; and he is really a very bad player, and claims moves which he never made at all. Strange that, in a clergyman of the church, isn't it?"

Mrs. Usselby was sitting with her hands holding those of her husband, and looking into his eyes with a wifely yearning which sent the tears surging into her eyes. So happy to see him, so grieved to see him in that place.

"I have no doubt Mr. Michael will play better when he knows how," said Frank, endeavoring to humor the beloved patient. "One can't always choose one's partner in play or in life."

"Ah!" interrupted Ralph, who had been scanning the delicate flowers all the while, and who from gazing at them had come to staring at them. "But these—I know these. They were not grown here. Nobody grows flowers like these here. They are my flowers! I grew them myself at Usselby!—at the Grange!"

He looked around the room and seemed to shudder in a horrified comprehension.

"They don't grow such flowers here," he repeated. "And," he added after a pause, as if a new and unwelcome knowledge sprang upon him on a sudden, "where am I? Why am I here? What place is this?"

"You had better leave him to us now," said the medical superintendent, who was standing close by. "Say good-bye as briefly as you can, and leave him to us. His memory is coming back, and every moment is fraught with danger."

(To be continued.)

THE LOWERED PSYCHE.

The Psyche knot has come down, and in such fashion centers as Paris and London, is taking a lower position in head dressing than it has had for a long time. Its proper place is now on a line with the curled bang.

The side hair still continues to be waved and loosely drawn up into the knot, which either describes the figure eight or coils in Grecian fashion. The center forehead curl is disappearing in favor of the fluffy bang, than which nothing is more becoming.

THE LOWERED PSYCHE.

FRESH NEWS FROM PUCK.

Mrs. Van Bank—I didn't know the De Barys could afford a steam yacht.

Van Bank—Oh, yes! Why, De Baryl could afford a gubernatorial boom!

Wing—Did you have any luck on your hunting expedition?

King—None at all. Confound that guide!

Wing—What was the trouble with the guide? Didn't he know the country?

King—He knew the country well enough; but he's the worst shot I ever ran across.

Broncho Pete—I've got to go to the dance to-night down at Deadman's Gulch.

Five-fingered Jake—What for?

Broncho Pete—Editor of the Mountain Echo asked me to get him a list of the killed and injured.

He—They say kissing is unhealthy.

She—Everything has its risks.

Anarchist—Gimme liberty or gimme—

Passerby—What?

Anarchist—What'll ye gimme?

He—Does your father seem pleased with our engagement?

She—I guess so. He has been telling all around that he has had an addition to the family.

Little Johnny—Aunt Julia, what makes those funny spots on your face?

Aunt Julia (who is very freckled)—I believe it's because I have so much iron in my blood; it is only when I have been out in wet weather, though, that they are noticeable.

Little Johnny—Oh, yes; I know! You go out in the weather and the iron in your blood gets rusted.

Maud—Isn't it calm and peaceful here by the sea?

Ethel—Oh, yes, indeed! I haven't once felt as though I ought to look under my bed before going to sleep.

Friend—You don't mean to say the tariff bill will really injure your business?

Protected Manufacturer—Yes, I do. The moment it becomes a law our trust withdraws its Washington branch.

Knowet Alls—Newrich is still determined to enter English society.

F. de Seekel—What method will he try this time?

Knowet Alls—He is going to take a canal-boat over and try yacht-racing.

Tender Sentiment.

Deluded Little Willie (to his mother)—Mamma, dear, won't you please cut off a lock of papa's hair for me? I want it badly.

Sympathetic Mother—Certainly, dear. (Turning to her husband.) Did you hear that, John? Who would have given a child like that credit for so much tender sentiment?

Little Willie (explaining)—You see, ma, my rocking horse lost its tail, and I just wanted—(Quick curtain.)—Truth.

Trouble, Indeed.

"Have you seen Ethel?" said one summer resort girl.

"Yes," replied the other. "She is dreadfully worried."

"Why?"

"Harold Skiffins is coming from the city to see her to-night and she's forgotten which engagement ring is his."—Washington Star.

RICH GOLD DEPOSITS

IN THE WESTERN AUSTRALIAN MINES.

Richest Quartz Ever Discovered—Conveying the Yellow Treasure to the Coolgardie Bank.

The Coolgardie camp was first discovered last winter, when some prospectors penetrated the desert in Western Australia and after two days' journey over a waterless and treeless plain struck a high ridge of hills containing signs of mineral. A little work revealed the same reef formation which extends through the larger part of Australia, and the rock was found well sprinkled with gold. The discoverers staked out claims and came back to civilization for supplies. They told the truth when they said it was a rough country and that no man without a good outfit should attempt to go to the new camp. Despite their warning, however, a great rush of the unemployed and the adventurous took place from Perth and other points, and within a fortnight there were over 2,000 people on the ground. What hardships some of these prospectors endured may be judged from the fact that there is no water for two whole days' travel over the desert, and the mercury goes up to 140 and 150 degrees in the sun and 120 in the shade. The heat is about like the heat at Yuma, Ariz., and, from the description of those who have returned, the country along the road is about as barren as the Colorado desert on the line of the Southern Pacific railroad. Many of these prospectors carried all their goods in a wheelbarrow, which they trudled along over the dry and dusty road. Water was ten cents a quart, and provisions were fabulously high, flour being sold for five cents a pound and bacon at 25 cents a pound.

These prospectors were not discouraged by their hard surroundings, however, and they went to work with such a will that in a few weeks several promising mines were opened, and capitalists began to flock in and bid for the properties. The best claim was Bayley's, which showed ore that assayed from $200 to $500 a ton. A large number of promising locations were developed and the town soon became full of life and bustle. As all the land around Coolgardie was taken up in a few weeks, the late comers were obliged to strike out and prospect in the vicinity. One party, made up of four men from New South Wales and two from Victoria, struck out for a dry lake south of Coolgardie. They suffered terribly, as in April, when they started, the heat was terrific. They had hard luck also, as they found no good signs, though they explored carefully a large section. Finally, they concluded to return to Coolgardie, and go back to their homes. They had reached a point twelve miles from Coolgardie last May, when they suddenly were rewarded for all their hardships.

They made camp in a desolate place, which was broken by great boulders, or "blows," as they are called. These are formed by spurs of quartz rising above the surface.

Although he had examined hundreds of these and never found any good signs, one of the party started out with his hammer and laboriously sampled several blows. In rubbing his hand over one large one, he was amazed to see signs of gold. He broke off a piece and found it the richest quartz he had ever laid hands on. Below the brokenpiece he could see traces of a reef, and it flashed across his mind that here was the bonanza he and his partners had been seeking. So he made his way back to camp, showed his specimens, and the tent was at once moved so as to cover the rich rock. All the neighboring land on the line of the reef, which projected above the ground like the spinal column of a mammoth animal was pegged out and entered in their names. Then one man was sent to Coolgardie to buy a "dolly," or machine for reducing quartz by hand. With this rude apparatus the four men soon had 4,000 ounces of gold cleared from the rich quartz.

As this represented over $80,000, they naturally felt nervous about keeping this large sum in a tent. So they decided to carry the gold to Coolgardie and place it in a bank. They put the treasure in large canvas bags, and by means of a small handcart they carried it to the town. The manager of the Union bank weighed it, and the total amounted to 4,270 ounces.

During the three weeks that these men had been at work they had kept their good luck a profound secret. The few passersby supposed that they were merely prospecting, and no one dreamed that a great treasure was being dug out of this unpromising field. But the deposit of so large an amount of gold led to talk, and by the following day the news went out. The town of Coolgardie went wild, and in a few hours the country about the new mine was swarming with locators. In another fortnight the Londonderry mine had produced an additional 8,000 ounces, and experts who examined the reef declared that there was fully £25,000 in sight. The rock continued to show gold throughout, and of all that had been worked up to the middle of June the percentage of pure gold was one-tenth.

The reef which the lucky owners of the Londonderry mine struck is an ironstone formation of glassy mitre, and the gold runs clear through the stone, showing in lumps. The ore is peculiar, and some pieces are richer than any quartz that has been found in Australia in years. The reef is three feet six inches wide, and the stone is easily broken off in large chunks. Mr. Begelhole, a well-known expert, after a careful examination of the reef, declared that this mine was the richest that has ever been uncovered in Australia. To use his own words: "If she goes down, there's millions in here." It is evident that the owners have faith in the mine going down, as they refused very large offers for their interest. Two of the original six sold out to their partners, and the great mine is now owned by Huxley and Elliott, of Victoria, and Mills, of New South Wales. The richest piece of quartz found was christened "Big Ben." It weighs about 240 pounds, and is estimated to contain more gold than ore. Its value is $10,000, and this sum Mr. Elliott paid for it, in order to preserve it as a specimen. Many of the large pieces of ore that have been crushed contained fully one-fourth pure gold. A few more weeks will show the extent and richness of the reef, as with proper machinery this can readily be determined. If the reef continues to be rich for a few hundred feet, the three owners will be converted into millionaires. They are all practical miners, but this is their first great piece of luck in many years of hardship.—Australian cor. N. Y. Sun.

Mostly a Native.

"Are you a native of this parish?" asked a Scotch sheriff of a witness who was summoned to testify in a case of illicit distilling.

"Maistly, yer honor," was the reply.

"I mean were you born in the parish?"

"Na. I wasna born in this parish, but I'm maist a native for a' that."

"You came here when you were a child, I suppose you mean?" said the sheriff.

"No, sir. I'm here about sax year noo."

"Then how do you come to be nearly a native of the parish?"

"Weel, ye see, when I came here sax year sin, I jist weighed eight stane, an' I'm seventeen stane noo; sae ye see that about nine stane o' me belongs to this parish, an' the ither eight comes from Camlockie."—Glasgow Herald.

A Reluctant Consent.

"Then you consent," exclaimed the young man joyously.

"Yes," said her father. "It pains me to give her up, but I really can't afford to keep her any longer."—Chicago Record.

Both Thieves Ran.

Wool—How did the robber manage to escape the clutches of the police?

Van Pelt—Some one yelled "stop thief!" and the officer ran up the alley. —New York World.

WHERE WAS THE PRIVATE?

The "General" tells, with swelling pride,
How the fires of battle gleamed—
Of the slaughter of men "on the other side,"
As the shell and shrapnel screamed;
How "we charged the foe like a mighty wave
Of a wild and stormy sea,"
But, in that rush of the true and brave,
The Private—where was he?

The "Colonel" boasts how his horse fell
On Georgia's blood-stained hills;
How he stemmed the wave of that battle hell,
Avenging his country's ills;
How the ghastly heaps of the gallant slain
Bestrewed the slippery ground—
But we study the tragic tale in vain,
There were no Privates 'round.

Oh, the "Major's" sword, it was red with gore!
And great was the foe's alarm,
As they charged, and halted, and fled before
The swing of his mighty arm;
But Freedom burnished her epaulettes,
As she swatted the hosts of sin—
And the lonely pensioner still forgets
That the Privates were not in.

How brave they flew, at their country's call,
To the outposts, far in front!
"Generals," "Colonels," and "Majors" all
To strive in the battle's brunt;
And the "Captains" stand, ten thousand strong,
To tell how the thing was done—
But where was the "Private" in that throng?
Alas, there was not one!
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PEASANTS OF PERSIA.

Russian Speculators Reduce These Unfortunate People to Starvation.

According to reports recently made by a British consul in that country the condition of the peasants of Persia seems to be peculiarly an unhappy one. He says: "They inhabit mere mud-hovels, without windows and with a hole in the center of the roof to let out the smoke, and the filthy state of the villages is indescribable. At the end of the winter they generally find their stock either exhausted or running very low, and the great festival of Nauroz at hand. formerly the peasant knew that if his stock failed, there was no hope of replenishing it. He would have to go without his Nauroz festivities. But now he knows that a week or two before the festival the Russian speculators will appear on the scene and offer the proprietor advances of money to sow cotton for them, the seed of which they provide, or buy up in advance the best part of his wheat. The ignorant peasant is led to agree to bartering a part of his share, too, and when the harvest is over he finds that he has not enough corn to carry him through the winter. If the proprietors and peasants resist the temptations till the time of the actual harvest the result is the same. The wheat goes at half price, the peasant finds after a few weeks that he has not enough to carry him through the winter and, worst of all, there is no corn left for towns like Meshed, with 70,000 inhabitants. Last year the crop was a fair one, but so much wheat was exported that the price of bread was four times as high as after the abundant harvest when there was no exportation."

WHAT "TROLLEY" MEANS

The Word Has a Somewhat Ancient Derivation.

Most persons who use the word "trolley" do not know the origin of the term, or why this name was given to the apparatus by which the electricity is conveyed from an overhead wire.

Twenty years ago the word was used to designate "a form of truck which can be tilted, for carrying railroad materials or the like." This is the only definition of the word in Webster's Dictionary of the edition of 1848.

In the edition of 1892 of the same work, three other definitions are added: 1. "A narrow cart that is pushed by hand or drawn by an animal." It is noted that this meaning of the word is in use in England, not in the United States. 2. "A truck from which the load is suspended on some kind of cranes." This meaning is technical, according to Webster, and employed only in speaking of machinery. 3. "(Electric Railway). A truck which travels along the fixed conductors, and forms a means of connection between them and a railway car."

It is easy to see how the primitive form of the electric trolley, which travels upon the wires, came to receive its name from its resemblance to other types of trolley; and the name, having been immediately given to this primitive form, was naturally retained when the method of connection was changed from a little truck moving on a wire to a mast having at its end a wheel pressing on the lower surface of the wire.

FURNISHING THE KITCHEN.

As Much Money Can be Spent There as in Other Rooms.

Two men stood looking into the window of a house furnishing store when one of them, who had been recently married, remarked:

"It cost me more to furnish the kitchen of my house than any other room in it, but I expect to get big interest on my money."

"In what way?" asked his friend.

"In the way of comfort. There isn't a modern kitchen utensil lacking, and for convenience, my wife says it beats the record. I wouldn't be ashamed to have any caller shown into that kitchen. Why, when I went home the other day our bridesmaid was beating eggs with the latest patent egg-beater, and she said it was more fun than playing the piano. Our cooking stove is a dandy, too. Come up and see for yourself," and as he swung on his car he looked as if he had solved the problem of domestic happiness.—House Furnishing Review.

ANIMAL ODDITIES.

A horse that went mad in a Columbus (Ohio) livery stable bit another horse and three men before it lay down and died.

A Rockland (Me.) man has two tame quails. The hen has laid forty-three eggs this season and is still laying. Both birds seem to thrive in confinement.

An angry cow gored an Arcadia (Mich). woman so that the victim is likely to die. She had been imprudent enough to wear a red dress while crossing the pasture.

Many deer are dropping dead by the wayside in Washington and Penobscot counties, Maine. A local newspaper shrewdly suspects that the fatal malady will disappear when hunting can be done openly and above-board.

C. A. Davis, of Elliottsville, Me., was chased to a railroad trestle and kept a prisoner there by a pack of yelping wolves for three hours. Then the creatures got tired or scared at something and disappeared.

The Great Change.

Teacher—When water becomes ice what great change takes place?

Pupil—The change in the price.—Harlem Life.

The Past
Guarantees
The Future

The fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands of others is certainly sufficient reason for belief that it will cure you. It makes pure, rich healthy blood, tones and strengthens the nerves, and builds up the whole system. Remember

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Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Those Demand Notes Again.

G. H., Dighton, Kan.: The acts of Congress of July 17, (not July 10) 1861, and of August 5, 1861, are too long to publish. The provisions of the first named were:

It authorized the secretary of the treasury to borrow $250,000,000 either in 20-year treasury notes, with interest not exceeding 7 per cent, or in 7-30 three-year treasury notes, and to issue demand notes, bearing no interest, and receivable for public debts. The demand notes were limited to $50,000,000, and to denominations not less than $10.

The act of August 5 authorized the issue of $10,000,000 more of demand notes, and allowed the issue of $5 notes; also, the issue of 20-year 6 per cent bonds for the amount of the 7-30 notes issued, which bonds were to be used only for the taking up of the 7-30's.

The act of February 12, 1862, authorized the issue of $10,000,000 more of demand notes—making $60,000,000 in all. The demand notes read thus:

"Washington, August 10, 1861.—Act of July 17, 1861.—On demand, the United States promise to pay to the bearer ten dollars. J. W. Whelpley, for the Treasurer of the United States, E. S. Tallinan, for the Register of the Treasury. Payable by the assistant treasurer of the United States at Philadelphia. Receivable in payment of all public dues."

You are mistaken in saying they were later "made a full legal tender for all debts, public and private." They were not. They never were. That story is simply a lie, invented to bolster up the foolish theory that if the exception clause had not been on the greenbacks, they would never have depreciated. We state the facts, which you can verify by referring to any lawyer whose library contains a full set of the United States statutes.

These demand notes never were legal tender. They were "receivable for all public dues," as all Treasury notes, from the beginning of the government until the greenbacks, were. They maintained parity with gold because of their being receivable for customs duties. As these duties were payable in gold, and as gold was at a premium, the demand notes were equivalent to gold. They would have depreciated, however, had they not been redeemable in gold on demand. Any one could take a demand note and get the government's gold for it.

The demand notes were not "greenbacks." They differed in three particulars:

Greenbacks have no time fixed for redemption; these demand notes were redeemable on demand.

Greenbacks are a legal tender by law; the demand notes were not.

Greenbacks can be refused in payment of duties; demand notes were receivable for them.

Government Railroads.

O. F. M., Marion, Kan.: In Germany 90 per cent of the railroads are owned by the government, either imperial or state, some of the roads were built by the government, others were built by private companies and bought by the state. In France by far the larger portion of the railroads is owned by private companies; the government shortly after the war of 1870 had to cede some of the roads it had built. More than a third of the railroads in Austria are owned by the government, while all the Hungarian roads are government property. Almost all of the Belgian railroads are owned by the state, while those of Spain and Portugal are owned by private companies. The Italian government took control of the four main systems of railroads in Italy in 1885; the various states of Italy had, as a rule, owned the roads before unification in 1869 and 1870. Since 1885 the government has leased the systems to private companies. Russia owns about one-third of its railroads; the others are owned by private companies.

The freight and passenger charges are much higher for long distances than they are in the United States. We have not at hand the data for comparison, however. The wages of employes do not average over half those paid on American railroads.

The Old, Old Lie.

M. F. D., Stuttgart, Ark., writes: "A political speaker said here that a certain manufacturer of agricultural implements sold a plow in the United States for $10, but shipped the same plow to Canada and sold it for $7.50, and a reaper he sold in America for $156 sold in Canada for $108. Will you please tell me how and why this is so?"

It is simply a political lie. It was told for all it was worth in the campaign of 1892 by the Democrats among the farmers. Whenever they named a firm as doing this, the matter was investigated by protectionists and proved to be a false charge. The Blade published several columns that year of correspondence with manufacturers, showing that the charge is utterly false. When a speaker makes that charge, demand the name and address of the firm, and the proof. If it be true, he can prove it. If he cannot, be sure it is a falsehood.

The Quarter of 1853.

G. E. E., Beta, Tenn., asks: "Is there a premium on the 25-cent piece of 1853?"

That depends. There are two dies of that coin. The most of those coined that year had an arrow head on either side of the date. These bear no premium. A few were coined WITHOUT arrows. These are worth $4 to $5 each, according to their condition.

The arrow-heads were put on all our silver coins some time during the year 1853, and for a number of years they all bore them. Before that there were none, as is the case now. All the half-dollars of 1853 bear them; none were coined without. The same is true of the dimes of 1853. A number of silver half-dimes were coined WITHOUT arrows; these are worth 20 cents each. Those with arrows bear no premium.

Placing Goods in Bond.

D. S. W., Nickerson, Kan., asks: "Will you kindly explain the expression 'placing goods in bond?'"

At all ports of entry—those where custom-houses are situated—are warehouses in which imported goods can be stored, under the surveillance of the United States customs officials, for a certain time, without paying the duty at once. The owner, however, has to give bond for the payment of the duties thereon. This is called "placing the goods in bond," and the warehouse is called a "bonded warehouse." The duty must be paid, of course, before the goods can be taken out.

To Destroy Roaches.

A. M., Amherstburg, Ont.: The following is a sure shot for roaches and similar bugs: Mix together equal quantities of plaster of Paris and common flour in a dry state, and lay it about the room in plates over night. Do this for a couple of weeks every night. You'll not soon be bothered again. The plaster of Paris must be absolutely fresh. Mix a new lot every night, throwing away the old.

The Naval Academy.

E. B., Collier, Ga.: The requirements for admission to the Naval academy at Annapolis are just the same as for admission to the Military academy at West Point. Applicants must be between 17 and 22 years of age, free from any infirmity which may render them unfit for naval service, and able to pass a rigid examination in reading, writing, orthography, arithmetic, grammar, geography and United States history.

The Hottentots.

A. J. S., Kirbyville, Mo.: The Hottentots are the original inhabitants of what is now Cape Colony, South Africa. They have a peculiarly livid, yellowish-brown skin, crisp and tufted hair, a narrow forehead, projecting cheek bones, a pointed chin, a body of medium height and rather tough than strong, small hands and feet, and a flat and narrow skull. They are intelligent, courageous, of a mild disposition, but given to lying, stealing, drunkenness and sensuality. They are a variety of the negro race.

A Boundary Question.

H. B. S. writes: "The description of the boundary line between A and B reads like this: 'thence northwesterly to a highway.' No length of line is mentioned, nor any degrees, but plain northwesterly. No certain amount of land is called for. At what point will said line run—more north than west, or more west than north?"

The probability is that a court in construing this language, would require the line to be drawn exactly northwest—that is, half way between the north point of the compass and the west point. That is what "northwesterly" means.

Death Masks.

Z. A. W., Decatur, Mich., writes: "In a museum I recently visited was a death-mask. Will you kindly explain the method by which they are obtained?"

A cast or mold of the dead person's face is obtained by oiling the face, and pouring over it a mixture of plaster of Paris and water. This "sets" in a few minutes, becoming hard, when it can be lifted off. This mold is dried, oiled, and a cast is made with plaster of Paris again. This second cast is the death mask, and is an exact reproduction of the dead person's features.

Miscellaneous.

J. B. L., Wisner, Neb.: We are sorry, but have not the figures.

Mrs. L. E. C., Kalamazoo, Mich.: We fail to locate the verse you quote.

W. C. N., Millersburg, O.: We do not know of any book treating of the refining of lubricating oil.

Mrs. C. H., P. W., and Mrs. Mr. R., Remus, Mich.: We are sorry, but we can find nothing of the poet you mention.

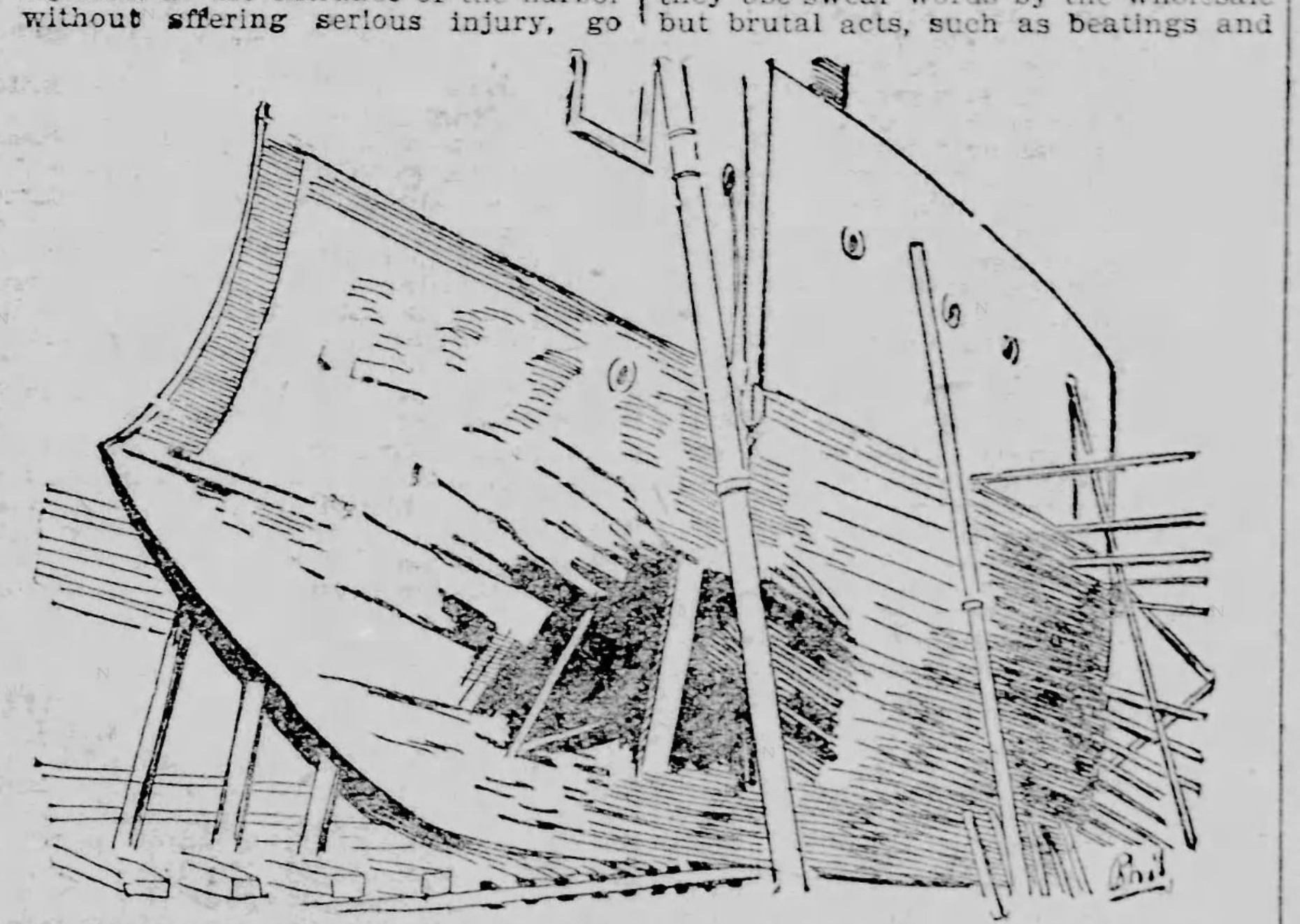
A TORPEDO BATTLE SHIP

DEADLY WOUNDS INFLICTED UPON THE AQUIDABAN.

Photographs Just Received Showing the Gaping Holes Torn in Her Sides—Torpedo Destructiveness.

Washington, Sept. 1.—The terrific destructive power of a modern torpedo when exploded against the side of a first-class battle ship received its first practical illustration in the sinking of the Brazilian insurgent war ship Aquidaban, which was sent to the bottom of the Santa Catharina Bay by a torpedo fired from one of the loyal vessels soon after the surrender of Da Gama and his fleet last spring. The photographs of the Aquidaban's terrific wounds, herewith reproduced, have just been received by the navy department from Admiral Kirkland, commanding the South Atlantic station.

The Aquidaban was the finest ship of the Brazilian navy. She was the only battle ship in the navy review at New York. But for her, the insurgent cause would have come to an end months sooner. She maintained practically alone the blockade of Rio harbor against the entrance of the improvised fleet of war ships fitted out at New York, and, as the Peixto government had no vessel capable of giving her battle, she was able to pass the forts at the entrance of the harbor without suffering serious injury, go where Mello sent her, and bring reenforcements to Da Gama in the bay. The Aquidaban was never in actual contact with the vessels of the government fleet, and when she at last surrendered she had been deserted by her officers and crew, and the only persons on board were a few watchmen to care for the machinery and ordnance and see that she was not boarded by people from the shore. The government fleet, for some unknown reason, deliberately sent a torpedo at her, which plunged through her sides, and in a few minutes the great battle ship went to the bottom.


WHERE THE TORPEDO HIT THE AQUIDABAN ON THE PORT BOW.

Torpedoes have been used before in modern wars, but the sinking of the Aquidaban was the first instance where a great war ship was sunk by one of them. In the Chilian war one of the insurgent vessels was sunk by a Whitehead torpedo, but she was of the unarmored type and small compared with the Aquidaban.

Some valuable lessons have been taught to American naval officers as to the effect of torpedos when accurately used in modern warfare, by the destruction of the Brazilian war ship. The photographs sent to the navy department were accompanied by an interesting report made by Admiral Kirkland, who was instructed by the secretary to visit the ships on the ways and examine the injuries caused by the torpedo.

The report shows that the ship was struck on the port bow, well forward, between the sixth and seventh frames, the injury extending on the bow on the twelfth frame, and below the protected deck to the keel. The deck was shown to have been uninjured. All the bilge frames and interior work on the port side were crushed as though they had been made of paper, the torpedo plunging through the vessel to the starboard side and tearing away her sides and splintering the great steel plates with apparent ease. The water-tight bulkheads were entirely carried away, the two forward compartments were flooded, and the vessel filled and went down like a rock.

EFFECT OF THE EXPLOSION ON THE STARBOARD BOW.

On the starboard side, two feet above the keel and near the seventh frame, a hole was made fully two feet in diameter, the ragged edges of which flanged outward and aft, showing the direction of the missile to have been broad off the port bow. This hole is believed to have been made by the head of the torpedo being blown completely through the ship in its original direction. The frames, longitudinals, and plating near the explosion were greatly twisted, but the remainder of the hull is in good condition, and was apparently not injured by the explosion.

Admiral Kirkland reports that when the vessel was abandoned, her crew disabled the guns and rendered them practically useless. The great 70-pounders in the stern were the only ones that escaped damage, while most of the secondary battery was thrown overboard or the breach blocks removed and destroyed. The Aquidaban has since been raised by the government and taken to dry dock, where she is now being repaired. Her name has been changed to the 24th de Maio.

An Exception.

"Silence sweeter is than speech,
His lips did tenderly express,
But changed his mind when she did wait
Five months before she told him "Yes."
—Richmond Dispatch.

GREAT DRUNKARDS.

Russian Vodki Drinkers Never Divorce Piety From Bibulation.

"Of all drunkards commend me to a tipsy Russian," said Dr. C. P. Green of Washington, who was at the Southern last night. "The love of vodki—'little water,' as they affectionately term the fiery brandy of their country—is their besetting sin. Yet there is a peculiarity in the drunkenness of the Russian. He is not an habitual tippler, keeping himself constantly under the influence of the fiery liquor. In his ordinary habits he is sober and abstemious, but when he drinks vodki it is for the honest purpose of getting drunk. When, therefore, his purse allows him to indulge in the coveted luxury, he marches straight to a dram-shop, makes a courtesy before a picture of the Virgin Mary, which is invariably hung on the wall, then, counting out his kopecks for a tumber of vodki, swallows it at a draught. By the time he gets into the air he is about as drunk as he wishes to be. When sober he is a good-natured fellow, and when drunk even more so. Every man he meets is his 'little father' or his 'little brother,' and every woman his 'little mother' or his 'little sister.' He knows he is drunk, but things everybody else is further gone than he is, and considers it his special duty to see that they come to no harm. In fact, whether drunk or sober, there is probably more kindness and good feeling among the lower classes of Russians than you can find among corresponding classes in other nations. A slight acquaintance with the language will convince one that they use swear words by the wholesale but brutal acts, such as beatings and stabbings, are exceedingly rare, while acts of the most self-sacrificing kindness are almost every-day occurrence." —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"THE GLAD TIDINGS."

Novel Mission for the New Liberty Bell.

A plan is being talked of, says the Cincinnati Times-Star, which, if carried out, might well be called the climax of the mission of the new Columbian Liberty and Peace bell, about which so much interest was centered at the World's Fair. It is to take the bell to the Holy Land, and on Christmas eve of 1900, just before the opening of the twentieth century, to ring it on the spot where, on the first Christmas was heard the angels' song, whose words the bell bears impressed in its surface. The plan contemplates that all telegraph companies shall close their business ten minutes before the appointed hour, and that Bethlehem shall be connected with every telegraph office and with every church that so arranges, and that thus there shall be repeated around the globe the sound of the bell whose first stroke ushered in the parliament of religions, and whose ringing in Judea may symbolize "the parliament of man and the federation of the world," as the projectors claim. "The echoes in our country," said a prominent worker in the Church of the Disciples in this city, "of what has been called the greatest strike in history, the menacing thunder cloud of war that ever hovers over Europe, and the tidings from other lands remind us that the reign of peace is by no means yet complete. But there is certainly an increasing yearning for it, of which this project is a sign, and which prompts the hope and prayer that during the remaining years of the century the influences that started from Bethlehem and that have been drawing the nations closer together may be so powerful that the chimes of 1900 may indeed

"Ring in the thousand years of peace,
Ring out the thousand years of old."

A SHORT CATECHISM.

Q. What is the President of the United States?

A. He is a citizen chosen as the Executive of the Republic, to see the laws executed and to perform certain functional duties prescribed by the Constitution.

Q. What is a government lighthouse tender?

A. It is a small vessel under the orders of the Secretary of the Treasury, charged with the specific duty of carrying supplies to government lighthouses and rendering services to the Lighthouse Board.

Q. Is the President paid for his services?

A. He is. He receives $50,000 per year, has house rent free and is favored in the matter of real estate speculations and dogs.

Q. Is there anything in the Constitution or the Federal Statutes authorizing a President to appropriate a government vessel to his own private use?

A. There is not; but lighthouse tenders are fitted to carry oil and a very fat President may be transported from one lighthouse to another under the head of blubber.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Postage stamps—100 all different, 15c. Old collections bought for cash. Toledo Stamp Co., 222 F. st., Toledo, O.

THE KETTLE.

There's many a house of grandeur,
With turret, tower, and dome,
That knows not peace or comfort,
And does not prove a home.
I do not ask for splendor
To crown my daily lot,
But this I ask: a kitchen
Where the kettle's always hot

If things are not all shipshape,
I do not fume or fret,
A little clean disorder
Does not my nerves upset.
But one thing is essential,
Or seems so to my thought,
And that's a tidy kitchen
Where the kettle's always hot.

In my Aunt Hattie's household,
Though skies outside are drear,
Though times are dark and troubled,
You'll always find good cheer.
And in her quaint old kitchen,
The very homiest spot,
The kettle's always singing,
The water's always hot.

And if you have a headache,
Whate'er the hour may be,
There is no tedious waiting
To get your cup of tea.
I don't know how she does it,
Some magic she has caught,
For the kitchen's cool in summer,
Yet the kettle's always hot.

Oh, there's naught else so dreary
In any household found
As a cold and sullen kettle
That does not make a sound.
And I think that love is lacking
In the hearts in such a spot,
Or the gettle would be singing
And the water would be hot.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

ONE GOT AWAY.

The Happy Father Under the Circumstances Was Satisfied.

Gibbs was a commercial traveler and had gone on a journey to the North, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. A few days afterward the Gibbs household was increased by one—a boy. As the mother was very ill the doctor was requested to write out a telegram informing Gibbs of the addition to his family, and also his wife's illness, and asking him to return home with as little delay as possible.

This was done, and the telegram was given to the servant to send off. That intelligent girl, being unable to read, put the message in her pocket and forgot all about it. The next day Gibbs paid a flying visit home and was gratified to find his wife and the family going on nicely. After staying at home a few hours he took his departure without anything having been said about the telegram, which his wife naturally supposed he had received.

A day or two after he had gone the servant found the message in her pocket, and, after consulting her favorite policeman, she decided to send it off at once without saying a word to any one about the delay. That night Gibbs, upon returning to his hotel, was horrified when the following telegram, bearing that day's date, was placed in his hand:

"Another addition; a son; your wife is very ill; return at once."

"Another!" he gasped. "Great Jupiter!"

He rushed to the station and took the next train home, and, dashing into the house in a state of frenzy, demanded to know what had happened. The servant confessed all. The next day there was a vacancy for an intelligent, honest girl at Gibbs's establishment.

After Love, Justice.

The professor sat to-day in his high-backed carved chair. Mrs. Van Twiller, as soon as she had greeted him, stepped inside and told Babson to bring it. It is the first time I have ever seen that chair on the veranda, but then it is a long time since any of us have seen the dear old man so dejected. All the content, all the enthusiasm and delight of last week are gone. Much more seriously than any of us have supposed has he taken the assassination of President Carnot. To him it has been, as to us all, something more than the wanton murder of a good man, the waste of an upright life for the benefit of no cause. It has been one more of many signs pointing to a condition of the times over which even the flippant must pause. Miss Van Auken, who is as watchful of the professor's moods as Mrs. Van Twiller herself, sat in a low chair near him, bending forward, her elbows on her knees. While she spoke she traced with her fingers the outlines of the carved head on the arm of the professor's chair. It seemed to bring her nearer. Had he been a woman she would have touched the thin old hand that held his spectacles. As it was, she touched his chair.

"I've always been so interested in Madame Carnot," she said, meaning to divert him while she sympathized. "It was aroused in quite a casual way, as so many great interests are. But in Paris my masseuse came direct to me from her, and she used to tell me of Madame Carnot's sweetness and simplicity, her absolute lack of personal vanity, and then of the beauty of her domestic life."

The professor turned and looked at Miss Van Auken a moment. He saw through her little ruse, smiled kindly, but in an instant more he had straightened himself as though he meant not to let go of the thing that hurt him. "It's dreadful! dreadful!" he said drawing in his breath as he spoke. "But bitterer tears than her's will be shed if this goes on. What does it all mean, anyway?" he continued, suddenly rising and walking up and down pausing now and then to shake his spectacles in emphasis or wave them with a flourish in the air. "What does it mean? The age has run to riot. Love of gold, love of power, greed of all aggrandizement in one class, confusion and dastardly crime in another, and love of self at the bottom of it all. It's all self, self, self—self-gratification, self-glorification, self-enthronement. No love of life as a manifestation of God, but as a creation of man; no love of order, ourselves regarded as instruments. It is all self, whether the sin be the defalcation by an educated man or the assassination by the sensational. I tell you, those men are right who say a new dispensation is coming to earth. Love was given to the world and spurned, and now justice will be given, and the woman's hands will hold the scales. Men have thrown away love; they hated, struggled, warred, and oppressed for selfish ends, where they should have touched hands and grown, helped each other, helped all for the sake of the other. And now justice comes, and law must reign and order prevail till justice does her perfect work. And the disorders of to-day, the crimes of those of high and low estate, what are they, after all, but the breaking up of the old order, the struggle, the cry, and final revolt of self-helpers, infuriated, disordered, baffled, shrieking and brought to bay against the in-coming tide that bears on its bosom that new dispensation of justice with which will come the perfect law, the balance of the human and divine, the altruistic with the egotistic?"

The professor paused, sitting once more in his chair. None of us spoke for a little, as indeed how could we? That idea of justice coming as the new dispensation came to us like a revelation and forced us into silence. After a little, one, then another, spoke, tracing the evolution of this idea even through the Scriptures. It was like a rude awakening shock to hear even so gentle a voice as that of the major's niece, who came at that moment full of enthusiasm over the Saengerfest, and regrets that it was over. She seemed to us to have stepped out of a different world—and she had.—Harper's Bazar.

—Thousands of new patrons have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla this season and realized its benefit in blood purified and strength restored.

Why They Moved.

O'Kief—Why did the Newspices move in the middle of the summer?

McEll—The wall-paper on their old flat didn't harmonize with the new baby's complexion, I believe.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A New Kind.

Husband—I think you would better go down town to that agency and get another cook to-day.

Wife—What kind of a cook shall I get?

Husband—Get one that can cook.—Detroit Free Press.

Variety the Spice of Life.

Fond Wife (pouting)—You think more of your books than you do of me.

Loving Husband—My darling, I never have to read the same book twice.—New York Herald.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Wheat Fertilizer.

J. N. L., Tennessee: The material that goes to make up the 100 parts may be of any course substance. The remainder of the formula may have but little fertilizing property. The formula as given would be too concentrated and costly to apply to land, unless liquified or had some less expensive substance added. A complete fertilizer for wheat is given as follows by Mr. George Ville, a prominent French chemist, in kilogrammes. Acid phosphate of lime, 400; nitrate of potossa, 200; sulphate of ammonia, 250; sulphate of lime, 350; a total of 1,200. A kilogramme is 2.2055 pounds avoirdupois. The potash obtained from leaching of wood ashes is the kind used in fertilizing land. Phosphoric acid is formed by combination of phosphorus (sulphur) with oxygen, in the proportions of 12 equivalents of phosphorus to 3 of oxygen. At any drug store you can learn the nearest point at which the above materials can be had in quantity.

Strangles in Horse.

J. O. M., Ohio: Your horse has a disease known as strangles. Poultice his neck well with linseed meal, and when the lumps "point," or have a soft spot on them, they may be lanced. Then poultice again, and if any proud flesh appears touch it with lunar caustic. If the horse can swallow readily, take of wood tar 2 oz., and molasses 3 ozs. Thin with water and put about 2 tablespoonfuls on the back of the tongue.

Gristle in Cow's Teat.

G. H. S., North Carolina: The obstruction in the teat may be from clots of casine, by calculus, or by warty or other growth. If from casine, inject into the teat with a small syringe saleratus a teaspoonful, warm water 1-2 pint. If from calculus, a small goose quill may be pushed into the teat, being careful not to run it up into the udder. If from growth in the teat, the best way is to cut into the teat and excise the obstruction. This should be done when the cow is dry, as it is not easy to heal the part while milk flows. The cutting should be done by a veterinarian. You might try the goose quill to pierce the duct and inject saleratus water, as it may be effective. In any event, it can do no harm. The udder should be bathed with water for half an hour every day, and the udder gently kneaded with the fingers.

Will the Colt Live?

T. C. N., Michigan: A mare that has once aborted, and two others of her colts lived less than a week, the chances are that the colt that she will soon have will not live. Her age, 13 years, is against it. The procretive parts of the body are in many cases not so strong after abortion. If the mare is strong and well, as you say, and carries her colt the full time, there is a possibility that it may live Do not give her corn until she has foaled. If you have an idea that her milk was impure when the two colts that lived less than a week died, it will be well for you to wean the colt at once if you suspicion impure milk. In some cases the milk is unfit for the colt. Give the mare no medicine of any kind until after she has foaled. Oats, sweet hay, or grass, and if the bowels become costive a few bran mashes will suit her case. Carrots well washed and sliced finely are excellent feed.

Warts on Colt.

D. S. F., Kansas: Rub the warts on your colt's nose once a day with castor oil for two weeks, and the warts will very likely be killed. Sometimes warts, or angleberries will disappear on colts without using any application, but at times they remain until snipped off with a pair of strong scissors. When this is done, a few only should be taken off at a time.

Jersey Red Hogs.

B. S., Texas: The editor is not sufficiently informed regarding this breed of hogs to give an intelligent opinion. Will some reader of The Blade tell B. S. all about them?

Lymphatic Trouble in Horse.

O. B. D., Washington: The trouble with your horse is in the lymphatic glands. This is brought on by the veins and their radicles being unable to empty themselves into their proper cavities. Foment the part with vinegar and water, equal parts, to which add nitrate of potassa 2 ozs. to each gallon; apply this frequently. After beating or fomenting for three or four days, bathe the part with camphorated soap liniment. Give the horse gentle exercise, and every six hours (twice a day) give 1-2 oz. of nitrate of potassa in the drinking water for five days. If the animal exhibits costiveness, give bran mashes pretty freely.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Watering Horses.

The good horseman, says a writer, will water his horse before feeding him, especially in the morning. French breeders always water their horses before feeding, and in all the large stables of horses in this country that practice is followed. Yet many horsemen and farmers never think of the advantage and necessity of it. If the horse could talk, or if man could understand him, he would ask for a drink the first thing every morning, and you will be surprised how eager he is to get it, whether the weather is cold or hot. I wonder how many farmers ever think of watering their horses before feeding them in the morning, or how much they lose by not doing it.

The horse comes from work at night, gets a drink, then is fed mostly on dry grain, eats hay part of the night, and in the morning another dry feed, and by this time is very dry himself, so when he reaches water he fills his stomach so full that undigested food is forced out of the stomach, and is a damage rather than a benefit to the horse. Now try watering one horse before feeding in the morning, thus slaking his thirst, and at the same time washing the stomach ready to receive the morning feed, when, being properly moistened with saliva, it will remain until thoroughly digested. Your horse can do more work on less feed and will be healthy much longer; besides, humanity demands this thoughtful care.

Thinning Fruit.

Thinning fruit is not a popular practice. It is hard to convince the ordinary fruit-grower that in seasons when trees set a full crop of fruit he will receive better returns for his money if a large part of the fruit is removed early in the season. When a tree sets a large quantity of fruit it is frequently unable to develop it to its full size, and the quantity of marketable fruit is less than would have been obtained had three-fourths of them been removed.

One cause of the short life of many peach orchards is found in the neglect of the grower to thin out the fruit. One basket of small peaches will contain as many in number as two baskets of large ones, and as the formation of pit and kernel is what saps the vitality of the trees small peaches draw as severely on the trees as the same number of large ones, and one basket of the larger will sell for more money than two or three of the smaller.

Time to Harvest Lucern.

At the Utah station early cut lucern gave a greater gain than late cut lucern. As large a crop was received from two cuttings as from three, whether the first cutting was at an early period or at a medium period of its growth. As early cut hay gave a slightly better gain the balance of the experiment favors early cutting. It is assumed, not known, that the character of the growth from early cut lucern would not be as substantial as from the late cut.

Alfalfa Will Stand Our Winters.

We have always cautioned our readers to go slow with alfalfa, fearing that it would not stand our severe winters. Coming as it does from the milder climate of Spain, we thought it reasonable that it would not be safe to risk much of it here. We have experimented with it in a small way and although some of it lived through the winter we did not regard it as a success. The soil, however, was poor, being a worn hillside, and it is quite probable that this fact had more to do with the partial failure than the severity of the winter. But we have better testimony from an Ohio farmer in a recent number of the Rural New Yorker, who, after a fair trial, speaks of alfalfa in these high terms of praise:

"It will stand more frost than red clover, both in spring and fall, without killing the leaves. It will endure the winters of central Ohio better than red clover, and it will produce much more hay. Especially is this true of a dry season, when its deep, penetrating roots feed in the subsoil where there is moisture The hay, if cut early, is much superior to clover as a feed. As I give it to my lambs and cows, my enthusiasm grows—and I plan to greatly increase the acreage on my farm. The lambs do not touch clover, timothy or blue grass hay while they can get at the alfalfa. I have seen them leave troughs in which I had just placed corn and bran to crowd around the rack as I put in the beautiful green alfalfa hay. This item of taste for a food goes further than chemical analysis and I believe that shows alfalfa to have some advantage over clover."

With such testimony it would seem to be safe to try the plant pretty extensively. We trust it will be done. If any of our subscribers desire to make the trial we will take pleasure in giving directions for the cultivation and care of the crop.—Indiana Farmer.

Egg and Feather Eating.

At the experiment farms, Ottawa, careful watch was taken of the laying stock to discover the cause of and remedy for egg and feather eating—the two vices fowls in close confinement are most addicted to. The subject is one of widespread importance. Manager Gilbert in a recent report says: 1. That the vicious practices are most indulged in during the months of February and March. 2. That unless checked on first showing they continue until the fowls are allowed outside. 3. That nonlayers do not indulge in the vices until the others commence. 4. That the inactivity of the layers, caused by overfeeding, leads to the vices. 5. That the breeds of the more nervous temperaments, viz., Black Minorcas, Andalusians, Red Caps, etc., are most addicted to the practices. 6. That the vices first show among the fowls in the greatest number in one pen. 7. That the egg eating began when the laying nests were most exposed to view of the fowls.

The conclusions to be arrived at from the foregoing are: 1. It is imperative that the layers be kept in constant activity. 2. That they must have plenty of room to scratch in. 3. That the pullets are better separated—when possible—from the older fowls. 4. That plenty of green stuff should be fed in the shape of clover hay, cabbage, mangels, turnips, etc. 5. That green bones, cut up and fed regularly, are the best preventatives. 6. That the laying stock should have access to barn, shed or stable to scratch in, whenever circumstances permit. 7. That the nest-boxes must be so arranged that they will be dark and not to easy to get to. 8. The more limited the quarters, the greater the necessity of exercise. 9. The more natural the conditions under which the layers are kept during the close season the better for them and the more profitable the result.

A Hay Crane for Stacking Fodder.

For the ordinary farmer the easiest way to cut corn fodder is to make a sled with runners or wheels, wide enough to run between two rows of corn. Attach knives diagonally to each side at the front and hitch your horses to the middle. Two men, one standing on each side, can catch the corn as it is cut and stand it up about the shocks. Make small shocks. When dry, and with a low wagon haul the fodder and husk and stack it near the feed lot. These stacks should be made much as wheat ricks. Keep the middle high and draw in near the top, finishing with straw. In stacking I utilize the crane which I have for putting up hay. To do this lay out a rope on the ground and on this place a shock or more of fodder, tie the fodder together in a large bundle. Make several of these, attach the hook in the end of the crane to this rope, and swing the fodder onto the stack by horse power. When the bundles reach the top of the stack the ropes are unfastened and thrown down for the next load.

I always have a large mow which I fill with cut corn fodder to feed in bad weather. We have a husker and corn cutter in our neighborhood which I get for a few days every fall. I pay 5 cents per bushel for husking the corn and cutting the fodder. This work is completed before the corn in the field is ready for husking. In feeding from the stack I cut off a portion with a hay knife, load on a sled and haul to the feed lot. Or I cut off a portion of the stack, thrust a harpoon hay fork into it and with a horse drag it to the place wanted for feeding. When the weather is bad I feed the cut fodder stored in the barn. I make it a rule to give a feed of hay about once a week.—A. Dappert, in Orange Judd Farmer.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA by Columbus brought enlightenment to the world. New fields of enlightenment in this century are in the lines of science. The triumph of Conservative Surgery is well illustrated by the fact that RUPTURE or Breach, is now radically cured without the knife and without pain. Clumsy, chafing trusses never cure but often induce inflammation, strangulation and death. TUMORS, Ovarian, Fibroid (Uterine) and many others, are now removed without the perils of cutting operations. PILE TUMORS, however large, Fistula and other diseases of the lower bowel, are permanently cured without pain or resort to the knife. STONE in the Bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, washed out and perfectly removed without cutting. STRICTURE of Urinary Passage is also removed without cutting in hundreds of cases. For pamphlet, references and particulars, send 10 cents (in stamps) to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Are You Hard of Hearing or Deaf?
Call or send stamp for full particulars how to restore your hearing by one who was deaf for thirty years. John Garmore, Room 18 Hammond Building, Fourth and Vine, Cincinnati, Ohio.

LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES.

Fate just snickered right out when she sent a rain to Cowley county, Kan., just an hour after the rainmaker's contract expired. But he didn't.

A farmer in Charleston, Mo., recently traveled 18 miles—36 with the return trip—to get a spelling book. He had no other errand. Yet there is a boy in New York who doesn't appreciate having a schoolhouse near.

In the dark Southwest a piece of lead hung about the neck by a string is a sovereign remedy for nosebleed.

A fire broke out at Franklin, Pa., the other day and burned until it got tired, because all the firemen were at the other end of town watching a baseball game.

Mr. Neher's family felt real bad because 14 of his descendants didn't come to his funeral t'other day. Neher had 14 children, and each of the 14 had about the same number. So 553 of them did come. Total number, 567.

What Ails Him.

He never takes the papers—for he isn't a believer
In the news and sensations of the day;
That's why they put his business in the hands of a receiver,
And his creditors are hauling him away.
—Boston Post.

He Felt It.

"This is a hard world," said the balloonist, as he dropped out of the basket and lit in a stone quarry.—Brooklyn Life.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Talmage's Sermon.

WHAT SHALL WE DO TO BE SAVED?

The Way to be Saved From Earthquakes and Dangers of Everyday Life.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still absent in the South Pacific, has selected as the subject of this week's sermon through the press, "The Rescue," the text chosen being Acts xvi 31: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Jails are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now; but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine, to-day, we are standing in the Phillippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groan of those incarcerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sunlight, and the deep sigh of women who remember their father's house, and mourn over their wasted estates? Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive, or the struggle of one in the nightmare of a great horror. You listen again, and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say: "God pity the prisoner." But there is another sound in that prison. It is the song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard, "What's that? What's that?"

It is the song of Paul and Silas. They can not sleep. They have been whipped, very badly whipped. The long gashes on their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden sockets, and of course they can not sleep. But they can sing. Jailer, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? Oh, they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all.

But while we are standing in the gloom of the Phillippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sob and groan and blasphemy and hallelujah, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid masonry begins to heave, and all the doors swing open. The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners, and believing, in his pagan ignorance, suicide to be honorable—since Brutus killed himself and Cato killed himself, and Cassius killed himself, puts his sword to his own heart, proposing with one strong keen thrust to put an end to his excitement and agitation. But Paul cries out, "Stop! Stop! Do thyself no harm. We are all here."

Then I see the jailer running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of those prisoners, crying out, "What shall I do? What shall I do?" Did Paul answer, "Get out of this place before there is another earthquake; put handcuffs and hopples on these other prisoners lest they get away?" No word of that kind. His compact, thrilling, tremendous answer, answer memorable all through earth and heaven, was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Now who is this being that you want me to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character, but I cannot trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know that I shall be cheated if I confide in them. You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of, and am I unreasonable when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a vessel going out to sea that had never been inspected.

No, you must have the certificate hung amidships, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago it was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you cannot expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it was made and what it is.

When, then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me he is a very attractive person. Contemporary writers describe his whole appearance as being resplendent. There was no need for Christ to tell the children to come to him. "Suffer little children to come unto me," was not spoken to the children; it was spoken to the disciples. The children came readily enough without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear than the little ones jumped from their mother's arms, an avelanche of beauty and love, into his lap. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on his bosom; John could not help but put his head there. I suppose a look at Christ was just to love him. How attractive his manner.

I think there are many under the influence of the spirit of God who are saying, "I will trust him if you will only tell me how;" and the great question asked by many is, "How? how?" And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons, "Master, help!" How are you to trust in Christ? Just as you trust any one. You trust your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house gives you a note payable three months hence, you expect the payment of that note at the end of three months. You have perfect confidence in their word and in their ability. Or, again, you go home to-day. You expect there will be food on the table. You have confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says, "You believe: I take away your sins;" and they are all taken away. "What!" you say, "before I pray any more? before I read my Bible any more? before I cry over my sins any more?" Yes, this moment. Believe with all your heart, and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference; but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are, then deal with him as fairly

Oh, was there ever a prize proffered so cheap as pardon and heaven are offered to you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that. "Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penace to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Shall I try to tell you what it is to be saved? I can not tell you. No man, no angel can tell you. But I can hint at it. For my text brings me up to this point. "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death and a blissful eternity. It is a grand thing to go to sleep at night, and get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword can do me any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child of God, and he is bound to see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment hurricane; but life and death, things present and things to come are mine.

Someone went in a house where there had been a good deal of trouble, and said to the woman there, "You seem to be lonely." "Yes;" she said, "I am lonely." "How many in the family?" "Only myself." "Have you had any children?" "I had seven children." "Where are they?" "Gone." "All gone?" "All." "All dead?" "All." Then she breathed a long sigh into the loneliness and said, "Oh, sir, I have been a good mother to the grave."

And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the bereavements of life. I point to you today to the eternal balm of heaven. Oh, aged men and women! will not your decrepitude change for the leap of a hart when you come to look face to face upon him whom having not seen you love? Oh, that will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the wolves, but with the lamb reclining on the sunlit hill. That will be the captain of our salvation, not amid the roar and crash and boom of battle, but amid his disbanded troops keeping victorious festivity. That will be the bridegroom of the church coming from afar, the bride leaning upon his arm while he looks down into her face and says, "Behold, thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair!"

TERRIBLE WEIGHT.

THAT BEARING DOWN FEELING.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

The recovery of Lucretia Osborne Putnam of Forristdale, Mass., was really wonderful. She had been sick for years.

She was utterly prostrated, and seemed beyond a hope of cure.

Her spine, heart, liver, and brain were all seriously affected.

The weight of her body upon her feet would cause dizziness, faintness, and terrible pains in her back, and it was sometimes several hours before she could dress.

This woman's trouble was in her womb, effecting her whole constitution.

She was crushed with that indescribable feeling of bearing down, and suffered agonies that would appal a man.

She found new life in *Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound.

She says: "I am like one raised from the dead. I was sick so long I thought I never could get well.

"The suffocating, gasping attacks and awful bearing down feeling left me, my appetite returned, and my friends wondered at my improved looks. I believe Mrs. Pinkham's remedies are a sure cure for the misery of our sex."

GAMES FOR LONG EVENINGS.

Literary Refreshments That Will Serve to Instruct and Amuse.

Mrs. Burton N. Harrison is sponsor for a new game called "Definitions." Each person who plays it writes a question on a slip of paper and signs it with any grave or gay nom de plume that may occur to him. The papers are then taken up, and given out again at haphazard, and answered on the same slip of paper. If one chooses, the answer may also be signed with an assumed name. A prize is sometimes given to the maker of the best definition, or a first, second and third prize may be given to the three that are cleverest. Another game, somewhat older, but still young enough to be diverting to a party housed in the country on a rainy day, is called "Book Review." It is played after the fashion of the old game called "Consequences." The first player writes the name of an author and folds the paper over; the second writes the name of any book that occurs to her and folds it again and the third player writes, in a sentence or two, a criticism. The amusing part of the game is the incongruity that is found between the author, the book and the criticism thus associated.—New York Evening Post.

A Grand Feature
Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is that while it purifies the blood and sends it coursing through the veins full of richness and health, it also imparts new life and vigor to every function of the body. Hence the expression so often heard: "Hood's Sarsaparilla made a new person of me." It overcomes that tired feeling so common now.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, always reliable and beneficial.

WHEN MARK TWAIN WAS POOR.

His "Innocents Abroad" Was Rejected by a Publisher.

Possibly Mark Twain's best and most profitable joke was on the publisher who let the offer of his "Innocents Abroad" go begging, for it did not take long to bring the whole crew to their knees, suing as a favor for something from the same pen. That book, by the way, he wrote in Washington. A friend who boarded with him in an unpretentious house on Indiana avenue tells how he used to look in occasionally on Mark, sitting in his little back room, with a sheet iron stove, a dirty, must carpet of the cheapest description, a bed, and two or three common chairs. The drum stove was full of ashes, running over on the zinc sheet; the bed seemed to have been unmade for a week, the room reeked with tobacco smoke, and the floor was littered with newspapers from which Mark had cut his letters. Then there were hundreds of pieces of torn manuscripts which had been written and rejected by the author. A dozen pipes were about the apartment—on the washstand, on the mantel, on the writing table, on the chairs—everywhere that space could be found, there was tobacco and tobacco everywhere. One thing, there were no flies. The smoke killed them. I am surprised that the smoke did not kill me too. Mark would not let a servant come into his room. He would strip down his suspenders—his coat and waistcoat, of course, being off—and walk back and forward in slippers in that little den, and swear and smoke the whole day long. Of course, at times he would work, and while he did work it was like a steam engine at full head.—Kate Field's Washington.

THE LIARS' CLUB.

A little girl in Twiggs county, Ga., caught a small live rattlesnake and brought it to her mamma. Luckily she had seized it by the neck, and so wasn't injured.

Mount Clemens, Mich., advertised as a summer resort, has placed on exhibition in a store window at Detroit a six-legged frog alleged to have been caught within her borders. Infidels say the thing, which is preserved in alcohol, is thirty years old and came from Europe.

Sam Day, of Wesley, Me., asserts unblushingly that he has laid low with his strong right arm and his unerring rifle just 245 bears during a busy life. Sam is a corker!

The Muncie (Ind.) liar, always facile princeps, reports another shower of frogs, confined to a single farm in that much-fabled town. Affidavits are charged for as extras.

Father, mother and 4-weeks-old baby in a Rockford (Mich.) family have a combined weight of 610 pounds. Luckily papa and mamma have stopped growing!

Grant county, Ky., has a man 53 years old who is just cutting a second set of teeth. The ways of Providence are indeed inscrutable!

Association of Ideas.

To remember one thing, connect it with another. That is a very good rule in mnemonics, but it needs to be observed with caution. An exchange reports a schoolroom dialogue.

Teacher—With whom did Achilles fight at the battle of Troy?

Pupil—Pluto.

Teacher—Wrong. Try again.

Pupil—Nero.

Teacher—Nero! How do you——

Pupil—Then it must have been Hector. I knew it was one of our three dogs.—Chicago Post.

Not Real Life.

Crusty—The author of this book makes a false statement at the very start.

Mrs. Crusty—Indeed?

Crusty—Yes. He says it is a story of real life, but I turn to the last page and read: "And they married and lived happily all their lives."—Exchange.

Rich.

"Why do you suppose that man said there was a fortune in my face?"

"Oh, Mame, your gold teeth, you know."—Detroit Tribune.

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

EDGERTON'S BATTERY.

Part Six.

A. H. Coswell was taken prisoner by the rebel cavalry. When they got him one general said to another, "Lets take his overcoat." "No," said the other, "we will get all the overcoats we want to-morrow, when Rosecrans retreats for Nashville." Coswell was paroled on the field. Lieutenant Willard and James Winfrey were not so fortunate; they went south to Libby with Edgerton, Birmch and others. They were discharged and sent to Annapolis and died from smallpox. Coswell went to Camp Chase, in Ohio, so you see death was spread in good shape.

The rebs would make a dart, the Molectrivers would get scared and then they would get their wagons mixed up, then some more wagons would try to get past, the wagons would tip over, then the mule drivers would cut out his saddle mule and go for Nashville on a single mule, but finally Nashville was reached again. Detachment F. drew a piece of artillery and went into position on a little knoll on the left of Fort Neglie. After we got settled, letter writing commenced. The boys told in their letters how the battle went. We stayed on this knoll a few days, then we, with the fragment of the battery, were put into the fort around the capitol of Tennessee at Nashville. There we were put under very strict discipline and guarded by the 18th Michigan. The 18th were brave men. They patroled the streets of Nashville. One day there was a deaf boy on the streets with a pass in his pocket. One of the 18th spied him and halted him, but the fellow didn't hear and kept right along. The 18th boy cocked his gun and halted the deaf man again, but he couldn't hear the 18th's order. The guard brought his gun to an aim, took deliberate sight and pulled the trigger. When the smoke cleared away the deaf man was dead. The 18th boy reported the affair to his colonel and got a cromo. Our discipline was very strict. O. P. Clark and Starwelcher were eating supper one night when the bugle blew for roll call. Star said "Darn the roll call, I ain't going." O. P. said, "if you don't go, I won't," but about the time the detachment were dressing up the line Star went. O. P. Clark hadn't started for roll call, but had to crowd his way into the line to get his place, but he got there before the roll was called, but that didn't do. Park was corporal and called the roll and as soon as the roll was called Park had to report to S. W. Dorsey, lieutenant in command. Dorsey says we must have discipline and put O. P. Clark on extra guard. O. P. went on guard that night, and George Bish was corporal of the guard. Now George never slept only once in 24 hours. O. P. Clark was on guard at 10 a. m., and should have been relieved at midnight, but no relief came. 1 o'clock came and no relief, but when 2 o'clock came he could hear the tramp of feet. They came and when they came near enough he halted them. I said: "Who comes there," and the answer came back, "George Bish, with the relief." I said: "Seems to me it must be after 12." George looked at his watch and said: "By gosh, its 2 o'clock. I guess I have been asleep."

In Front of Vicksburg.

Editor Camp Fire:—I see in the issue of the Blade of July 26 a request of Comrade P. W. S., Company C, Sixth Missouri infantry volunteers, for some one to give an account of that memorable 22d day of May, 1863, behind Vicksburg. I would like to tell the comrade that I was one of that noble band that stormed the rebel fort at Vicksburg. I belonged to the Second brigade, Second division, Fifteenth corps, and on the 21st day of May, 1863, orders came for volunteers to form a storming column, two men from each company, and on the morning of the 22d we formed in front of Gen. Smith's tent and received the general's flag, and at 10 o'clock we started for the rebel fort. The rebels let us come to within about 50 yards, then they let loose on us, and such a havoc as they played with us. We started 150 strong, and we were only 30 live men in the rifle pits when we got there, and five of them fell by bullets from our own lines, and there we were good for all day, doing the best we could to keep Mr. Rebel down from exposing himself to our bullets. In order to drive us out of the rifle pit they threw twelve-pound round shells with the fuse cut three seconds short, and when those shells burst they would play havoc among us. To the right of us there was a stockade, and the Johnnies cut down two stakes and run up a gun loaded with scrap iron to the muzzle. A second lieutenant was the only officer we had left. He said, "Boys, the Johnnies are training a gun on us through that stockade, and if we don't keep it down we will all be swept out of this rifle pit." One of the boys said to me, "Give me a hoist out of here." I did so, thinking he was going back to our lines, and that gun stood there all that time ready to sweep us out of that rifle pit. In the afternoon the One Hundred and Eleventh Wisconsin came over to us, and they suffered a loss of over half their force. Along in the afternoon we heard a voice calling, "Say, boys, here goes the twenty-fourth cartridge. I have killed twenty-three men on that gun, and if the twenty-fourth shows himself I will fetch him too." That was the boy I had helped out of the rifle pit. And there that gun stood until the surrender, and I went over to see the gun, and there it was still loaded to the muzzle with scrap iron. That night we got out of the pit and went back to Gen. Smith's quarters and reported in the morning, and the general gave us a rest at his headquarters in the rear. This is all that happened in front of Fort Pemberton. Perhaps Comrade P. W. S. can remember that.—Frederick Rick, Co. A, 37th Regt., O. V. V. I.

Pickett at Gettysburg.

Pickett, Longstreet and myself were old West Pointers and warm friends. At the close of our late unpleasantness I was sitting in my office in State street, when who should enter but my old friend General Pickett.

We had not met before since the commencement of the war and had many things to talk about. In the course of conversation I remarked, "You had a pretty close call at Gettysburg, didn't you, Pickett?"

"Yes," he said, "but let me tell you something about my charge that has never been published. When orders were given to form the column of attack I formed the column, and then rode through the ranks to see if everything was right. As I finished this inspection I rode to the rear to report to Gen. Longstreet and to receive orders to move.

"I found Gen. Longstreet sitting on the top rail of a fence whittling a stick. Saluting the general, I said, 'General, my column is ready to charge. Shall I charge? Receiving no answer from the general, and waiting a reasonable time I returned to my command and again rode through the ranks. A second time I reported to the general, with the same result.

"A third time I reported. The general was still sitting on the fence. As I received no answer, I remarked: 'General, if I am to make the charge, it must be made now, or it will be too late. Shall I make the charge?'

"Without saying a word, he simply bowed his head. I immediately rode off, and made the charge, and you know the result."

When I asked how he accounted for Longstreet's course, he said he believed that Longstreet was opposed to the movement and delayed giving him orders, hoping that Lee would change his mind, and countermand his orders.

Who can tell what would have been the result if Longstreet had given Pickett orders to charge when he first reported to him. His not charging gave our troops ample time to consolidate.—Veteran in New York Herald.

Small Shot.

The 46th Ohio, one of the very best regiments sent out during the war, held its annual reunion at Van Wert, Ohio, last week. More than one hundred of the veterans attended.

The 30th Indiana regiment will hold its reunion at Nappanee, September 26. N. N. Baydston, of Warsaw, is president of the association, and J. N. Ohlwine, Cramwell, secretary. This regiment belonged to McCook's division.

A. H. H. Co. B, 11th Ills., writes from Lutrell, Tennessee, that he participated in the battles of Shiloh and Vicksburg, and was at the surrender of Kirby Smith. He is the third of that regiment now located in Tennessee.

IN A MAZE OF MIRRORS.

Antics of a Cat in the Presence of Baltimore Onlookers.

A small black cat with a long tail and a distinctively aggrieved air stalked up and down the hall at Herman's Howard Auditorium in Baltimore. She glared with scorn at the people who came out of the maze and laughed as if they thought it was funny in there. The cat had been in there, too, but she didn't think it at all funny.

If she had been a cat with human vices she might have believed her experience was due to drink, but as she took nothing stronger than milk, she couldn't fall back on that explanation.

The cat went into the maze for the first time, although her curiosity had sorely tempted her to enter ever since the maze had been put into position. She strolled in and climbed a pillar near the door. It so happened that this was a central position, and when she threw her eyes around there seemed to be sixteen other black cats returning her glance with friendly interest. This enraged her, and she humped her back to let the other cats know she was no coward. Sixteen other cats took a corresponding hump, and each was watching her next move.

This was too much, and the cat leaped from her stand and started to get out. There were apparently a dozen avenues of escape, and she made for one of them, only to run plump against a glass mirror. The same thing happened again and again until finally she spied the man in blue uniform who takes tickets for the maze. Like a flash she leaped past him and got out of the maze.

OPERATIONS OF BOOK-THIEVES.

Dangerous Class of Depredators—"Shabby Genteel" Appearance.

It may be surprising to the general reader to be told that the operations of book thieves are so extensive that from 5 to 10 cents must be added to the price of every book sold from the stands in order to make up for these depredations. All sellers of books in cities suffer in this way, but, of course, the more exposed stands are a better field for the thieves' operations than the more orderly up-town stores. If "juveniles" are left without careful watching on a stand the boys will make away with 30 per cent of them, says the New York Post.

The older thief is rarely past middle age. His appearance is usually of the order described as "shabby genteel." He often has the scholastic air that we should expect in the charity student. Very frequently when he comes in he "wants nothing in particular; just to look around." If followed up and questioned he will say that he is trying to find some rare books, and quickly departs for other fields. These are a few only of the most dangerous class of depredators, men who are up in first editions and similar precosia. One of this sort, if undetected, will weed out the most valuable books on a counter in an incredibly short space of time. Look out for the customer who is very wise about rare books, but seldom or never buys one, is a rule of the trade. Ordinarily, however, the standard books are taken, books that are worth 50 cents or $1 almost anywhere.

Frequently book thieves work in pairs. One engages the dealer in literary discussion while the other rifles the stock. Some carry a small carpet sack, with a catch that will never stay fastened. In winter the professional thief wears a talma with voluminous folds or an ulster with many pockets. This is donned early in the fall and worn very late in the spring.

SUCH A CONVENIENT DESIGN!

It May Appear in Chiffon at a Dance or in Serge Aboard a Yacht.

The summer girl has discovered a new bodice. Here is a picture of it. It was first worn by a pretty young woman at an informal dance. Then it was made of peachblow taffeta combined with green chiffon and white moire. The wide sash and Directoire revers were of the moire, while the corselet and short basque were of chiffon. The buckles and huge buttons were made of green enamel. The bodice was worn with a skirt of white moire, veiled by an overskirt of peachblow chiffon.

CHIFFON OR SERGE.

When it next appeared the bodice was aboard a yacht. It was worn by another summer girl equally as pretty. But in this instance it was of serge instead of taffeta and trimmed with white broadcloth instead of filmy chiffon. In combination with a serge skirt and yachting cap it possessed a nautical air. The low-cut neck had vanished and in its place was a V shaped yoke of dark blue serge. The buckles and big buttons were in dark red, and long, dark Suede gloves joined the short, puffed sleeves.

A Parodied Garment.

Whoever invented the tails of the present cutaway coat, says Harper's Weekly, ought to be astonished at his own success in making guys of his fellow-men. Anything sillier than those exaggerated shovel-tails has not been promulgated by tailors in at least two decades. There is a proper length for a frock coat, but you can add six inches to the tail of it and still have a garment. So you can take a dress coat and shorten the waist of it and heighten the collar and stretch the tails down to your heels and still you have a garment, though a queer one.

But a cutaway coat will not stand any such liberites, and with six inches added to its tails it ceases to be a garment at all and becomes a parody on raiment that makes every man absurd who puts it on. On general principles, every man should throw his influence at all times against such extravagant changes of fashion in men's clothes as may tend to make his last year's wardrobe look antiquated. Much more should he do so when the newer fashion is silly. One of the most valuable of the fleeting privileges of being a man is to wear his clothes until he gets tired of them.

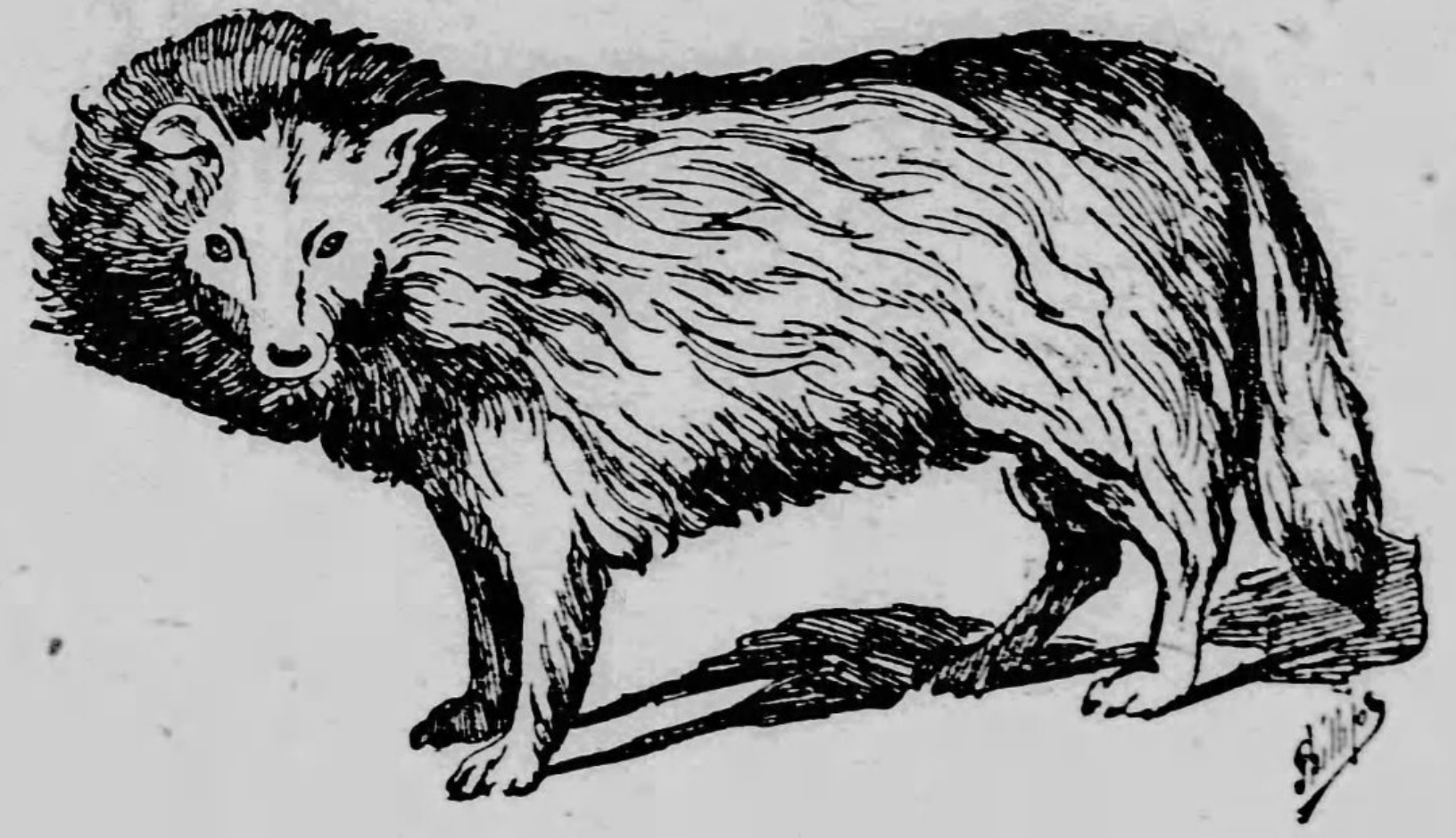
Flashing in their pearly sheen,
From the glorious coralline,
See those teeth untarnished!
White alike the back and front
Yes, by the fragrant SOZODONT,
May beauty's mouth be garnished.

TWO STRANGE ANIMALS.

The First Genet Cat and Raccoon Dog in Captivity.

A New York Press correspondent at Dresden, Germany, has secured excellent photographs of two strange animals that have but recently been placed in the Royal "Zoo," the one the viverridae cat, is an importation from Africa, the other, the raccoon dog, hails from Asia. Both are related to the marter family.

A professor of Leipzig University, who has been instructed to report on the animals, gave The Press correspondent the following information regarding them.



THE QUEEREST DOG ON RECORD.

The cat seems to be a cross between the wild genet cat and a marter. It has a silky, yellowish coat, dotted black, and is a dangerous foe to all animals on four legs, and birds smaller than itself. When hunting for game the genet cat executes snake-like movements, often creeping along on its stomach. It kills seemingly for the pleasure of killing as much as for the purpose of obtaining food. No animal compares with this cat in quickness of action, suddenness of attack and bloodthirstiness. Its zoological name is viverra genetta, genetta senegalensis.

In the captivity of the Zoo the newcomer has so far behaved very well. All day long it lies asleep, the face almost hidden under its bushy tail; at dusk, however, it becomes exceedingly lively and excitable; a small bird flying past its cage is liable to arouse its ferocious nature to such an extent as to render it dangerous to man and beast to enter the cage.

THE GENET CAT.

The raccoon dog is a native of East Asia, known to science as canis procyonoides. He is supposed to be the "missing link" between the dog and marter families. His head shows the characteristics of the latter, the body and legs are similar to those of a young wolf. The legs appear to be too weak for the body.

The raccoon dog, like the genet cat, is eminently a beast of the night. He sleeps as long as the sun shines, but all night paces up and down the cage trying for a loophole of escape and becoming excited when domesticated animals, such as dogs or cats, pass.

Both animals have so far stood the change of climate very well, and it will probably be some time before the zoologists will find them on the dissecting table to settle some interesting questions of the "missing link" order revived by the newcomers just described.

Doughnuts and Discipline.

Barbara wanted a heart-shaped doughnut, and her mother insisted that she should have a twisted one. Barbara protested, but mamma stood by the doughnut of her own selection. Barbara teased, Barbara sulked, and Barbara finally bellowed.

This proved the parental opportunity, and the child was well spanked and shut up in a dark closet; and all this trouble and disaster because of a preference for a heart-shaped doughnut!

Some of our friends may think that such a scene for such a cause could not have happened. It did happen; and Barbara's mother is by no means an exception.

After the fracas was over, I took occasion to ask this disciplinarian why she did not give her little girl the particular thing she wanted.

"Because Barbara is too fussy," she replied; "and she has got to learn to take what I think best to give her."

"But the heart-shaped doughnut was just as handy as the other one, was it not?"

"Yes."

"And it was no more harmful than the twisted doughnut?"

"No."

"Then your only reason for denying her what she wanted was because she wanted it?"

"Oh, yes, if you are a mind to put it that way. Barbara has got to obey me—that's the long and the short of it"

"What do you consider that you have accomplished by this scene with your child to-day?"

"I consider that I have given her one more lesson in obedience, and the next time she asks for a doughnut she will not be so particular about its shape."

Two hours after this I met Barbara in the orchard, and in her hand she held admiringly the heart-shaped doughnut.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"I took it out of the jar, auntie; but you won't tell mamma, will you? Isn't it nice? Oh, I do love hearts so!"

That is what had been accomplished.—Margaret Messenger, in Eleanor Kirk's Idea.

Even Gladstone Played Pranks.

Mr. Gladstone was once a country house guest with Henry Chaplin. Mr. Gladstone one evening asked him whether his grandmother had not lived in a certain street in Mayfair. Mr. Chaplin assented.

"Ah," said Mr. Gladstone, "I remember it very well. I lived next door to her for awhile when I was a child. She used to give evening parties. When the carriages were assembled to take up my brother and I used to creep out of bed—it was summer time—softly open the window, get out our squirts, and discreetly fire away at the coachmen on the boxes. I remember the intense delight with which we used to see them look up to the sky and ask each other whether it was not beginning to rain."—Chicago Post.

Cultivation of Rice.

The cultivation of rice in Madagascar is highly developed in the interior of the island, but much less along the coast, where the lazy, careless natives find the land more fertile and the temperature more favorable. In some places, as in the neighborhood of Tananarive, immense marshes, subject to annual inundations and the source of malignant fevers, have been transformed into rich fields.

In the mountainous parts the rice fields are in terraces on the slopes of the mountains and the hills or in the high valleys. The water coming upon the high ones passes successively to each level. There are some remarkable works of this kind and one often sees these tiers of rich fields raised to the very summit of the high mountains, where the water is conducted by means of little canals, running at the flank of the declivities and bringing the water frequently several kilometers.—Scientific American.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF MARS.

Reasons for Believing There is Vapor There.

If there is anything positively known about the condition of the planet Mars, says the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, it is that a polar ice or snow cap exists and can be seen to retreat as summer advances. The existence of a snow cap presupposes the presence of an atmosphere to hold water vapor in suspension. Therefore the announcement of Professor Campbell, of the Lick Observatory, that he has discovered by means of the spectroscope that Mars has no atmosphere, will not be generally accepted as correct. It is apparent that Professor Holden, of the observatory, does not accept the conclusion that there is no atmosphere, for he states that if there be an atmosphere its pressure is not as great as that on our highest mountains. Professor Holden is on safe ground, as he merely raises the question of atmospheric density.

It may be said that a man with a spectroscope is quite as liable to be deceived as a man with a microscope. The spectroscope has its limitations, and the chances of error are so great that the instrument is now used with the utmost care, its apparent revelations are questioned sharply, and the conditions carefully explained to eliminate all sources of error. So, in questioning Professor Campbell's announcement, we are not challenging the determinations of an infallible instrument.

The planet Mars is red, and Professor Campbell will find it very difficult to explain the presence of this color if there is no atmosphere and no water vapor or dust in suspension. Reasoning from analogy, the surface of Mars ought to be as clearly defined in the telescope as that of the moon, if the planet has no atmosphere. So far as we know, there are no good evidences of an atmosphere about the moon, and every observer is aware of the clearness with which all objects on the moon's surface stand out. Not so in the case of Mars; its surface appears to be covered by a thin veil, and only on rare occasions is there anything like clear definition. This veil is tinged with red, a very trying color, and through it the apparent configuration of the planet's disc is dimly visible. It will thus be seen that the evidence against the accuracy of Professor Campbell's conclusions, derived from the spectroscope, is strong.

The Modern Beauty
Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy, she uses the gentle and pleasant liquid laxative Syrup of Figs.

An Armor of Defense.

Did you ever think how invincible is the armor of defense afforded by perfect politeness? Neither man, woman nor child can resist it. The quick-tempered Irish maid who loses her hold on her tongue so readily and "answers back" with a hot retort is abashed when her mistress meets her with quiet courtesy. The angry person, off guard, and saying what he really does not mean, is foiled by the self-control of his interlocutor who has not for an instant forgotten the gracious manner of good breeding.

Politeness is, perhaps, instinctive with some, but with the majority it is a matter of training, of the slow and careful discipline of voice and eye and carriage. It is partly derived from association, no doubt; for every one recalls the grand bearing and dignified manners of certain old servants, notably the negro servants of the old regime, men and women, who had caught the very air and inflections of their masters and mistresses. But it is very much more than this. It descends to many a small detail. It rises to the height of conscientious attention to the rights of others—almost to religion, indeed, for religion is brotherly love and charity, and politeness epitomizes these.

Very sensitive people who suffer acutely from fancied slights can save themselves many wounds by always being as scrupulous in giving as they are in exacting courtesy. To suffer in one's self a rudeness is to lay one's self open to the same. In nothing should we be less economical than in politeness. It should lead us to prompt and generous acknowledgement of every kindness, to responsive thanks when a gift, however small, is brought to our door. It should oblige us to listen with patient attention, even to the person whose conversation is not entertaining, to sit apparently absorbed when in public we are seated at a concert or a lecture.

This defensive armor, so smooth, so polished, so easily worn, will make our intercourse with society agreeable—Harper's Bazar.

HIT OR MISS.

Eight steamers have gone down this season in the Mississippi owing to the low water. The bed of the river is so dry that the steamers kick up the dust and the pilots can not see to steer.—Minneapolis Journal.

How fortunate it is that we are not nearly so good as we think other people ought to be. We would be so vain of our moral worth that there would be no living with us.—Boston Transcript.

The grocers of Charlotte, N. C., are on their way East on an excursion. When they get to the seashore it will make them sad to see the sand that is going to waste there.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The devil is the only individual we kno ov who seems to thrive the best the the more he is ridikuled.—Josh Billings.

We don't believe a long-haired man knows any more about medicine than a short-haired man.—Atchison Globe.

His Vocabulary.

"Do you understand pigeon English?" asked the young woman.

"A little," replied the man who never confesses ignorance.

"Oh, do let me hear you say something in it."

"Why—er—I only know one word."

"What is that?"

"Squab."—Washington Star.

Following Implicity.

Jeems—Miss Gofast has given young Dr. Honeywell the mitten for the third time. But they'll make it up again.

Deems—What makes you think so?

Jeems—She's only following out his usual prescription—"Shake well before taking."—Town Topics.

The Sunday School.

Jesus at Jacob's Well.

LESSON XII, SEPTEMBER 16, 1894.

Golden Text—Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.—John 4:14.

LESSON TEXT.

(John 4:9-26. Memory verses, 11-14.)

Study connection in John 4.

9. Then saith the woman of Samaria unto him, How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans.

10. Jesus answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water.

11. The woman saith unto him, Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep; from whence then hast thou that living water?

12. Art thou greater than our father Jacob, which gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children and his cattle?

13. Jesus answered and said unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again:

14. But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

15. The woman saith unto him, Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw.

16. Jesus saith unto her, Go, call thy husband, and come hither.

17. The woman answered and said, I have no husband. Jesus said unto her, Thou hast well said, I have no husband;

18. For thou hast five husbands, and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband; in that saidst thou truly.

19. The woman saith unto him, Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet.

20. Our fathers worshipped in this mountain; and ye say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship.

21. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father.

22. Ye worship ye know not what; we know what we worship; for salvation is of the Jews.

23. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him.

24. God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

25. The woman saith unto him, I know that Messias cometh, which is called Christ; when he is come he will tell us all things.

26. Jesus saith unto her, I that speak unto thee am he.

Illustrative Applications.

Jews have no dealings with Samaritans (v. 9). Bigotry and sectarianism ran high in those days. Jews, who counted themselves the peculiar people of God, thought they honored God by refusing to have anything to do with Samaritans, who were not the peculiar people of God. But Jesus, while a Jew, and strict in his service of God, would not be limited by denominational lines of this sort. How is it nowadays? Are there any Christians who would refuse to have dealings with Jews? Are there any Protestants who would keep aloof from all Roman Catholics? Are there and Presbyterians who want to have nothing to do with Unitarians? Are the lines in any of the great denominations strict and sharp between the "orthodox" and the "liberal" wings? Whether there has been any change among religionists or not, Jesus Christ is "the same yesterday and to-day, yea and for ever," and he is now, as always, opposed to such exclusiveness, and if he were here on earth he would be sure to shock such of the stricter sort as are not like him in spirit.

If thou knewest the gift (v. 10). If we knew when we were well enough off, we would not be so likely to give up a good position for a bad one. If we knew the value of the better place or the better portion, we should be more likely to take it when it was offered to us. Most of our mistakes in this life are in consequence of our not knowing what is to our real advantage. Yet this is not a sufficient excuse for us. We ought to know a great many things that we do not know. It is our duty to inquire, to study, to learn, in order that we may know. Knowing a good thing when we see it is a duty, as truly as choosing a good thing when it is proffered us. If we knew the best gift of God, we should ask for it oftener and more earnestly; and then we should have it in answer to our faith-filled prayers.

Shall never thirst (v. 14). What a promise! Thirst was the first want of the first-born babe. Thirst forced a cry from the lips of the dying Redeemer. The only cry that ever came back to us from the depths of perdition was from a soul parching with quenchless thirst. A promise precious to all of us is, that in heaven we shall not thirst any more. Yet Jesus says that he who accepts that which he is ready to give shall never thirst. Thirst is not of the lips alone; it is of the head and of the heart. There is thirst for knowledge, for love, for rest, for purity, for holiness; and the promise of Jesus includes all this, and more.

The water that I shall give him shall become in him a well of water springing up unto eternal life. God never gives a man just grace enough to save his own soul. If a man is a Christian himself, he has Christianity to spare for his neighbors. Christianity, like Christ, cannot be hid. He who has drunk of the water of life, will be supplying that water to other thirsting ones, by his looks, his words, and his deeds; and the water that Christ has given him shall become in him a well of water, springing up in unfailing life-giving.

I perceive that thou art a prophet (v. 19). Only he who has made the heart can know the heart. We feel, instinctively, that one who understands us as we are, has power from God to thus comprehend us. And the proof of proofs that the Bible is from God is found in the fact that it meets every want of every soul; or, as Coleridge says, "I know it is from God, because it finds me."

Salvation is from the Jews (v. 22). While Jesus did not consent to waste time in discussion over unimportant denominational differences, he did not propose to evade an opinion on essential truth. He declared that, according to God's plan, there was salvation in one way, and that that way had been disclosed to and by the Jews. None of us have any right to claim a greater breadth than Jesus showed, or to ignore the importance of a truth to which he gave emphasis. Salvation is the gift of God—in the line of Bible teachings. It is open to all who will receive it in God's way of offering it. The Jews were, and are, and are to be, a people honored of God, and honored of all those who intelligently honor God. And the truth which was declared to and by the Jews is the truth on which we must rest our hopes for the life that is, and for the life that is to come.

God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship in spirit and truth (v. 24). This was no new doctrine when Jesus declared it. It was taught in the Ten Commandments; it was, indeed, the sum of them. It does not strike at forms, but it insists that, form or no form, there must be a sense of something above and beyond mere form, and that sincerity is essential to true worship.—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

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THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 132,000

NO MORE TEN-CENT SUBSCRIBERS.

On the 1st of the present month, our three-months' special offer of the Weekly Blade for ten cents, expired by limitation. Most positively we will not accept any more three-months' subscriptions at that price It would be burdensome to undertake to return these remittances, and we shall therefore, if any are received, credit a six weeks' subscription—which even then will be a very good value. We want, however, a renewal of all three-months' subscribers whose time expires in September, and to that end we have made, through the club agents, a remarkably low offer for September only.

The club competition, under our offer for July and August, terminated on August 31, and we are now busily engaged in making up the list to see who are entitled to the premiums. This is a considerable task, but we will have it completed in time to announce in next week's issue.

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

We have a very large number of three-months' subscriptions expiring during September. We hope the majority will renew through the various local agents who originally sent us three-months' clubs. We presume a few have in mind a desire to renew under an offer of the "Nasby Letters" as a premium. To such we say, we have hitherto only sent the "Nasby Letters" to those who sent us $1 for a year's subscription to the Weekly Blade.

But for the month of September only, we will offer to any subscriber whose time expires within this month, and who will remit us $1 for the Weekly Blade, a copy of not only the "Nasby Letters" as a premium, but also his choice of any of the following books:

"Reveries of a Bachelor," "Lays of Ancient Rome," "House of the Seven Gables," "Cranford," "The Coming Race," "Dream Life," "Mosses from an Old Manse," "The Scarlet Letter," "Essays of Elia," "Vicar of Wakefield," "Twice Told Tales," "Paul and Virginia," "Story of an African Farm," "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," "Lucile," "Dreams," "Black Beauty," "One of the Profession," "Sartor Resartus," "The Idyls of the King," "The Pleasures of Life," "The Lady of the Lake," "Mornings in Florence," or "Rab and His Friends." All standard works, no trash.

Remember the $1 should be sent to The Blade direct, and not through an agent.

Understand, we mean exactly what we say. For $1, sent in September, we will send the Weekly Blade one year, a copy of either of the above-named books, and a copy of the "Nasby Letters." We believe that the above offer includes more reading matter for a dollar than it is possible to buy elsewhere on earth.

The testimony of Pullman before the strike commission by no means helped his case with the people of the United States. He was taking contracts for manufacturing cars at a loss—that is, for less money than they could be built—so as to keep his men employed, and also to compel rival manufacturers to close their shops; hence the car works were run at a loss. But the other branches of the Pullman business were run at a profit, so that the company paid 8 per cent. during the year on its entire capitalizaion. The owners of its $36,000,000 of stock not only received this, but there has been accumulated about $25,000,000 surplus—approximately a profit of 100 per cent. to them in addition to their dividends. It appears to have been a case in which the immensely profitable end of the business should have carried the unprofitable end, without cutting wages to such a low point.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean recalls the first speech of Abraham Lincoln on the tariff, which was certainly short and to the point. Mr. Lincoln said he did not pretend to be learned in political economy, but he thought that he knew enough to know that "when an American paid $20 for steel to an English manufacturer, America had the steel and England had the $20. But when he paid $20 for steel to an American manufacturer, America had both the steel and the $20." Perhaps this point will be made clear to the American people under the workings of the Gorman law.

Senator Camden, of West Virginia, is experiencing much difficulty in his mountain state to secure delegates and legislative nominees who are favorable to him. Senator Camden's signature is still an issue. It begins to look very clear that the Senator will never again be in a doubtful official position as to who signed the order for Sugar stock. When it is done again, it will be as a plain citizen, and not as a United States Senator.

The world is awakening to the value of ship canals. Russia is preparing to build one connecting the Baltic and the Black seas, by way of the rivers Dwina and Dnieper. France proposes one across the southern part of that country, between the Atlantic and Mediterranean. Both will be highly important from either a commercial or a military standpoint.

The Comte de Paris, who is dying, did valiant service for the Union cause, and will not be forgotten by the Republic of the United States.

Buck Kilgore's Congressional days are over. He will kick in Congress no more. Henceforth the broad Texas pe-rarie is his.

WAGES AND DRINK.

Some of the testimony given before the strike commission when it was holding its sessions recently in Chicago was concerning the liberal patronage of saloons by the Pullman employes. The object of this appears to have been to show that at least a portion of the men wasted their money on drink, and that due economy on their part would have made their wages go much further in supporting themselves and their families.

Of course, such testimony ought not to be considered in making up the verdict on the strike. The question whether those employes drank or not has nothing to do with the question whether they were or were not paid just and proper wages. It has no more to do with the matter than would an inquiry as to how the stockholders of the Pullman company spent their dividends.

But it is a lamentable fact that the drink habit among workingmen causes an enormous aggregate waste. Nothing which it is possible to do would accomplish so much to elevate the condition of the wage-workers than that they should all boycott the saloons, and abstain from drinking. The enormous waste in Chicago has been estimated in a general way by the Tribune, of that city. It says there are 5,000 saloons in Chicago which are frequented by workingmen. Allowing $10 a day as the average receipts of each one of these, it makes the annual expenditure for drink in these saloons reach the enormous aggregate of over $15,000,000 a year. And the great bulk of this comes out of the pockets of the workingmen, for the Tribune included in its estimate only those saloons whose patronage is chiefly or entirely among working people.

Drink is a more fertile cause of poverty even than poor wages. It is one of the evils of the time that the man with a very limited income too often allows himself indulgences in certain things equal to that of other men whose incomes are treble or quadruple his own. Of course, no man, no matter what his income, is morally justified in spending any of it for intoxicants; yet unfortunately there are millions in this country who do not recognize this fact. What the nation needs is more self-denial and frugality, even in times of prosperity, that accumulations may be made for hard times, sickness and old age.

So again the line of effort must be educational. This matter needs a moral uplifting. The tendency of the times is toward self-gratification as the sole aim of human life. Too many forget that its keynote should be duty—duty to one's self, his family, his fellow-men, and to his Creator. What can be done to rouse our people to a realization of this fact? When it is fully realized, when the American people rise to a higher moral plane, it will be far, far easier to rouse them to action in order to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE "DUNMOW FLITCH."

The English papers note that a few days ago the "Dunmow flitch" was awarded to two young married couples, in the presence of 20,000 people. This is a revival of a curious old medieval custom, dating back, it is said, to the beginning of the thirteenth century. At the church of Dunmow, in Essex—a flitch of bacon—"flitch" being the name of a side of hog's flesh, salted and cured—was to be presented to any married couple who would come forward and make oath that for a year and a day after marriage, they had lived together in perfect harmony and fidelity.

The origin of the custom is lost in the mists of time; but it is generally believed that it was originated by the monks of Dunmow Priory, who, rejoicing in their celibacy, started it as a jest upon married men. The earliest recorded case of the awarding of the flitch is in 1445, when Richard Wright, a laborer of Bradbury, Norfolk, claimed and obtained it. There had been earlier cases, however, for Chaucer alludes to the custom in this couplet from his "Wife of Bath."

The bacon was not fet for them, I trow,
That some men have in Essex at Dunmow.

The custom seems to have lapsed and been revived at intervals until 1763, when the lord of the manor abolished it, and removed the "swearing-stones" on which the couple knelt to take the requisite oaths. In 1855, Harrison Ainsworth, the novelist, revived it, and a couple of flitches were in that year given away with much burlesque ceremony. Popular interest in the old custom was slow to be awakened, however. In 1877 and 1880 the flitch was claimed and awarded, but the attendance on the ceremony was poor. We have no record of its being claimed since the latter date until the present year. The presence of 20,000 people would indicate a revival of interest in the absurd old custom.

Minnesota is being scourged with flame. The scenes of 1871 were more than repeated in the six towns which fell a prey to the forest fires on Saturday and Sunday in that state. The most appalling circumstance connected with the catastrophe is the great loss of human life. The list now foots up over 300, and it is more likely to be increased than the reverse. Twenty-three years ago occurred the great Chicago fire, the Peshtigo horror, and lesser calamities. In 1881 the flames from forest fires devastated a vast area west of Lake Huron, destroying a number of small towns. This year's calamity is the worst in its loss of human life that has ever visited the lumber regions.

The opinion gains ground in New York that the aggregate supply of wheat from all countries will prove to be the largest in the world's history. This is a bad outlook for any great advance in price; but if the corn shortage leads to the extensive use of the poorer grades of wheat for fattening purposes, farmers may find this year's crop more profitable than now appears probable. If the experiments in the Dakotas, which showed that the equivalent of $1.30 per bushel was obtained for wheat used in fattening hogs, should be verified in general practice, wheat may largely take the place of corn for this use.

The only survivor of the committee which drafted the resolutions of the first Republican platform under the oaks at Jackson, Mich., July 6, 1854, is said by the South Bend Tribune to be Albert Williams, of Ionia, Mich.

The contempt of the public falls on Mr. Pullman as peas on the rocky side of Gibraltar. Mr. Pullman can still hob-nob with lords and scions of nobility; so what does he care for the United States of America?

Letter-writing has killed more than one politician, Mr. Cleveland.

WILL THINGS BE CHEAPER?

The keynote of the "tariff reform" to which Mr. Cleveland, Prof. Wilson and other Democratic theorists have consecrated themselves is that the lowering of the tariff must mean lower prices to the consumer. This does not follow by any means. Theoretically it is all right; in practice it is not. The explanation is this. Mr. Cleveland and his doctrinaire friends assume that the duty is always paid by the consumer, and that the American manufacturer of woolen goods, let us say for example, simply adds the amount of the duty on imported woolen goods of the same kind, and the hapless consumer has to pay it. The Republican contention has always been that the competition among American manufacturers kept the prices of manfactured articles down to as low a point as they could be, and allow a reasonable profit; and where the duty on any class of articles rendered it impossible for foreigners to compete with the American manufacturers, the foreigner cut his prices as low as he could in order to get trade. He could make a lower price, of course, than his American competitor, because the wage scale he pays is lower than ours.

The Cincinnati Times-Star has been making inquiries among the large business houses of that city, and finds that the foreign manufacturers purpose to make greater profits off their American sales. They will not reduce their prices in proportion to the reduction of duties by the new tariff law. Here is what one of the firm of Browning, King & Co. told the Times-Star representative:

> We were much surprised to hear it, but we get the news direct from the representative of a foreign manufacturer, who reasoned thus: "Under the McKinley bill, we were forced to cut our prices to compete with your American goods, but now that the tariff is reduced, we propose to add the reduction to our prices. You get the goods at the same prices as if the tariff were not changed. We get a chance to make some profit." After that, let any politician stand up and say the foreigner does not pay the tax, if he dare.

In other words, when the foreigner, in order to be able to compete with American goods of the same grade, reduced his price to the American importer, he in reality paid the duty, or a part of it. The effect of the Gorman law, instead of reducing the price to the American people, will be to relieve the foreigner of paying a part of the duty, while prices will remain the same to the consumer. The manager of the wholesale department of the noted house of the John Shillito company had this to say:

> What I do not like is the fact that the foreign manufacturers notify us that they propose to add to their prices what is taken off the tariff, thus telling us we can have the goods for the same old prices. That will be done all along the line, and in the end the purchasers will reap no benefit from the tariff reduction.

Carry the news to Grover, and Wilson, and their theoretical adherents! Further confirmation of the fact is given by Mr. E. W. Stinson, president of the George W. McAlpin company, who tells the Times-Star:

> We have received notice by cablegram this very day, that hosiery, suspenders and goods of that class will be advanced in price. This came from one of our foreign buyers, and we will therefore be unable to give lower prices. Prices on all goods are as low as they can ever be.

These great business houses deal in all kinds of dry goods, cotton fabrics and woolen cloths, gloves, hosiery, laces, etc. Their replies thus cover the ground which has been the field of impassioned Democratic oratory for years—that low tariff will give us cheaper apparel. That is the theory of it. The truth is now shown to be that the American buyer will get no benefit, and that the new tariff law will simply enable the foreign manufacturer to make larger profits. He has been paying a good share of the duties under the McKinley law. Now he is relieved from that, and puts it in his pocket. The "relief" of which Cleveland preached is relief to the foreigner, not to the American.

Great are the glories of tariff reform!

NOW LET BUSINESS BOOM.

The Gorman bill is a law. The business world has been waiting impatiently for a settlement of the tariff schedules. The signs of a business revival have been visible for some weeks. The crops are moving briskly, and money is going out into the country to pay for them. As a consequence, the retail merchants are filling up their shelves, to get ready for a heavier trade. Stocks of goods are lower than they have been for years, and there is now no obstacle to their replenishment, as the tariff law gives the basis of price for all articles affected by its schedules.

The manufacturing interests of the country have also been waiting for the settlement of this question. Money is abundant and cheap, and there was no obstacle to the purchase of large stocks of raw material, and the manufacture of goods for future sales, except the uncertainty regarding tariff schedules. Now they can go on. Each week should see a large increase in the industrial output, with a corresponding increase in the number of men employed.

Nearly everything has, within the past year, got down to bed-rock prices. The process of the adjustment of wages to a lower tariff beagn months ago, and the hardest of the pull is over. There is apparently no reason why the upward movement should not extend to all lines of industry and commerce, and the country become as prosperous as is possible under the conditions imposed by the Gorman law.

Now let business boom!

Let every one do what he can to help this. Everything is in a position to move upward and forward. When bed-rock has been reached, the only progress possible is on the up grade. And the more wheels that turn, the more speedy the upward movement. Let every one "push things," that the country may return to prosperous conditions as speedily as possible.

The Hon. Arthur Pue Gorman bears up well under the burden of victory. He is now resting in the Adirondacks, while his enemy, the President, is doing the same thing at Buzzard's Bay. There is no reason why Mr. Gorman should feel at all sore, and no one has been informed that he does. He won a signal victory in the face of Mr. Cleveland's bitter denunciation and the denunciation of the cuckoo branch of the party. As a matter of fact, he is the logical Democratic candidate for President in 1896.

The Democratic primaries in South Carolina resulted in huge majorities for the Tillman candidates, and it looks as though his pathway to the United States Senate is made plain. He is not, however, a fit man for the position. No ranting demagogue is.

Editor Rosewater will permeate the Nebraska campaign with himself.

INGERSOLL ON SUICIDE.

The New York World recently started a discussion of the ethics of suicide. It published an article by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, which is an outspoken defense of suicide, and this of course has excited a great deal of comment. One of the singular effects of the eloquent pagan's eulogy of the right of self-murder has been a number of suicides since its publication, which are directly traceable to it. The following extracts give the main part of Ingersoll's argument:

> Under many circumstances a man has the right to kill himself. When life is of no value to him, when he can be of no real assistance to others, why should a man continue? When he is of no benefit, when he is a burden to those he loves, why should he remain? The old idea was that "God" made us and placed us here for a purpose, and that it was our duty to remain until He called us. The world is outgrowing this absurdity. What pleasure can it give "God" to see a man devoured by a cancer? To see the flesh slowly eaten? To see the nerves throbbing with pain? Is this a festival for "God?" Why should the poor wretch stay and suffer? A little morphine would give him sleep—the agony would be forgotten, and he would pass unconsciously from happy dreams to painless death.
>
> If "God" determines all births and deaths, of what use is medicine, and why should doctors defy, with pills and powders, the decrees of "God?" No one, except a few insane, act now according to this childish superstition. Why should a man, surrounded by flames, in the midst of a burning building, from which there is no escape, hesitate to put a bullet through his brain or a dagger in his heart? Would it please "God" to see him burn? When did a man lose the right of self-defense?
>
> So, when a man has committed some awful crime, why should he stay and ruin his family and friends? Why should he add to the injury? Why should he live, filling his days and nights, and the days and nights of others, with grief and pain, with agony and tears?
>
> Why should a man sentenced to imprisonment for life hesitate to still his heart? The grave is better than the cell. Sleep is sweeter than the ache of toil. The dead have no masters.
>
> So the poor girl, betrayed and deserted, the door of home closed against her, the faces of friends averted, no hand that will help, no eye that will soften with pity, the future an abyss filled with monstrous shapes of dread and fear, her mind racked by fragments of thoughts like clouds broken by storm, pursued, surrounded by the serpents of remorse, flying from horrors too great to bear, rushes with joy through the welcome door of death.
>
> Undoubtedly there are many cases of perfectly justifiable suicide—cases in which not to end life would be a mistake, sometimes almost a crime.
>
> Sometimes I have wondered that Christians denounce the suicide; that in old times they buried where the roads crossed, and drove a stake through his body. They took his property from his children and gave it to the state. If Christians would only think they would see that orthodox religion rests upon suicide—that man was redeemed by suicide, and that without suicide the whole world would have been lost. If Christ were God, then He had the power to protect Himself from the Jews without hurting them. But instead of using His power He allowed them to take His life. If a strong man should allow a few little children to hack him to death with knives when he could easily have brushed them aside, would we not say that he committed suicide? There is no escape. If Christ were, in fact, God, and allowed the Jews to kill Him, then He consented to His own death—refused, though perfectly able, to defend and protect Himself, and was in fact a suicide.
>
> After all, death is not so terrible as joyless life. Next to eternal happiness is to sleep in the soft clasp of the cool earth, disturbed by no dream, by no thought, by no pain, by no fear, unconscious of all and forever.

The colonel's matchless eloquence is here used to bolster up an ethical doctrine which seems to be gaining ground among the unthinking in these fin de siecle days. It is that the supreme end of life is selfish enjoyment, no matter at what cost. Duty to one's self, to one's fellow-man, to the social organization of which he is a factor, is lost sight of. Pleasure in some form—notably self-indulgence—is the key-note of too many lives. Granted that this rule of action be correct, Ingersoll's logic is correct. When pleasure palls, when sin brings its sure punishment, then a cowardly avoidance of the penalty through self-murder is proper—this is Colonel Ingersoll's argument.

But his logic is built on false premises. The proper keynote of human life is duty, not selfish pleasure. It is that a man shall endeavor to rise to a higher plane, not let himself sink to a lower and purely sensual one. All the music of Ingersoll's diction, all his splendid shaping of words into mellifluous periods can not obscure the fundamental error on which his fallacious reasoning is based.

When a man is the victim of some lingering and necessarily fatal disease—when he is in circumstances which insure a horrible and painful death, and no possible hope of rescue, the question may possibly be debatable to some minds. But the recent cases of suicide in and around New York, directly traceable to the Colonel's article, were none of this sort. The first was a double tragedy. A young and excitable woman, married to a man for whom she did not care, fell in love with a young scoundrel—for he is always a scoundrel who will make love to another man's wife—and the two died together in Central Park. She bared her bosom, he shot her through the heart, and then blew out his own brains. Balked in a selfish passion, they died as a fool dieth.

The Colonel asks why a man who "has committed some awful crime" should not suicide. The question really is, If a man commits one crime, why not commit a second? It is a coward's plea. It is the ignominy of detection from which the criminal flees, not for the sake of family and friends. Had he possessed a proper sense of his right duty toward them he would never have been a criminal. Selfishness led to the crime; cowardice would prompt suicide. And the same rule is applicable to all the other cases cited by the Colonel.

The plea that Christ "was in fact a suicide" is blasphemous to the devout mind, and needs no refutation to any believer in the Christian religion. And while it may be true in a general sense that "death is not so terrible as joyless life," it is often true that the joylessness of existence is the penalty of misspent years, of folly and vice. No man should hesitate to pay the penalty. To do other is to act the poltroon.

Lastly, it may be said that in all this the future life is denied or ignored. To all who believe in a hereafter, the very idea of suicide is repugnant. Ingersoll's glittering rhetoric can influence none but those who doubt or deny the hereafter, and who assume that death is the end-all of human existence. Those who look with the eye of faith beyond the grave to a grander, a purer, a truer and better life on the other shore, are willing to bear the ills of life like heroes, and await with patience the end of their earthly probation, in absolute certainty that the trials nobly borne, the temptations overcome, the duties well done, are but lessons in the school which fits us to dwell in the eternities.

The campaign so far this summer has been between the Gorman-Brice end of the Democratic party and the Cleveland faction. The whole fight is one of Democratic "perfidy and dishonor."

Uncle Sam will have something of a jack pot with the tax on playing cards.

CLEVELAND AS A PLAGIARIST.

The New York Sun is ghoulishly hilarious over the discovery that one of the best sentences in Cleveland's letter to Catchings has been plagiarized from Tom Moore's poem, Lalla Rookh. Cleveland says in that letter:

> I take my place with the rank and file of the Democratic party, who believe in tariff reform and know what it is, who refuse to accept the results embodied in this bill as the end of the war, who are not blinded to the fact that the livery of Democratic tariff reform has been stolen and worn in the service of Republican protection, and who have marked the places where the deadly blight of treason has blasted the counsels of the brave in their hour of might.

The closing eighteen words of this grandiloquent period are a mere rearrangement of the three last lines of this quotation from Moore's Lalla Rookh:

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might.

This is not the first time that Mr. Cleveland has "purveyed" a quotation and used it for his own purposes. In point of fact, he has a habit of so doing. The especial interest which irradiates this latest instance is the revelation it is to the people of Mr. Cleveland's hitherto unsuspected literary tastes. Grover reads poetry! And Tom Moore's poetry, too! It can be recalled that Moore was an early traveler in the path afterward trod by Ela Wheeler Wilcox in her "Poems of Passion." When Lalla Rookh was first issued some English wit characterized it thus:

Lalla Rookh
Is a book
By Thomas Moore,
Who has written four,
Each warmer
Than the former;
So the most recent
Is the least decent!

It is indeed a revelation to know that the President of the United States is an admirer and reader of erotic poetry; and furthermore that he remembers it so well that it forces itself into the fusty verbiage of a political letter.

But stay! Perhaps Mr. Cleveland has lying handy a copy of Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," which gives these four lines, no more, on page 526. And, after all, why not use Bartlett as well as the American Cyclopedia, which furnished him with the speeches on his Western tour several years ago?

RAILWAY RATES.

One of the chief factors in the discontent which gave an impetus to the Populist movement in the West was and is the high rates of freight charged by the railways. When grain brought a good price, the farmers could pay these rates and yet make a profit. But when new grain-producing countries came in to compete for the European market, and competition and superabundant production drove the price down, there was nothing left for the farmer.

Every thinking man understands that a railroad is a business enterprise, and that the rates it charges should be such as will, with a normal volume of business, pay its expenses and a fair return on the money actually invested. It has been decided by an United States court that a receiver should so manage a road as to do this. But the error has been in attempting to make roads pay interest on an enormous load of bonded indebtedness or over capitalization. As a contemporary truly says, "there have been too many roads built for, say $10,000 a mile, and then bonded for $50,000 a mile, the projectors pocketing the proceeds in the shape of $100,000 salaries, and leaving the unhappy stockholders to carry forever afterward a burden of bonded indebtedness which demands the maintenance of the fictitious rates that were obtainable when the road first tapped a country that was accustomed to pay cartage 100 miles or more to the nearest market."

It is a tyrannical exaction to compel the people living along and dependent upon a railway line to pay, in excessive freight rates, the interest on watered stock or excessive bonded debt. The Populist remedy for it, however, is an empirical one—the acquisition of the railroads by the government, which shall run them as it does the postoffices. We shall not discuss at this time the objections to this plan, nor the difficulties which would environ any attempt to realize it, but point out a better plan—one which avoids all these difficulties and achieves the same results.

This remedy is to stop, by Congressional legislation, the capitalization of any railroad beyond its actual cost, plus such increase in value as may accrue. With the roads thus relieved from the burden of an enormous debt or of over-capitalization, there will not be so many good lines in receivers' hands, and freight rates can be fixed at a figure which represents the real cost of hauling. Their basis should be what would earn a fair interest for bondholders and a reasonable dividend for stockholders, and not, as seems the case now, to tax the traffic all it will bear.

THAT FREE LIST.

The New York World is trying to find something good to say about the Gorman tariff bill. The task is about as difficult as the extraction of sunbeams from cucumbers. It finds a crumb of comfort in this:

> The additions to the free list in the new tariff will save the people of this country many millions of dollars. It will save them directly more than $11,000,000, the amount of tax paid in 1893 on the principal articles now added to the list.

That is only one side of the story, and the smaller side at that. The articles taken from the free list and placed on the dutiable one must also be considered. And the chief of these is sugar, which was free under the McKinley law, but will pay a duty of 40 per cent under the Gorman law, after January 1. This robs the people of the United States of something like $70,000,000 a year.

Is it good policy to relieve the people of eleven millions a year in order to impose seventy millions of a new yearly burden?

The results of the first investigation of farm and home proprietorship ever conducted in any country has just been made public by the census office at Washington. It covers all the states and territories, and shows that, of the 12,690,152 families in the whole country, almost 48 per cent own their farms and homes, and the rest hire. Of the families owning farms and homes, almost 28 per cent have incumbrance, and over 72 per cent have no incumbrance.

Everyone will be pleased to hear of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' recovery from his recent severe illness and that on his 85th birthday he still survives, the last of the great quartet of poets, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier and Holmes.

The Republicans of West Virginia are about to tramp upon Professor Wilson, of West Virginia.

We can get along without Congress, thank you.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.

Every one expects the election of a Republican House of Representatives this fall. The people are sick of the "change" which Democratic supremacy brought, and will no doubt add hugely to the regular Republican vote. But it is possible that the total vote of the 44 states shall give a heavy Republican majority, and yet the House have a narrow Democratic majority.

This is due to the fact that scoundrelly Democratic gerrymanders exist in four states—New York, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. Chairman Babcock, of the Republican national congressional committee, said recently: "The vote that elected Harrison gave the Republicans three majority in the House; but the same vote today, distorted by Democratic appointments, would give the Democrats 10 or 11 majority." The gerrymanders in those five states thus give the Democrats a start of 13 or 14 members.

This fact is one that must not be forgotten by the Republicans in the congressional contest just opening. Leading Democrats—even Speaker Crisp—admit that they expect to lose the next House; but it will not do to omit one iota of effort. Every district should be contested as though the question of Republican or Democratic supremacy in the Fifty-fourth Congress depended on the result in that one district.

It is a time when every Republican needs to think first of the welfare of the people, and give his voice, his influence and his vote heartily and earnestly for Republican success in his own district. The prospect of success is flattering, but it will not do to intermit effort, nor to let things drift. We must have unity of effort and hard work up to the closing of the polls on election day.

While the next House can surely be made Republican, the political complexion of the Senate is yet in doubt. Chairman Babcock makes the following estimate: Holding over and already elected—Democrats 29, Republicans 23, Populists 4; outcome of impending elections—Democrats 12, Republicans 14, doubtful 6. The six doubtful seats depend upon the mutations of state politics, and there is in them a field for active and successful effort on the part of Republicans. With both branches of the next Congress Republican, the rebuke to Democratic incapacity, and to its abject surrender to the trusts, would be most emphatic.

AVERAGE RATE OF DUTY.

The Blade has, time and again, shown up the fallacy of considering the percentage of duties imposed, which is a favorite Democratic plan of decrying protection. This takes no account of any free importations, no matter how great they may be. To illustrate: if there was but one article on which any duty were imposed, and that were 100 per cent, would there be any justice in claiming that our import trade was taxed 100 per cent? Yet this is what has been done, in principle, time and time again.

Again, an average of the duties imposed on dutiable articles affords no fair criterion for judging of the amount of protection, or of the amount of duty collected. If one article pays 20 per cent, and is imported to the extent of millions of dollars' worth yearly, and another pays 60 per cent, and only a few dollars' worth, or none at all, is imported, is it just to say the law imposes 40 per cent duty—that being the average of duty on these two items?

The only way to compute a just average of duty, is to take the total value of all imports, both free and dutiable, for a year, and find what per cent of this the total duties collected within that year is. Following this plan, the American Economist has compiled the following table, showing the average ad valorem rate of duty for each year on the total importations of that year:

Year.		Year.	
1862	26.08	1878	27.13
1863	28.28	1879	28.97
1864	32.03	1880	29.07
1865	28.46	1881	29.75
1866	41.81	1882	30.11
1867	44.56	1883	29.92
1868	46.49	1884	28.44
1869	44.65	1885	29.59
1870	42.23	1886	30.13
1871	38.94	1887	31.02
1872	37.00	1888	29.93
1873	26.95	1889	29.50
1874	26.88	1890	29.12
1875	28.20	1891	25.25
1876	30.19	1892	21.24
1877	26.68	1893	23.49

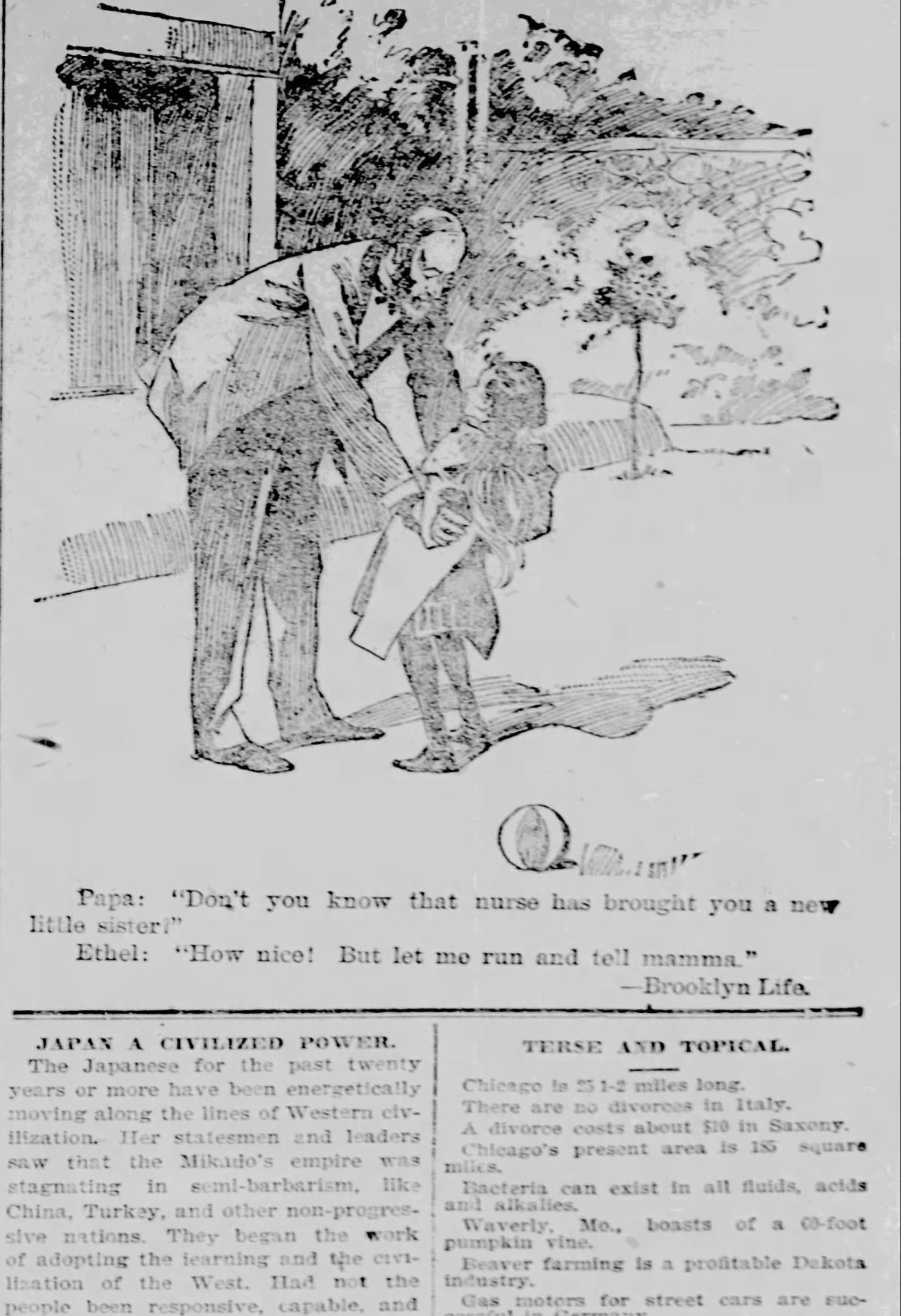
This proves that during the three years' operation of the McKinley law the average rate of duty was lower than in any other year since 1861. The table should prove very useful in the Congressional campaign just opening.

OUR NEW WATCH OFFER.

In another column will be found a new list of standard gold and silver watches which we offer to our readers at much lower prices than can be obtained at ordinary retail. After nearly two years' experience with these goods we think we know pretty nearly what our readers want. We have, therefore, thoroughly revised our old list, retaining only the best, and adding very largely of better goods, among which will be found a line that have been adopted by the leading railroads of the country for engineers and conductors. We have also added to the list of ladies' watches. We sell several thousand of these watches every year, and excepting a few instances of accident in transportation, all sales have given entire satisfaction. We expect to sell double the quantity during the coming twelve months. To our many new readers we desire to say that we offer from time to time, at lower prices than can be obtained in the regular way, only standard useful and necessary articles—never cheap and trashy goods. We do this solely to benefit our readers, and, by the way, it is a good thing always to be a subscriber of The Blade. Any subscriber will save on one purchase of articles we offer, enough to pay one to ten years' subscription to The Blade. Our sewing machine and watch offers have been the most appreciated. A purchaser of a Blade sewing machine saves money enough in that one transaction to pay for the Weekly Blade more than twenty years.

There is no surprise at the result of the British Consular court of inquiry in the sinking of the Kow Shing. While it is true that the vessel carried the British flag, it was known to the Japanese that her cargo was of Chinese troops and munitions of war, and no matter what flag she carried she had no right to convey contraband of war. The Kow Shing was violating international law, and the owners will get no indemnity from the Japanese government.

These men who are supporting Pullman's position should be examined to see if Pullman passes are not concealed about their persons.



Papa: "Don't you know that nurse has brought you a new little sister?"
Ethel: "How nice! But let me run and tell mamma."
—Brooklyn Life.

JAPAN A CIVILIZED POWER.

The Japanese for the past twenty years or more have been energetically moving along the lines of Western civilization. Her statesmen and leaders saw that the Mikado's empire was stagnating in semi-barbarism, like China, Turkey, and other non-progressive nations. They began the work of adopting the learning and the civilization of the West. Had not the people been responsive, capable, and willing to take up the march of progress, the effort would have been vain. But fortunately the Japanese possess within themselves the possibilities and potencies of progress and growth, and the work has been a success. Japan has modernized herself within a decade.

The most striking proof of this is the negotiation of the new treaty with Great Britain, which is a recognition of her entry into the family of civilized and enlightened nations. No such treaty would have been made had not Japan demonstrated its capacity to recognize the rights guaranteed to the individual by all civilized nations, and to administer justice impartially according to Western standards.

In their intercourse with semi-barbarous but powerful nationalities, the Western nations have never allowed their citizens to be placed at the mercy of native courts. Whenever a foreigner is to be made the subject of legal proceedings, his trial takes place before a consular court of which the representative of his own nation is the sitting judge. This has hitherto been the case in Japan, as it is in China, in Turkey, and other countries. The new British treaty recognizes the right of Japan to administer justice in her own territory, and hereafter British subjects in the land of the Rising Sun will be tried before Japanese courts, without British intervention.

This recognition of Japan's entry into the peerage of nations—those on the highest plane of civilization—will doubtless be followed by the United States and other countries. We may be quite sure that Great Britain would not have granted the right of trial of British subjects had there been any doubt they would not receive justice. No nation guards the rights of its people in foreign lands so jealously as she.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The revival in business is slowly beginning. Things are brighter than they were a week ago. There is renewed activity in many lines of manufacture, an increased distribution of goods, somewhat of an increase in the buying demand, and a reasonable prospect of a progressive increase in these activities. Money is still in over-supply in the East, however, and there is a very light demand for call loans and short-time money, the former still standing at 1 per cent. This causes abundant offerings of loans on time, and the rates are 1 1-2 per cent for 30 days, 2 per cent for 60, 2 1-2 per cent for 90 days, 3 per cent for 4 months and 3 1-2 to 4 per cent for 6 months or longer dates.

The stock market showed some reaction, which was to be expected. Many who had held stocks for a long time awaiting the advance, sold in order to realize their profits, and this caused a reaction. This was by the smaller operators, of course. The large holders are confident of higher prices, and not disposed to sell. In discussing this point, Henry Clews says, in his weekly circular:

> They appear of the opinion that the real advance is not to be expected upon transient sensational effect of the first settlement of the tariff question, but upon the later effects, arising from the coworkings of the readjustments and the general expansion of business. The starting up of manufacturing and merchanting now apparent on every hand is, with them, a reason for expecting a permanent revival of confidence, an increase in the earnings of the railroads and improving dividends upon corporate capital generally. That the capitalist holders consider to be the true time for realizing; and, with money still abundant and cheap, they see no reason for parting with property which a few weeks or months hence is likely to be worth much more than it would bring upon large sales to-day. Another motive influencing this class to cling to their holdings is the fact that, owing to the large amount of stock held stagnant through receiverships, this is, and for some time must remain, a comparatively narrow market, but calculated to draw into Wall street a large outside interest. The practical significance of this factor is that, until a considerably higher range of prices is reached, the market is likely to be sustained by comparatively light offerings of stocks and by the countenance of a very influential class of holders.

There was a further advance in the silver market last week. The supply in the hands of American dealers is small, and the same is true of London. There was a steady demand for China, and the recent outgo of gold from India has acted as an incentive to silver imports into that country. The market in New York closed Saturday at 65 3-4 to 66 1-4 cents for commercial bars, and 66 3-8 to 67 cents for government assay bars.

Senator Lodge says the only question before the people is "whether they like the results of Democratic victory." There is no doubt of their answer. Read the election returns next November.

"How can we face the people after indulging in such outrageous discriminations and violations of principles?"—Cleveland to Wilson.

We hope nothing serious will result from the collision of the Reed and McKinley booms in the East.

TERSE AND TOPICAL.

Chicago is 25 1-2 miles long.

There are no divorces in Italy.

A divorce costs about $10 in Saxony.

Chicago's present area is 185 square miles.

Bacteria can exist in all fluids, acids and alkalies.

Waverly, Mo., boasts of a 60-foot pumpkin vine.

Beaver farming is a profitable Dakota industry.

Gas motors for street cars are successful in Germany.

Champagne should be drank cold and claret warm.

Bacteria exists in enormous numbers in freshly-laid eggs.

Russians over 80 years old are prohibited from marrying.

Bacteria are so named from their shape, which is cylindrical.

A Missouri frog farmer contends that frogs have a language.

A snake with two horns on its head has been seen at Waycross, Ga.

In New Jersey and Connecticut boys may wed at 14 and girls at 12.

An auroral display settled down into the valley of a river in Vermont in 1832.

The wild lands of Maine would make a state twice as large as Massachusetts.

French law makes it the duty of a wife to accompany her husband everywhere he goes.

The height of mountains on the moon can be measured by the shadows they cast on the plains.

Thanks to the enterprise of professional hunters of recent years, wild animals are no longer rare.

The crown worn by all English monarchs, from Jame II. to George IV., is mysteriously missing.

Monte Carlo as a gambling resort is to have a rival in the adjoining French township of La Torbia.

In a Brussels church is preserved a thorn supposed to be from the crown which Christ wore on the cross.

Were there towns and forests on the moon, they would be perceptible in the latest lunar photograph.

Wherever the ignus fatuus shows itself over an oozy bog, there will be found the carcass of some animal.

Gold for shipment abroad is transported in bags, each containing $5,000, or in kegs containing $50,000 each.

An old Latin slang phrase is "He has a cow on his tongue," meaning he has been bribed to keep mum.

A short, thin, narrow palm indicates a person of subtile, inquiring mind, interested in all things intellectual.

A laughing plant grows in Arabia. It gets its name from the intoxicating effect produced by eating its seeds.

More heat by a third is generated in the human body than the combustion of the human food will account for.

Previous to annexation, the village of Hyde Park was larger in area than Chicago itself, to which it was annexed.

In France a wife's refusal to obey her husband on a question of theatrical engagement is legal ground for divorce.

Pointed fingers indicate rapid conception and execution. They are the fingers of the poet, the novelist, the religionist.

ORIGIN OF WORDS AND PHRASES.

The expression, "Mind your P's and Q's," arose from an old custom of innkeepers marking down the scores of their customers on the wall or door with a bit of charcoal. Q stood for quart, P for pint, and a hint to mind one's P's and Q's was equivalent to a reminder that he was drinking too much.

Skedaddle, to express the idea of utter rout, dispersion and confusion, is probably of Irish origin. In a version of the Irish New Testament, it is written, "I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be sgedadol," or dispersed.

Pasquinades took their name from the shop of a Roman tailor named Pasquin, the square in front of which contained a celebrated statue, on the pedestal of which all sorts of squibs and lampoons were posted.

Pledging a toast originated among the Saxons. As the drinker raised the heavy cup with both hands, a friend would stand by him with a drawn sword to prevent him from being stabbed.

Boo, the exclamation used to frighten children, is a corruption of Boh, the name of a famous Gothic general. It has been used as a terror word for many centuries.

The word bumper, signifying a drink or pledge, was originally a toast to the Pope in Roman Catholic countries, drunk in a full glass, just after dinner, au Bon Pere.

The Hungarian of three centuries ago was entitled to wear one feather in his cap for every Turk he killed, hence the phrase in common use among us.

NICKNAMES OF FAMOUS MEN.

James Fennimore Cooper has been called the Scott of the Seas, from his stories of marine life.

Sir Philip Sidney was the Poet of Kissing, because of the amatory character of much of his verse.

Henry Fielding was called the Prince of Novelists, from his skill in depicting character in fiction.

Charles I was called the Man of Blood by the Puritans, and the Royal Martyr by the Royalists.

The Duke of Wellington was called the Achilles of England, from the victory at Waterloo.

Samuel Woodworth, the author of the "Old Oaken Bucket" and other poems, was called the American Goldsmith, on account of a resemblance in character to the author of the "Deserted Village."

Thomas Aquinas, on account of his skill in dialects and from his personal qualities, was nicknamed Dr. Angelicus, the Dumb Ox, Eagle of Divines, Father of Moral Philosophy, the Fifth Doctor of the Church and the Second Augustine.

Ben Jonson was the Bricklayer, from his occupation. He was also designated Father Ben, Honest Ben, Old Ben, Rare Ben, Young Horace, the English Juvenal, the Father of Poets, the Soul of Numbers and the English Corypheus.

HISTORICAL DATA.

Bells were first placed in churches about A. D. 800. They were used not to call the worshipers to service, but to be rung on the approach of storms, to prevent the "Prince of the Power of the Air" from smiting the sacred edifice with lightning.

Playing cards were introduced into Europe by a Crusader about 1390, to amuse Charles IV., king of France, who had fallen into a gloomy state of mind, bordering on madness.

Tarring and feathering was once a legal punishment for theft. It is said to be found in the statutes of both England and France about the time of the Crusades.

The use of the Christian era in chronology began in Italy in 525. It was not employed in England until 816.

The first recorded use of bricks and mortar was B. C. 2247, in the tower of Belus, built at Babylon.

THE NEW TARIFF

OFFICIAL COPY OF THE NEW (SENATE) TARIFF LAW,

WHICH WENT INTO OPERATION ON AUGUST 28, 1894.

An Absolutely Correct Copy—The Bill Will be Printed in Instalments Until All is Given.

Firearms.

142. Muskets, muzzle-loading shotguns, and sporting rifles, and parts thereof, twenty-five per centum ad valorem.

143. Sporting, breech-loading shotguns, combination shotguns and rifles, and pistols, and parts of all the foregoing, thirty per centum ad valorem.

144. Sheets, plates, wares, or articles of iron, steel, or other metal, enameled or glazed with vitreous glasses, thirty-five per centum ad valorem.

Nails, Spikes, Tacks and Needles.

145. Cut nails and cut spikes of iron or steel, twenty-two and one-half per centum ad valorem.

146. Horseshoe nails, hobnails, and all other wrought-iron or steel nails not specially provided for in this Act, thirty per centum ad valorem.

147. Wire nails made of wrought iron or steel, twenty-five per centum ad valorem.

148. Spikes, nuts, and washers, and horse, mule, or ox shoes, of wrought iron or steel, twenty-five per centum ad valorem.

149. Cut tacks, brads, or sprigs of all kinds, twenty-five per centum ad valorem.

150. Needles for knitting or sewing machines, crochet needles and tape needles, knitting and all other needles, not specially provided for in this Act, and bodkins of metal, twenty-five per centum ad valorem.

Plates.

151. Steel plates engraved, stereotype plates, electrotype plates, and plates of other materials, engraved or lithographed, for printing, twenty-five per centum ad valorem.

152. Railway fish plates or splice bars, made of iron or steel, twenty-five per centum ad valorem.

153. Rivets of iron or steel, twenty-five per centum ad valorem.

Saws.

154. Crosscut saws, six cents per linear foot; mill saws, ten cents per linear foot; pit and drag saws, eight cents per linear foot; circular saws, twenty-five per centum ad valorem; hand, back, and all other saws, not specially provided for in this Act, twenty-five per centum ad valorem.

155. Screws, commonly called wood screws, more than two inches in length, three cents per pound; over one inch and not more than two inches in length, five cents per pound; over one-half inch and not more than one inch in length, seven cents per pound; one-half inch and less in length, ten cents per pound.

155½. Umbrella and parasol ribs, and stretcher frames, tips, runners, handles, or other parts thereof, made in whole or chief part of iron, steel, or any other metal, fifty per centum ad valorem.

156. Wheels, for railway purposes, or parts thereof, made of iron or steel, and steel-tired wheels for railway purposes, whether wholly or partly finished, and iron or steel locomotive, car, or other railway tires or parts thereof, wholly or partly manufactured, and ingots, cogged ingots, blooms or blanks for the same, without regard to the degree of manufacture, one and one-fourth cents per pound: Provided, That when wheels or parts thereof, of iron or steel, are imported with iron or steel axles fitted in them, the wheels and axles together shall be dutiable at the same rate as is provided for the wheels when imported separately.

Miscellaneous Metals and Manufactures Of.

157. Aluminum, in crude form, alloys of any kind in which aluminum is the component material of chief value, ten cents per pound.

158. Argentine, albata, or German silver, unmanufactured, fifteen per centum ad valorem.

159. Brass, in bars or pigs, old brass, clippings from brass or Dutch metal, and old sheathing, or yellow metal, fit only for remanufacture, ten per centum ad valorem.

160. Bronze powder, metallics or flitters, bronze or Dutch metal, or aluminum, in leaf, 40 per centum ad valorem.

Copper.

161. Copper in rolled plates, called braziers' copper, sheets, rods, pipes, and copper bottoms, also sheathing or yellow metal of which copper is the component material of chief value, and not composed wholly or in part of iron ungalvanized, twenty per centum ad valorem.

Gold and Silver.

162. Bullions and metal thread of gold, silver, or other metals, not specially provided for in this Act, twenty-five per centum ad valorem.

163. Gold leaf, thirty per centum ad valorem.

164. Silver leaf, and silver powder, thirty per centum ad valorem.

Lead.

165. Lead ore and lead dross, three-fourths of one cent per pound: Provided, That silver ore and all other ores containing lead shall pay a duty of three-fourths of one cent per pound on the lead contained therein, according to sample and assay at the port of entry. The method of sampling and assaying to be that usually adopted for commercial purposes by public sampling works in the United States.

166. Lead in pigs and bars, molten and old refuse lead run into blocks and bars, and old scrap lead fit only to be remanufactured, one cent per pound: Provided, That in case any foreign country shall impose an export duty upon lead ore or lead dross or silver ores containing lead, exported to the United States from such country, then the duty upon such ores and lead in pigs and bars, molten and old refuse lead run into blocks and bars, and old scrap lead fit only to be remanufactured herein provided for, when imported from such country, shall remain the same as fixed by the law in force prior to the passage of this Act.

167. Lead in sheets, pipes, shot, glaziers' lead, and lead wire, one and one-quarter cents per pound.

167 1-2. Nickel, nickel oxide, alloy of any kind in which nickel is the component material of chief value, six cents per pound.

167 3-4. Mica, twenty per centum ad valorem.

168. Pens, metallic, except gold pens, eight cents per gross.

169. Penholder tips, penholders or parts thereof, and gold pens, twenty-five per centum ad valorem.

170. Pins, metallic, including pins with solid or glass heads, hair pins, safety pins, and hat, bonnet, shawl, and belt pins, not commercially known as jewelry, twenty-five per centum ad valorem.

170 1-2. Quicksilver, seven cents per pound.

171. Type metal, three-fourths of one cent per pound for the lead contained therein; and new types, fifteen per centum ad valorem.

Watches.

172. Chronometers, box or ship's, and parts thereof, ten per centum ad valorem.

173. Watches and clocks, or parts thereof, whether separately packed or otherwise, twenty-five per centum ad valorem.

Zinc or Spelter.

174. Zinc in blocks or pigs, one cent per pound.

175. Zinc in sheets, not polished nor further advanced than rolled, one and one-fourth cents per pound.

176. Zinc, old and worn-out, fit only to be remanufactured, three-fourths of one cent per pound.

177. Manufactured articles or wares, not specially provided for in this Act, composed wholly or in any part of any metal, and whether partly or wholly manufactured, thirty-five per centum ad valorem.

SCHEDULE D.—WOOD AND MANUFACTURES OF.

179. Osier or willow, prepared for basket-makers' use, twenty per centum ad valorem; manufactures of osier or willow, twenty-five per centum ad valorem; chair cane, or reeds, wrought or manufactured from rattans or reeds, ten per centum ad valorem.

180. Casks and barrels, empty, sugar-box shooks, and packing boxes and packing-box shooks, of wood, not specially provided for in this Act, twenty per centum ad valorem.

180 1-2. Tooth picks of vegetable substance, thirty-five per centum ad valorem.

181. House or cabinet furniture of wood, wholly or partly finished, manufactures of wood, or of which wood is the component material of chief value, not specially provided for in this Act, twenty-five per centum ad valorem.

SCHEDULE E.—SUGAR.

182. That so much of the Act entitled "An Act to reduce revenue, equalize duties, and for other purposes," approved October first, eighteen hundred and ninety, as provides for and authorizes the issue of licenses to produce sugar, and for the payment of a bounty to the producers of sugar from beets, sorghum, or sugar cane, grown in the United States, or from maple sap produced within the United States, be, and the same is hereby repealed, and hereafter it shall be unlawful to issue any license to produce sugar or to pay any bounty for the production of sugar of any kind under the said Act.

182 1-2. There shall be levied, collected, and paid on all sugars and on all tank bottoms, sirups of cane juice or of beet juice, melada, concentrated melada, concrete and concentrated molasses, a duty of forty per centum ad valorem, and upon all sugars above number sixteen Dutch standard in color and upon all sugars which have been discolored there shall be levied, collected, and paid a duty of one-eighth of one cent per pound in addition to the said duty of forty per centum ad valorem; and all sugars, tank bottoms, sirups of cane juice or of beet juice, melada, concentrated melada, concrete or concentrated molasses, which are imported from or are the product of any country which at the time the same are exported therefrom pays, directly or indirectly, a bounty on the export thereof, shall pay a duty of one-tenth of one cent per pound in addition to the foregoing rates: Provided, That the importer of sugar produced in a foreign country, the Government of which grants such direct or indirect bounties, may be relieved from this additional duty under such regulations as the Secretary of the Treasury may prescribe, in case said importer produces a certificate of said Government that no indirect bounty has been received upon said sugar in excess of the tax collected upon the beet or cane from which it was produced, and that no direct bounty has been or shall be paid: Provided further, That nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to abrogate or in any manner impair or affect the provisions of the treaty of commercial reciprocity concluded between the United States and the King of the Hawaiian Islands on the thirtieth day of January, eighteen hundred and seventy-five, or the provisions of any Act of Congress heretofore passed for the execution of the same. That there shall be levied, collected, and paid on molasses testing above forty degrees and not above fifty-six degrees polariscope, a duty of two cents per gallon; if testing above fifty-six degrees polariscope, a duty of four cents per gallon.

183. Sugar candy and all confectionery, made wholly or in part of sugar, and on sugars after being refined, when tinctured, colored, or in any way adulterated, thirty-five per centum ad valorem; glucose, or grape sugar, fifteen per centum ad valorem; saccharine, twenty-five per centum ad valorem.

SCHEDULE F.—TOBACCO AND MANUFACTURES OF.

184. Wrapper tobacco, unstemmed, imported in any bale, box, package, or in bulk, one dollar and fifty cents per pound; if stemmed, two dollars and twenty-five cents per pound.

185. Filler tobacco, unstemmed, imported in any bale, box, package, or in bulk, thirty-five cents per pound; if stemmed, fifty cents per pound: Provided, That the term wrapper tobacco, whenever used in this Act shall be taken to mean that quality of leaf tobacco known commercially as wrapper tobacco: Provided further, That the term filler tobacco, whenever used in this Act, shall be taken to mean all leaf tobacco unmanufactured, not commercially known as wrapper tobacco: Provided further, That if any leaf tobacco imported in any bale, box, package, or in bulk shall be the growth of different countries, or shall differ in quality and value, save as provided in the succeeding provision, then the entire contents of such bale, box, package, or in bulk shall be subject to the same duty as wrapper tobacco: Provided further, That if any bale, box, package, or bulk of leaf tobacco of uniform quality contains exceeding fifteen per centum thereof of leaves suitable in color, fineness of texture, and size for wrappers for cigars, then the entire contents of such bale, box, package, or bulk shall be subject to the same duty as wrapper tobacco: Provided further, That collectors shall not permit entry to be made, except under regulations to be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury, of any leaf tobacco imported in any bale, box, package, or in bulk, unless the invoices covering the same shall specify in detail the character of the leaf tobacco in such bale, box, package, or in bulk, whether wrapper or filler tobacco, Quebrado or self-working bales, as the case may be: And provided further, That in the examination for classification of any invoice of imported leaf tobacco at least one bale if less than ten bales, and one bale in every ten bales and more, if deemed necessary by the appraising officer, shall be examined by the appraiser or person authorized by law to make such examination, and for the purpose of fixing the classification and amount of duty chargeable on such invoice of leaf tobacco the examination of ten hands out of each examined bale thereof shall be taken to be a legal examination.

186. Tobacco, manufactured or unmanufactured, of all descriptions, not specially enumerated or provided for in this Act, forty cents per pound.

187. Snuff and snuff flour, manufactured of tobacco, ground dry or damp, and pickled, scented, or otherwise, of all descriptions, fifty cents per pound.

188. Cigars, cigarettes, and cheroots of all kinds, four dollars per pound and twenty-five per centum ad valorem; and paper cigars and cigarettes, including wrappers, shall be subject to the same duties as are herein imposed upon cigars.

SCHEDULE G.—AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS AND PROVISIONS.

Animals, Live.

189. All live animals, not specially provided for in this Act, twenty per centum ad valorem.

Breadstuffs and Farinaceous Substances.

190. Buckwheat, corn or maize, cornmeal, oats, rye, rye flour, wheat and wheat flour, twenty per centum ad valorem, and oatmeal, fifteen per centum ad valorem.

191. Barley, and barley, pearled, patent, or hulled, thirty per centum ad valorem; barley malt, forty per centum ad valorem.

192. Macaroni, vermicelli, and all similar preparations, twenty per centum ad valorem.

193. Rice, cleaned, one and one-half cents per pound; uncleaned rice, or rice free of the outer hull and still having the inner cuticle on, eight-tenths of one cent per pound; rice flour and rice meal, and rice, broken, which will pass through a sieve known commercially as number twelve wire sieve, one-fourth of one cent per pound; paddy, or rice having the outer hull on, three-fourths of one cent per pound.

Dairy Products.

194. Butter and substitutes therefor, four cents per pound.

195. Cheese, four cents per pound.

196. Milk, preserved or condensed, two cents per pound, including weight of packages; sugar of milk, five cents per pound.

Farm and Field Products.

197. Beans, twenty per centum ad valorem.

198. Beans, pease, mushrooms, and other vegetables, prepared or preserved, in tins, jars, bottles, or otherwise, and pickles and sauces of all kinds, thirty per centum ad valorem.

198 1-2. Eggs, three cents per dozen.

199. Hay, two dollars per ton.

200. Honey, ten cents per gallon.

201. Hops, eight cents per pound.

202. Onions, twenty cents per bushel.

203. Pease, dried, twenty cents per bushel; split pease, fifty cents per bushel of sixty pounds; pease in cartons, papers, or other small packages, one cent per pound.

204. Potatoes, fifteen cents per bushel of sixty pounds.

Seeds.

205. Castor beans or seeds, twenty-five cents per bushel of fifty pounds.

206. Flaxseed or linseed, poppy seed, and other oil seeds, not specially provided for in this Act, twenty cents per bushel of fifty-six pounds.

206 1-2. Garden seeds, agricultural seeds and other seeds not specially provided for in this act, ten per centum ad valorem.

207. Vegetables in their natural state, not specially provided for in this Act, ten per centum ad valorem.

207 1-2. Straw, fifteen per centum ad valorem.

207 3-4. Teazles, fifteen per centum ad valorem.

Fish.

208. Anchovies and sardines, packed in oil or otherwise, in tin boxes measuring not more than five inches long, four inches wide, and three and one-half inches deep, ten cents per whole box; in half boxes, measuring not more than five inches long, four inches wide, and one and five-eighths inches deep, five cents each; in quarter boxes, measuring not more than four and three-fourths inches long, three and one-half inches wide, and one and one-fourth inches deep, two and one-half cents each; when imported in any other form, forty per centum ad valorem.

209. Fish, smoked, dried, salted, pickled, or otherwise prepared for preservation, three-fourths of one cent per pound.

210. Herrings, pickled, frozen, or salted, and salt water fish frozen or packed in ice, one-half of one cent per pound.

211. Fish in cans or packages made of tin or other material, except anchovies and sardines and fish packed in any other manner, not specially enumerated or provided for in this Act, twenty per centum ad valorem.

FRUITS AND NUTS.

Fruits.

213. Apples, green or ripe, dried, desiccated, evaporated in any manner, twenty per centum ad valorem.

213 1-2. Dates and pineapples, twenty per centum ad valorem.

214. Grapes, twenty per centum ad valorem.

215. Olives, green or prepared, twenty per centum ad valorem.

216. Oranges, lemons, and limes, in packages, at the rate of eight cents per cubic feet of capacity; in bulk, one dollar and fifty cents per one thousand; and in addition thereto a duty of thirty per centum ad valorem upon the boxes or barrels containing such oranges, lemons, or limes: Provided, that the thin-wood, so called, comprising the sides, tops and bottoms of orange and lemon boxes or the growth and manufacture of the United States, exported as orange and lemon box shooks, may be reimported in complete form, filled with oranges and lemons, by the payment of duty at one-half the rate imposed on similar boxes of entirely foreign growth and manufacture.

217. Plums, prunes, figs, raisins, and other dried grapes, including Zante currants, one and one-half cents per pound.

218. Comfits, sweetmeats, and fruits preserved in sugar, sirup, or molasses not specially provided for in this Act, prepared or desiccated cocoanut or copra, and jellies of all kinds, thirty per centum ad valorem.

219. Fruits preserved in their own juices, twenty per centum ad valorem.

220. Orange peel and lemon peel, preserved or candied, thirty per centum ad valorem.

Nuts.

221. Almonds, not shelled, three cents per pound; clear almonds, shelled, five cents per pound.

222. Filberts and walnuts of all kinds, not shelled, two cents per pound; shelled, four cents per pound.

223. Peanuts or ground beans, twenty per centum ad valorem.

224. Cocoanuts in the shell, and other nuts shelled or unshelled, not specially provided for in this Act, twenty per centum ad valorem.

Meat Products.

224 1-2. Fresh beef, mutton and pork, twenty per centum ad valorem.

225. Extract of meat, fifteen per centum ad valorem.

225 1-2. Lard, one cent per pound.

225 3-4. Meats of all kinds, prepared or preserved, not specially provided for in this Act, twenty per centum ad valorem.

226. Poultry, two cents per pound; dressed, three cents per pound.

Miscellaneous Products.

227. Chicory root, burnt or roasted, ground or granulated, or in rolls, or otherwise prepared, and not specially provided for in this Act, two cents per pound.

229. Cocoa, prepared or manufactured, not specially provided for in this Act, two cents per pound; chocolate, sweetened, flavored, or other, valued at thirty-five cents per pound or less, two cents per pound; valued at exceeding thirty-five cents per pound and chocolate confectionery, thirty-five per centum ad valorem.

230. Cocoa butter or cocoa butterine, three and one-half cents per pound.

231. Dandelion root and acorns prepared, and other articles used as coffee, or as substitutes for coffee, not specially provided for in this Act, one and one-half cents per pound.

232. Starch, including all preparations, from whatever substance produced, commonly used as starch, one and one-half cents per pound.

233. Dextrine, burnt starch, gum substance, or British gum, one and one-half cents per pound.

234. Mustard, ground, preserved, or prepared, in bottles or otherwise, twenty-five per centum ad valorem.

234½. Orchids, lily of the valley, azaleas, palms, and other plants used for forcing under glass for cut flowers or decorative purposes, ten per centum ad valorem.

235. Spices, ground or powdered, not specially provided for in this Act, three cents per pound; capsicum or red pepper, two and one-half cents per pound, unground; sage, one cent per pound.

236. Vinegar, seven and one-half cents per gallon. The standard for vinegar shall be taken to be that strength which requires thirty-five grains of bicarbonate of potash to neutralize one ounce troy of vinegar.

SCHEDULE H.—SPIRITS, WINES, AND OTHER BEVERAGES.

237. Brandy and other spirits manufactured or distilled from grain or other materials, and not specially provided for in this Act, one dollar and eighty cents per proof gallon.

238. Each and every gauge or wine gallon of measurement shall be counted as at least one proof gallon; and the standard for determining the proof of brandy and other spirits or liquors of any kind imported shall be the same as that which is defined in the laws relating to internal revenue; but any brandy or other spirituous liquors, imported in casks of less capacity than fourteen gallons, shall be forfeited to the United States: Provided, That it shall be lawful for the Secretary of the Treasury, in his discretion, to authorize the ascertainment of the proof of wines, cordials, or other liquors by distillation or otherwise, in cases where it is impracticable to ascertain such proof by the means prescribed by existing law or regulations.

239. On all compounds or preparations (except as specified in the preceding paragraph of the chemical schedule relating to medicinal preparations), of which alcohol is a component part), of which distilled spirits are a component part of chief value, not specially provided for in this Act, there shall be levied a duty not less than that imposed upon distilled spirits.

240. Cordials, liquors, arrack, absinthe, kirschwasser, ratafia, and other spirituous beverages or bitters of all kinds containing spirits, and not specially provided for in this Act, one dollar and eighty cents per proof gallon.

241. No lower rate or amount of duty shall be levied, collected, and paid on brandy, spirits, and other spirituous beverage than that fixed by law for the description of first proof; but it shall be increased in proportion for any greater strength than the strength of first proof, and all imitations of brandy or spirits or wines imported by any names whatever shall be subject to the highest rate of duty provided for the genuine articles respectively intended to be represented, and in no case less than one dollar per gallon.

242. Bay rum or bay water, whether distilled or compounded, of first proof, and in proportion for any greater strength than first proof, one dollar per gallon.

243. Champagne and all other sparkling wines, in bottles containing each not more than one quart and more than one pint, eight dollars per dozen; containing not more than one pint each and more than one-half pint, four dollars per dozen; containing one-half pint each or less, two dollars per dozen; in bottles or other vessels containing more than one quart each, in addition to eight dollars per dozen bottles, on the quantity in excess of one quart, at the rate of two dollars and fifty cents per gallon.

244. Still wines, including ginger wine or ginger cordial and vermuth, in casks or packages other than bottles or jugs, if containing fourteen per centum or less of absolute alcohol, thirty cents per gallon; if containing more than fourteen per centum of absolute alcohol, fifty cents per gallon. In bottles or jugs, per case of one dozen bottles or jugs, containing each not more than one quart and more than one pint, or twenty-four bottles or jugs containing each not more than one pint, one dollar and sixty cents per case; and any excess beyond these quantities found in such bottles or jugs shall be subject to a duty of five cents per pint or fractional part thereof, but no separate or additional duty shall be assessed on the bottles or jugs: Provided, That any wines, ginger cordial, or vermuth, imported containing more than twenty-four per centum of alcohol shall be classed as spirits and pay duty accordingly: And provided further, That there shall be no constructive or other allowance for breakage, leakage, or damage on wines, liquors, cordials, or distilled spirits. Wines, cordials, brandy, and other spirituous liquors imported in bottles or jugs shall be packed in packages containing not less than one dozen bottles or jugs in each package, or duty shall be paid as if such package contained at least one dozen bottles or jugs. The percentage of alcohol in wines and fruit juices shall be determined in such manner as the Secretary of the Treasury shall by regulation prescribe.

245. Ale, porter, and beer, in bottles or jugs, thirty cents per gallon, but no separate or additional duty shall be assessed on the bottles or jugs; otherwise than in bottles or jugs, fifteen cents per gallon.

246. Malt extract, including all preparations bearing the name and commercially known as such, fluid in casks, fifteen cents per gallon; in bottles or jugs, thirty cents per gallon; solid or condensed, thirty per centum ad valorem.

247. Cherry juice and prune juice or prune wine, and other fruit juice not specially provided for in this Act, containing eighteen per centum or less of alcohol, fifty cents per gallon; if containing more than eighteen per centum of alcohol, one dollar and eighty cents per proof gallon.

248. Ginger ale or ginger beer, twenty per centum ad valorem, but no separate or additional duty shall be assessed on the bottles.

249. All imitations of natural mineral waters, and all artificial mineral waters, twenty per centum ad valorem.

SCHEDULE I.—COTTON MANUFACTURES.

250. Cotton thread and carded yarn, warps or warp yarn, in singles, whether on beams or in bundles, skeins or cops, or in any other form, except spool thread of cotton hereinafter provided for, not colored, bleached, dyed, or advanced beyond the condition of singles by grouping or twisting two or more single yarns together, three cents per pound on all numbers up to and including number fifteen, one-fifth of a cent per number per pound on all numbers exceeding number fifteen and up to and including number thirty, and one-quarter of a cent per number per pound on all numbers exceeding number thirty; colored, bleached, dyed, combed or advanced beyond the condition of singles by grouping or twisting two or more single yarns together, whether on beams, or in bundles, skeins or cops, or in any other form, except spool thread of cotton hereinafter provided for, six cents per pound on all numbers up to and including number twenty, and on all numbers exceeding number twenty, three-tenths of a cent per number per pound: Provided, however, That in no case shall the duty levied exceed eight cents per pound on yarns valued at not exceeding twenty-five cents per pound, nor exceed fifteen cents per pound on yarns valued at over twenty-five cents per pound and not exceeding forty cents per pound: And provided further, That on all yarns valued at more than forty cents per pound there shall be levied, collected and paid a duty of forty-five per centum ad valorem.

251. Spool thread of cotton, containing on each spool not exceeding one hundred yards of thread, five and one-half cents per dozen; exceeding one hundred yards on each spool, for every additional one hundred yards of thread or fractional part thereof in excess of one hundred yards, five and one-half cents per dozen spools.

252. Cotton cloth not bleached, dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, and not exceeding fifty threads to the square inch, counting the warp and filling, one cent per square yard; if bleached, one and one-fourth cents per square yard; if dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, two cents per square yard.

253. Cotton cloth, not bleached, dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, exceeding fifty and not exceeding one hundred threads to the square inch, counting the warp and filling, and not exceeding six square yards to the pound, one and one-fourth cents per square yard; exceeding six and not exceeding nine square yards to the pound, one and one-half cents per square yard; exceeding nine square yards to the pound, one and three-fourths cents per square yard; if bleached and not exceeding six square yards to the pound, one and one-half cents per square yard; exceeding six and not exceeding nine square yards to the pound, one and three-fourths cents per square yard; exceeding nine square yards to the pound, two and one-fourth cents per square yard; if dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, and not exceeding six square yards to the pound, two and three-fourths cents per square yard; exceeding six and not exceeding nine square yards to the pound, three and one-fourth cents per square yard, exceeding nine square yards to the pound, three and one-half cents per square yard: Provided, That on all cotton cloth not exceeding one hundred threads to the square inch, counting the warp and filling, not bleached, dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, valued at over seven cents per square yard, twenty-five per centum ad valorem; bleached, valued at over nine cents per square yard, twenty-five per centum ad valorem; and dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, valued at over twelve cents per square yard, there shall be levied, collected, and paid a duty of thirty per centum ad valorem.

254. Cotton cloth, not bleached, dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, exceeding one hundred and not exceeding one hundred and fifty threads to the square inch, counting the warp and filling, and not exceeding four square yards to the pound, one and one-half cents per square yard; exceeding four and not exceeding six square yards to the pound, two cents per square yard; exceeding six and not exceeding eight square yards to the pound, two and one-half cents per square yard; exceeding eight square yards to the pound, two and three-fourths cents per square yard; if bleached, and not exceeding four square yards to the pound, two and one-half cents per square yard; exceeding four and not exceeding six square yards to the pound, three cents per square yard; exceeding six and not exceeding eight square yards to the pound, three and one-half cents per square yard; exceeding eight square yards to the pound, three and three-fourths cents per square yard; if dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, and not exceeding four square yards to the pound, three and one-half cents per square yard; exceeding four and not exceeding six square yards to the pound, three and three-fourths cents per square yard; exceeding six and not exceeding eight square yards to the pound, four and one-fourth cents per square yard; exceeding eight square yards to the pound, four and one-half cents per square yard: Provided, That on all cotton cloth exceeding one hundred and not exceeding one hundred and fifty threads to the square inch, counting the warp and filling, not bleached, dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, valued at over nine cents per square yard, thirty per centum ad valorem; bleached, valued at over eleven cents per square yard, thirty-five per centum ad valorem; dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, valued at over twelve and one-half cents per square yard, there shall be levied, collected, and paid a duty of thirty-five per centum ad valorem.

255. Cotton cloth not bleached, dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, exceeding one hundred and fifty and not exceeding two hundred threads to the square inch, counting the warp and filling, and not exceeding three and one-half square yards to the pound, two cents per square yard; exceeding three and one-half and not exceeding four and one-half square yards to the pound, two and three-fourths cents per square yard; exceeding four and one-half and not exceeding six square yards to the pound, three cents per square yard; exceeding six square yards to the pound, three and one-half cents per square yard; if bleached, and not exceeding three and one-half square yards to the pound, two and three-fourths cents per square yard; exceeding three and one-half and not exceeding four and one-half square yards to the pound, three and one-half cents per square yard; exceeding four and one-half and not exceeding six square yards to the pound, four cents per square yard; exceeding six square yards to the pound, four and one-fourth cents per square yard; if dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, and not exceeding three and one-half square yards to the pound, four and one-fourth cents per square yard; exceeding three and one-half and not exceeding four and one-half square yards to the pound, four and one-half cents per square yard; exceeding four and one-half and not exceeding six square yards to the pound, four and three-fourths cents per square yard; exceeding six square yards to the pound, five cents per square yard: Provided, That on all cotton cloth exceeding one hundred and fifty and not exceeding two hundred threads to the square inch, counting the warp and filling, not bleached, dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, valued at over ten cents per square yards, thirty-five per centum ad valorem; bleached, valued at over twelve cents per square yard, thirty-five per centum ad valorem; dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, valued at over twelve and one-half cents per square yard, there shall be levied, collected, and paid a duty of forty per centum ad valorem.

256. Cotton cloth not bleached, dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, exceeding two hundred threads to the square inch, counting the warp and filling, and not exceeding two and one-half square yards to the pound, three cents per square yard; exceeding two and one-half and not exceeding three and one-half square yards to the pound, three and one-half cents per square yard; exceeding three and one-half and not exceeding five square yards to the pound, four cents per square yard; exceeding five square yards to the pound, four and one-half cents per square yard; if bleached, and not exceeding two and one-half square yards to the pound, four cents per square yard; exceeding two and one-half and not exceeding three and one-half square yards to the pound, four and one-half cents per square yard; exceeding three and one-half and not exceeding five square yards to the pound, five cents per square yard; exceeding five square yards to the pound, five and one-half cents per square yard; if dyed, colored, painted, or printed, and not exceeding three and one-half square yards to the pound, five and three-fourths cents per square yard; exceeding three and one-half square yards to the pound, six and one-half cents per square yard: Provided, That on all such cotton cloths not bleached, dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, valued at over twelve cents per square yard; bleached, valued at over fourteen cents per square yard; and dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, valued at over sixteen cents per square yard, there shall be levied, collected, and paid a duty of thirty-five per centum ad valorem.

257. The term cotton cloth, or cloth, wherever used in the foregoing paragraphs of this schedule, shall be held to include all woven fabrics of cotton in the piece, whether figured, fancy, or plain, not specially provided for in this Act, the warp and filling threads of which can be counted by unraveling or other practicable means.

258. Clothing ready made, and articles of wearing apparel of every description, handkerchiefs, and neckties or neck wear, composed of cotton or other vegetable fiber, or of which cotton or other vegetable fiber is the component material of chief value, made up or manufactured wholly or in part by the tailor, seamstress, or manufacturer, all of the foregoing not specially provided for in this Act, forty per centum ad valorem.

259. Plushes, velvets, velveteens, corduroys, and all pile fabrics composed of cotton or other vegetable fiber, not bleached, dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, forty per centum ad valorem; on all such goods if bleached, dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, forty-seven and one-half per centum ad valorem.

260. Chenille curtains, table covers, and all goods manufactured of cotton chenille, or of which cotton chenille forms the component material of chief value, forty per centum ad valorem; sleeve linings or other cloths, composed of cotton and silk, whether known as silk stripe sleeve lining, silk stripes, or otherwise, forty-five per centum ad valorem.

GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES
"The World's Best"

You can easily have the best if you only insist upon it.
They are made for cooking and heating in every conceivable style and size, for *any* kind of fuel and with prices from $10 to $70.
The genuine all bear this trade-mark and are sold with a *written* guarantee. First-class merchants everywhere handle them.

MADE ONLY BY The Michigan Stove Company.
LARGEST MAKERS OF STOVES AND RANGES IN THE WORLD
DETROIT, CHICAGO, BUFFALO, NEW YORK CITY.

261.—Stockings, hose and half-hose, made on knitting machines or frames, composed of cotton or other vegetable fiber and not otherwise specially provided for in this Act, thirty per centum ad valorem.

262. Stocking, hose and half-hose, selvedged, fashioned, narrowed, or shaped wholly or in part by knitting machines or frames, or knit by hand, including such as are commercially known as seamless or clocked stockings, hose or half-hose, and knitted shirts or drawers, all of the above composed of cotton or other vegetable fiber, finished or unfinished, fifty per centum ad valorem.

263. Cords, braids, boot, shoe and corset lacings, tapes, gimps, galloons, webbing, goring, suspenders and braces, woven, braided, or twisted lamp or candle wicking, lining for bicycle tires, spindle binding, any of the above made of cotton or other vegetable fiber, and whether composed in part of India rubber or otherwise, forty-five per centum ad valorem.

264. All manufactures of cotton, including cotton duck and cotton damask, in the piece or otherwise, not specially provided for in this Act, and including cloth having India rubber as a component material, thirty-five per centum ad valorem.

Continued Next Week.

THE HARVEST-MOON.

Over fields that are ripe with the sweetness
That hides in the full-tasselled corn,
Over vineyards slow reaching completeness
Dim purpling at dusk and at morn,
Shine down in thine affluent splendor,
O moon of the year in her prime;
Beam soft, mother-hearted and tender,
Earth hath not a holier time.

For the seed that slept long in the furrow
Hath wakened to life and to death;
From the grave that was cerement and burrow
Hath risen to passionate breath.
It hath laughed in the sunlight and starlight,
Hath thrilled to the breeze and the dew,
And fallen, to stir in some far night,
And all the old gladness renew.

O moon of the harvest's rich glory,
Thy banners outflame in the sky,
And under thee men write the story
That cries to the heavens for reply—
The story of work and endeavor,
Of burden and weakness and strength,
The story that goes on forever,
Through centuries dragging its length.

And thou, ever stately and golden,
Thou moon of the latest year's prime,
What sight though thine eye hath beholden,
No grief to thy pathway may climb,
As over the fields that are reapen,
At evening and level and shorn,
Thou pourest thy splendors that deepen
The rose and the silver of morn.
—Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Bazar.

The Child-Poet.

Children have the poet's gift of personification. Their vivid imagination endows everything with life, and they make companions of bird and tree, bush and flower.

A little girl was walking with her mother one day when they saw in the grass the first dandelion of spring. "Run, pick it," said the mother. The child ran, but presently came back without it. "Where is the dandelion?" asked the mother. "Oh!" answered the child, "it looked right at me and said, 'Please, little Helen, don't pick me. I want to stay right here.' So I didn't pick it." To her little sensitive heart the impression was just as real as if the flower had actually spoken the words.

A little fresh air child who was seeing the country for the first time, would throw herself upon the grass, face downward, and fondle and talk to each separate blade as she lay there, and the sight of a growing flower would throw her into an ecstasy of delight. One morning she came stealing down as soon as it was light. "Why didn't you sleep, Bertha?" called the housekeeper as she heard the child coming down. "The leaves talked to me and I couldn't," answered Bertha, looking with eager eyes toward the open door.

A little boy stood with hushed breath and parted lips listening eagerly to the twitter of a robin in the apple tree.

"Don't make a noise," he softly said. "Birdie is telling a story to the apple flowers."

A little girl was watching a gorgeous sunset, when with awe-struck face she exclaimed:

"O, mamma, God has opened his door, and I can see right into heaven!"

She did not know that some poet before her had likened the flaming clouds to the "vestibule of heaven."

A six-year-old boy was watching the fireworks on a Fourth of July evening. The full moon had just arisen, and to more than one observer the sharp contrast between God's work and man's was made strikingly apparent; but to Ernest the contrast was more than he could bear. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"Auntie, I shouldn't think God would like to have his pretty sky spoiled with smoke."

To his poet-soul the whizzing rockets and wheels and Roman candles were as nothing in comparison with "God's pretty sky."—Harriet A. Farrand, in the Chautauquan for July.

The Brawny Flower of Scotland.

For a long time previous to the middle of the fifteenth century the thistle had been recognised as the badge of the Scottish house of Stewart, and there is a legend which gives the prickly plant credit for having saved the country from an army of Danes engaged in a night attack. It happened in this way: One of the enemy, accidentally stepping upon a thistle, was not enough of a Spartan to bear the pain in silence, but cried out so loudly as to attract the attention of the Scots encamped near. What wonder, then, that the hardy people should, about the middle of the fifteenth century, at a solemn council of Scottish nobles and Highlanders, adopt the thistle instead of the heather as the flower of their country? Up to this time the figure of St. Giles had found a place upon their banners.

Drummond on the Ascent of Woman

Prof. Drummond, whose "Ascent of Man" has been attracting so much attention, is also a believer in the ascent of woman. In a speech at Haddo house, Lord Aberdeen's place, the other day, he remarked that "woman had been put through a marvelous discipline during the long night of history to teach her the virtues of unselfishness, tenderness, patience, compassion and love, so that she might become the teacher of the world; and it was quite certain, by all the laws of science and all the traditions of the past, that the great factor in the future evolution of society must be the ascent of woman."—Westminster Gazette.

Fine Art.

"You couldn't let me have a ten-dollar bill for five minutes, could you?"

"For five minutes?"

"Yes; I want to flash it up to that chump Fenilworth, while I touch him for ten. Then I'll bring yours back to you."—The Club.

The Pessimist.

Yes, friend; you're right in all you say,
The world is getting worse each day;
All men are rogues of deepest dye,
Of course, excepting you and I.
—Boston Courier.

The Place for Repentance.

Mrs. Cumso—So they married in haste did they?

Mrs. Cawker—Yes; and now they are repenting in Sioux Falls.—Life.

ARTFUL.

Mamma (to Johnnie, who has been given a pear with pills artfully concealed in it): "Well, dear, have you finished your pear?"
Johnny: "Yes, mamma, all but the seeds!"
—Punch.

AN ARRIVAL.

Whoop!
I am the new tariff,
And Uncle Grover
Never touched me.
You fellows stand back and gimme room.
Where's your McKinley law now, eh?
Anything the matter with me?
Well, I guess not.
Ah, there, Gorman!
Peek-a-boo, Havemeyer!
Give my love to Cal Brice.
Carlisle, 'm flaggin' you.
And you look just too lovely.
Aw, say, wha d'you think of my togs?
I'm goin' to guy Tom Reed
Within an inch of his life.
Wilson? Who's he?
Of West Virginia?
Wha-at?
Is it on the map?
Well, you can't play horse with me
Just because I'm young
And a little bashful.
Don't interrupt me, please;
I've a whole lot of things to do—
This is my busy day.
Let's see.
What's this first thing here?
"Acetic or pyroligneous acid,
Twenty per centum ad valorem!"
Well, that makes me laugh.
I'll bet a cookie Gorman did that;
It sounds like one of his jokes.
But they can't get gay with me any more.
There's an income tax here somewhere,
And a sugar tax till you can't rest,
And a whole lot of other taxes,
But the free list will not be
Positively suspended
Until further notice.
And there you are.
Carlisle's got to board and lodge me,
And if he doesn't do it right
I'll tell Gorman.
Oh, what a head I've got!
Those Senators had a great gait on them
When they traveled with me,
But now I've got to
Sober up.
—Chicago Record.

ENGLAND'S WOMEN RULERS.

They Have Cut a Big Figure in the History of That Nation.

Upon the death of Queen Victoria the House of Hanover will cease to rule in England, and, failing surviving issue to the Duke of York, the London Times assumes that the heirship to the throne will lie with the daughter of the Duchess of Fife.

"The crown came with a woman," said the Stuart king of Scotland, when he heard of the birth of a daughter, the subsequently unfortunate Mary Stuart, "and it will go with a woman."

The Tudor dynasty, at any rate, passed with a woman, Queen Elizabeth, while that of the Stuarts in England came in through the girl child, to whom the dying Scots' king made melancholy allusion. The Electress Sophia, granddaughter of James I, was the female link between the line of Guelph and the preceding dynasty, while Her Majesty connects Saxe-Coburg-Gotha with the great family which made popular in England the badge of the White Horse.

He Did.

He tackled her pa and he asked for a wife
And they bickered and bickered and bickered.
He promised to gleam as the light of her life,
So they dickered and dickered and dickered;
They went to a priest and plighted a vow—
How she snickered and snickered and snickered!
But when told he must live by the sweat of his brow,
How he flickered and flickered and flickered!
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Was a Good Poacher.

When the new president of France was captain of the guard of the Aube department in the Franco-Prussian war he was particularly interested in a young man who proved to be the best marksman in the company. "And how did you learn to shoot so well?" the captain asked. "Killing the rabbits of your estate, captain," was the frank reply. The peasant is now one of the most ardent admirers of the new president, who never neglects to pay him a visit when he goes to the country.

A Lawyer's Logic.

"Now, gentlemen of the jury," said the attorney, arranging a pack of papers and eleven volumes of books, "there's nothing in this case, absolutely nothing. A man would be a driveling fool to stand here and argue it before you. And now, if you will bear with me for about three-quarters of an hour, I shall endeavor to convince you that what I say is true."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Headache is a Warning.

You see people every day who are suffering with headache. When you see a machine with a hot box you say the machine is being ruined. But lots of people do not seem to know that a headache is a sign of a bad disorder that should be attended to.—Atchison Globe.

After the Battle.

Tommy—Ma, did you know that Pa was quite a wrestler?

Ma—No, my son. Where did you get that notion?

Tommy—Oh, I heard him tell Mr. Jackson that he "threw" the barkeeper for that ham he brought home last night.—Atlanta Constitution.

Just Think of It.

Think o' fall time drawin' nigh;
Sweet pertaters—punkin pie!
Bead a-dancin' on the rye,
Big, fat possums roostin' high!
Chickens fat enough to fry;
Smack your lips and wink your eye—
Think o' fall time drawin' nigh!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Disobeying Fashion's Decree.

Fanny—Have you ever felt the pinch of poverty?

Nanny—No. What is it like?

Fanny—Wearing your old silk dress with the tight sleeves.—Judge.

She Was Made Up.

She went plump into the water,
But 'twas freely given out
That she used a peck of sawdust
To bring the thing about.
—Detroit Tribune.

Pretty Nearly Right.

What could a small boy been thinking of when he spelled the word "slippers" s-l-a-p-p-e-r-s?—Pittsburg Bulletin.

He Was Always Fresh.

"Is your son fresh from college?"

"No; it's quite natural."—Boston Post.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount and steam and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Wher are those dreamers now?

One midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue, lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where Southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain:
He wrapt his colors round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who play'd
Beneath the same shade tree;
Whose voices mingled as they play'd
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the hearth!
Alas! for love, if thou wert all,
And naught beyond, O earth.
—Mrs. Hemans.

RECENT LITERATURE.

The Latest Volumes on the Blade's Book Table for Review.

Out of Step, by Maria Louise Pool, is published by Harper & Brothers, New York city. It is a story of rural life, written with a good deal of vigor and well sustained throughout the course of events described. The heroine is Salome Gerry, who is very beautiful, but inherits a strain of weakness in her character which leads her to do what is afterwards a life-long regret, and because of which she refuses to marry Randolph Moore, whom she loves devotedly.

The Maiden's Progress, by Violet Hunt, is also published by the Harpers. It is in dialogue and quite deftly written. The principal character is Maderna Maskelyne, but there are several others which are amusing, though as a whole the book, while clever, is rather tedious.

Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, publish Only an Irsh Boy, by Horatio Alger, jr., the author of many popular stories for boys. It tells in a bright way, of Andy Burke's fortunes and misfortunes, and how he made a man of himself. It shows how honesty and industry combined with courage and determination will bring success.

Vashti and Esther is a story of to-day by an anonymous author, which is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York city. This, as its title suggests, has for its characters the people who make society in the present. The name itself suggests the plot, and the two women are quite true to the thought suggested.

A paper edition of Stanley J. Weyman's French romance The House of the Wolf, is brought out by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, in their Globe Library. It is said to be a modern English version of this curious fragment of auto-biography, written apparently about 1620, and brought to this country by one of the descendants of this country after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. It is full of interest for students of history.

A Dull Boy.

"Thomas, you have disobeyed your old grandmother."

"No, I didn't ma."

"Yes, you did. Have you not been in swimming?"

"Yes, ma."

"Didn't I hear her say to you not to go in swimming?"

"Oh, she didn't tell us that; she only came out and said: 'Boys, I wouldn't go in swimming,' and I shouldn't think she would, an old rheumatic woman like her; but she didn't say anything about our goin' in swimmin'"—Texas Siftings.

He Should Have Known.

Mendicant—Will the gentleman help a blind man?

Stranger—Get out, you imposter! How do I know you're blind?

"Didn't you hear me call you a gentleman?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Contradictory.

Friend—How is it you never married?

Author—I hate women. Besides, married life would disturbe my literary labors.

Friend—What is your forte in that line?

Author—Writing love letters.—Truth.

Must be Well Vouched For.

Philadelphia Press:—Although purely superfluous, yet from this time forth Democratic platforms will have to be accompanied by affidavits and bonds for the fulfillment of their promises.

IN A NUTSHELL.

Paper carpets are cheap.

Coal is dug by electricity.

England taxes gravestones.

Paris has female bootblacks.

Paris has mahogany pavements.

St. Louis wants 3-cent car fares.

A 130-ton cannon costs nearly $200,000.

Cast-iron bricks are a German device.

Carpenters in China get 20 cents a day.

The Chinese make razors of horse-shoes.

St. Petersburg has a 1,160-ton bronze statue.

The first American cent was coined in 1793.

Germany now rivals France in glass coloring.

A flash of lightning equals 12,000 horse power.

An electric rocking chair has been invented.

Alabama's supply of red cedar is exhausted.

Car fare is two and one-half cents in Chemnitz, Germany.

Several European journals are being printed on American-made paper.

ON MOUNT RAINIER'S SUMMIT.

A Party Scales the Heights of Washington's Big Peak.

"Gibraltar Rock," says one of a party that has just climbed Mount Rainier, "stands out abruptly from the smooth cone of the mountain at a point about 3,000 feet from the summit, and is about 1,000 feet high, almost the same length, and half as wide. It splits one of the enormous glaciers into two parts, Nesqually glacier passing to the right as you look from the summit and Cowlitz to the left. The only possible way to reach the summit from this point is to pass along the narrow and treacherous edge of Gibraltar rock and directly overlooking Nesqually glacier, which, on account of the tremendous pitch from the summit, descends from 1,000 to 1,500 feet in a sheer perpendicular from the narrow sloping ledge. The ledge itself is about thirty feet wide and slopes at an angle of about thirty degrees. It is constantly breaking and wearing away from the action of the enormous boulders which fall from Gibraltar rock. One misstep would precipitate one to certain death.

"After passing the rock there is a climb at an angle closely approaching a perpendicular and afterward a more gradual slope to the summit. It took just two hours and a half to pass the rock, and on account of the high altitude and rarified atmosphere we had to stop every ten or fifteen steps to recover our breath. After leaving the rock we had to again pass across Nesqually glacier, which was cut about 1,000 feet from the summit by a large crevice, which we fortunately found bridged by snow, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

"We reached the summit about 1 p. m. Wednesday, and soon after dispatched a pigeon with the message containing the information of our ascent. When released the bird sailed down rapidly, and was soon lost to view, having no trouble in sustaining itself. We found by taking the altitude of the mountain that it was 15,539 feet high, or almost one thousand feet higher than heretofore supposed. Every member of the party was sick from nausea."

HE HAD RULED WELL.

How Spain's Little King Pleased His Royal Mother.

A pretty story is related of the little king of Spain. It seems that his mother, the Queen Regent, herself prepared a German grammar and reading book suitable for his infant years, and his small majesty, who was greatly delighted with his mother's present, tried to learn a poem in the book with great energy, and succeeded in mastering it very quickly. The poem was called "Was Jeder Thun Muss," or "What Everyone Must Do," and the verses end with "Konige mussen gut regieren," or "Kings must rule well."

On the evening after repeating the poem the Queen Regent came as usual to see her son and wish him good night, when he said to her, "Art thou contented with me?" "Yes," answered the Queen. King Alphonso looked delighted, and said, "Yes, I think I have ruled very well to-day."

The Grateful Bachelor.

There was a jolly bachelor
Who died at eighty-eight,
And by his will the good man left
The whole of his estate
To women who had answered nay
When asked by him to wed.
For he declared he owed to them
The happy life he'd led.
—Life.

TRANSATLANTIC LINERS.

The Warrior, the first real iron-clad built for the British navy, was recently surveyed at Portsmouth and declared to be practically worthless. The ship was built at Blackwall.

A new route is soon to be established across the Irish channel between Ballingeary, near Wexford, and Fishguard in Pembrokeshire. The time from land to land will then be reduced to ninety or 100 minutes.

A Scotch minister, a few Sundays ago, held out as a warning to his congregation the case of an Aberdeen man who rode on his bicycle on Sundays with the result that "he broke a blood vessel on Monday, went to hell on Wednesday and was buried on Saturday."

In digging the foundations for a house near the Church of St. Stephen in Jerusalem lately a beautiful mosaic pavement was discovered which measured 21 feet by 13 and contained an Armenian inscription. Underneath was a cavern in which were found bones, lamps and glass vases.

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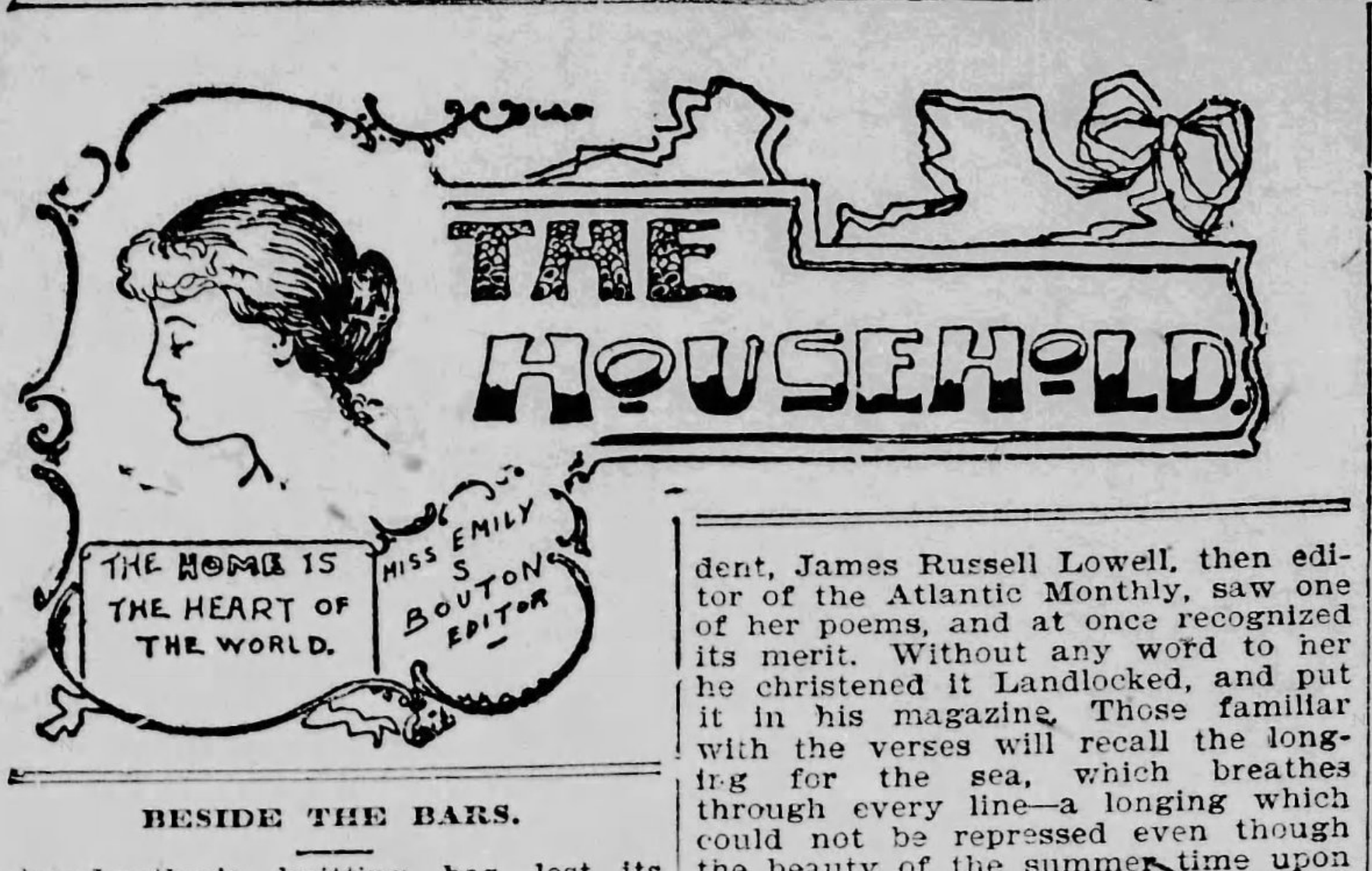

THE HOUSEHOLD
THE HOME IS THE HEART OF THE WORLD.
MISS EMILY S BOUTON EDITOR

BESIDE THE BARS.

Grandmother's knitting has lost its charm;
Unheeded it lies in her ample lap,
While the sunset's crimson, soft and warm,
Touches the frills of her snowy cap.

She is gazing on two beside the bars,
Under the maple—who little care
For the growing dusk, or the rising stars,
Or the hint of frost in the autumn air.

One is a slender slip of a girl,
And one a man in the pride of youth;
The maiden pure as the purest pearl,
The lover strong in his steadfast truth.

"Sweet, my own, as a rose in June,"
He says full low, o'er the golden head.
It would sound to her like a dear old tune,
Could grandmother hear the soft words said,

For it seems but a little while ago,
Since under the maple, beside the bars,
She stood a girl, while the sunset's glow
Melted away 'mid the evening stars.

And one, her lover, so bright and brave,
Spake words as tender, in tones as low;
They come to her now from beyond the grave,
The words of her darling so long ago.

"My own one, sweet as a rose in June!"
Her eyes are dim, and her hair is white,
But her heart keeps time to the old love-tune
As she watches her daughter's child to-night.

A world between them, perhaps you say,
Yes. One has read the story through;
One has her beautiful yesterday,
And one to-morrow fair to view.

But little you dream how fond a prayer
Goes up to God through His silver stars,
From the aged woman gazing there,
For the two who linger beside the bars.

HOME TALKS.

CELIA THAXTER PASSES FROM THE SEEN INTO THE UNSEEN.

Some of the Characteristics of Her Work and Also a Short Sketch of Her Life.

Celia Thaxter is dead!

This was the burden of the tidings flashed by the chained lightning over the country last Monday. At first was the shock, for none unless it were her intimate friends, knew that the message of bodily pain had come to her whispering that she might soon pass out of the seen into the unseen. Whether any premonition of this change had come to her in times past, I do not know, but suddenly, on Sunday evening last, her eyes closed upon the material and opened to the glory of the spiritual.

One can never think of Celia Thaxter without hearing the soft beat of the waves upon the sandy shore, the singing of the wind through white-winged ships, or the low murmur of the restless, ever-breathing waters that rose and fell around her ocean-bound home. For in most of the poems which she wrote there was a flavor of the sea. None could fail to know that she loved it with a love that was part of her very nature, and that it was an inspiration to her finer moods, when she gave to the world

CELIA THAXTER.

the songs so full of melody. Of her home she is thinking when she sings:

The barren island dreams in flowers, while blow
The south winds, drawing haze o'er seas and land;
Yet the great heart of ocean, throbbing slow,
Makes the frail blossoms vibrate where they stand;

And hints of heavier pulses soon to shake
Its mighty breast when summer is no more,
And devastating waves sweep on and break,
And clasp with girdle white the iron shore.

* * *

The heart of God through His creation stirs,
We thrill to feel it, trembling as the flowers
That die to live again—His messengers,
To keep faith firm in these sad souls of ours.

Celia Laighton was the daughter of Thomas B. Laighton, and was born in Portsmouth, N. H., living there until she was four years old, when the family removed to the Isles of Shoals. There upon White Island, so beautifully and graphically described in her book, Among the Isles of Shoals, she, with her two brothers, passed a merry childhood away from the world, and alone with Nature. Sporting among the flowers, listening to the rhythm of the waters, or to their roar when they lashed themselves into fury, mystic voices spoke to the growing girl, and taught her the philosophy of life, one far deeper than many gain from experience in the world of action. The higher thought is visible everywhere, and is felt as the moving power of her poet's lyre.

When her father gave up his place as keeper of the light-house upon White Island, he removed with his family to Appledore Island, which was thereafter her home for the greater part of the time until her passing on of Sunday. There, when just budding into womanhood, her love was won after a brief courtship, and she became the wife of her guardian, friend and teacher, Levi L. Thaxter, of Watertown, Mass. Thenceforward her summers were spent at Appledore, and there she wrote some of her most beautiful poems.

Strange as it may seem, she had never dreamed of trying to win recognition of her work by the outside world. She wrote to give voice to her own inner thought, and for the pleasure of her friends.

It chanced one time that by accident, James Russell Lowell, then editor of the Atlantic Monthly, saw one of her poems, and at once recognized its merit. Without any word to her he christened it Landlocked, and put it in his magazine. Those familiar with the verses will recall the longing for the sea, which breathes through every line—a longing which could not be repressed even though the beauty of the summer-time upon the land was all about her.

Blank lie the hills, swiftly doth daylight flee,
And catching gleams of sunset's dying smile,
Through the dark land for many a changing mile
The river runneth softly to the sea.

Oh, happy river! could I follow thee!
O yearning heart, that never can be still!
O wistful eyes, that watch the steadfast hill,
Longing for level line of solemn sea,

and thus to the ending her craving is expressed.

The appearance of this poem opened the door to many calls for her work, and in 1871, at the urgent solicitations of friends, among whom were numbered John G. Whittier, James T. Fields and many other distinguished men and women of letters, her first volume of poems was given to the world. A little later came her prose work, Among the Isles of Shoals, which first appeared serially in the Atlantic. Then followed Driftweed, Poems for Children, and The Cruise of the Mystery and Other Poems.

In 1884, Mr. Thaxter died, and since that time Mrs. Thaxter's life has been passed in comparative seclusion at Appledore, and with only an occasional contribution to current literature. In the summer time she delighted to entertain her chosen friends in her sea-girt home, and this she had been doing during the season now almost over, and with the going out of which her own was in unison.

It is natural at such a time as this to think of what is to be her final place in American literature. There is no doubt of the delicacy of her poetic insight and of her power of song. She cannot fail to hold an honored place among our poets, for her words have carried a thrill to too many hearts to have them soon forgotten. She seemed to win her inspiration from environments that would have been far from stimulating to many writers, but results showed that they were just what she needed. Among the poems that are held as exceptionally good is The Sandpiper.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gathered, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
And up and down the beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I.

* * *

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky,
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper and I?

Others which are extremely popular are Kittery Churchyard, The Spaniard's Graves and The Watch Upon Boon's Island. Perhaps the one which expresses best of all her own inner self is Courage, and no one can read it without feeling that this must be the key to her character. I quote it here because it cannot be read too often.

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and its strife;

Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
By every ray and every rain-drop kissed
That God's love doth bestow;

Think you I find no bitterness at all?
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears
Kept bravely back, He makes a rainbow shine;
Grateful I take His slightest gift, no fears
Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past,
One golden day redeems a weary year;
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound His voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let me be.
I must be glad and grateful to the end.
I grudge you not your cold and darkness,—me
The powers of light befriend.

Celia Thaxter has gone, and with her much of the cheer and sunshine which she ever carried with her into the world. In her work she lives still, and in the memory of her friends who loved her with the strong attachment which such a nature as hers ever calls forth, and which was one of her own characteristics. She will lie on the spot where she read the funeral service herself, a few years ago, for her brother's sake over the body of her mother when they were alone with their dead in the wild season of the year. All the passing was as she could have wished and as those who love her could wish for her and for themselves."

EMILY S. BOUTON.

A QUESTION.

So much discussion has been carried on in newspapers, magazines, upon the lecture platform, and in social life, as to whether woman's efficiency in the home was increased or diminished by a knowledge of and interest in the questions of the day which were formerly considered belonging to man's province only, that the editor is anxious to have the opinion of the Household upon the matter. She would like to hear from any who have thought of the subject, and for the best letter received before October 10, a book will be awarded, the title of which will be given next week. An interchange of ideas cannot fail to be interesting and beneficial. Let the letters be brief but to the point and written without "fear or favor."

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

Some Things to Think Of After Our Vacation.

With September the schools again open and the children who have been having such a good time for two months, or more, will take up their work, which, with some of them, at least, will be but another pleasure. Teachers will come home from the mountains and the seaside, with sufficient strength and patience, it is hoped, to enable them to successfully help the young ideas to shoot in the right direction. Families are returning to the homes that never look so comfortable to us as when we come back from the small rooms and scant conveniences that we put up with while at summer resorts.

It will keep us all busy for some time to restore the usual order of things to these homes—to take the furniture out of its summer wrappings and to set the wheels of the household running in their accustomed grooves, but after a time there will be for us quiet homes where we can think. Then will begin the truest enjoyment of the summer vacation; then we shall recall the lovely things we have seen, the rides on the water, or on the land; the visits we have made to spots of historical interest, that have given us a living interest in things that have heretofore been but a vague, far-off something of which we have read, but could form no clear conception of. We shall remember so clearly the pleasant afternoons we have spent with old friends and the equally pleasant days we have spent in reading and writing, with no thought of the daily work we have left behind us.

As we think of these things that have made our lives so happy, can we recall anything that we have done during the time to give some brightness to the lives of others who have not been so favored? Have we taken time to write nice, long letters telling of what we have seen, and whom we have met, to those who have stayed at home to do the work we have dropped? Possibly without their doing so, we could not have been free to enjoy the time. Have we thought to bring home to some one who would enjoy them, souvenirs of places in which all were interested? They need not be expensive articles—some pressed flowers from a certain locality that has sacred memories for them, or some shells, or bits of dried seaweed from the ocean's shore, simple little things, to be sure, but they will be valued from their associations, and because they prove that we thought of our friends when absent from them.

If we have forgotten in the midst of our own pleasure seeking, those who have been obliged from choice, or necessity, to remain at home, we can make amends by giving them the benefit of all we can remember, and by making their tasks as light as possible now that we are again at home.

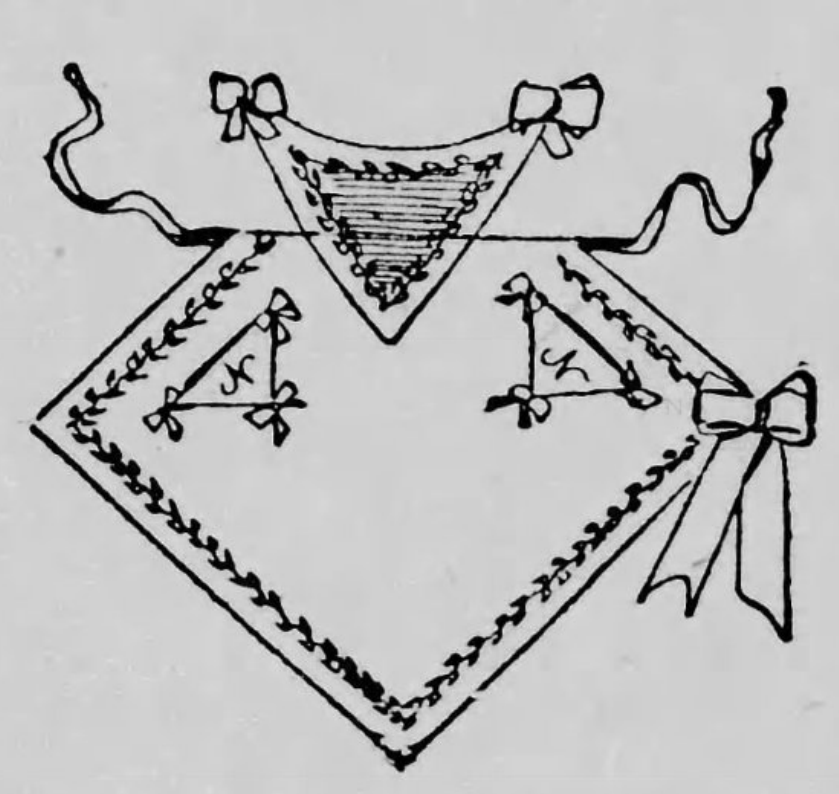
From the materials that may be gathered from a month's outing, enough can be arranged for the entertainment of our friends for many evenings during the winter, and by taking pains to arrange views of places we have visited, and souvenirs we may have collected, we can help our stay-at-home friends to see with our eyes the things that have made our summer pleasant for us.

FANCY WORK.

Some New Ideas on the Subject Sent by Correspondents.

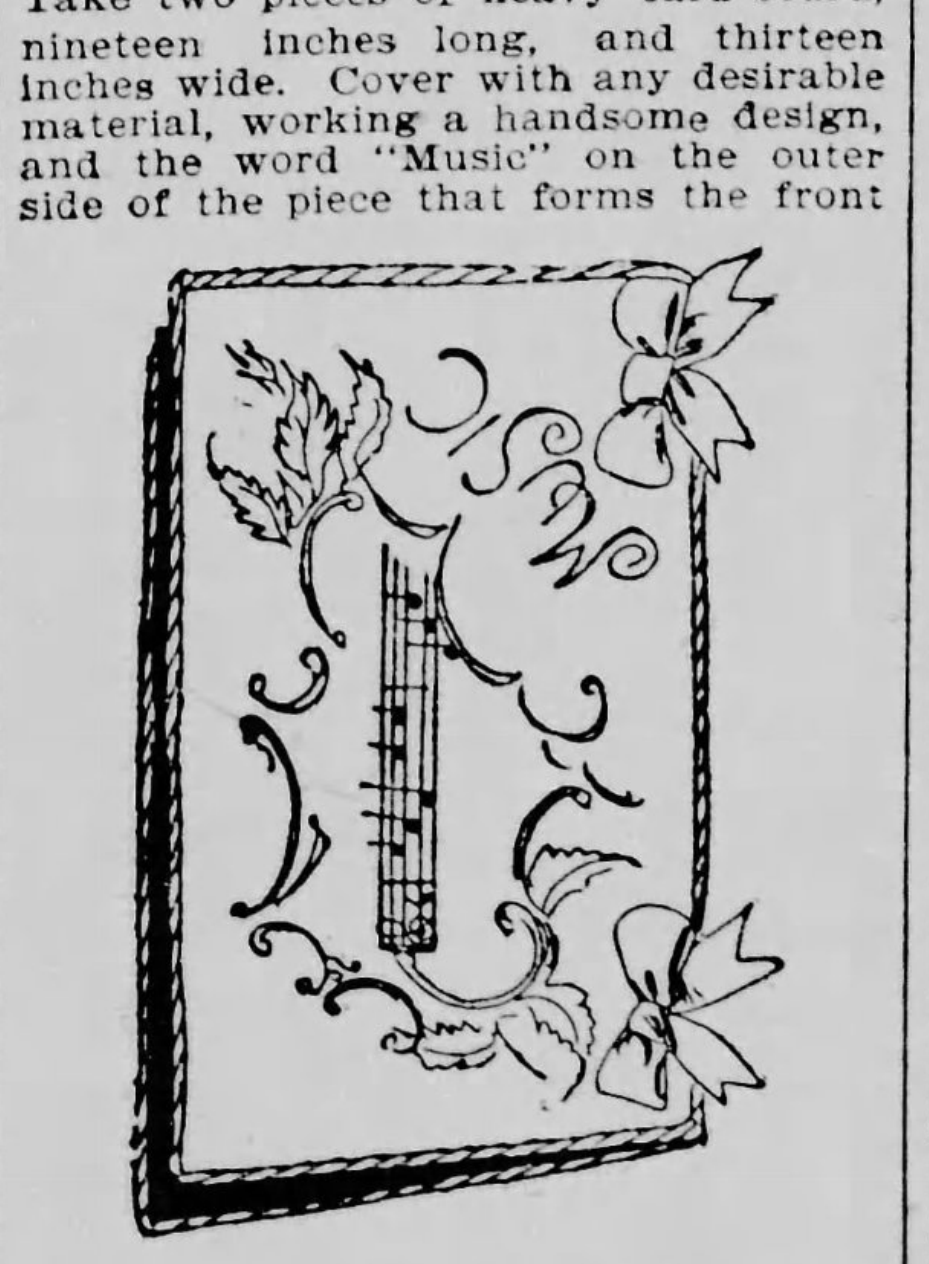
A Pretty Apron.

Take a square of blue China silk and hem-stitch it all around. Cut off one corner, and sew on a belt; cut a half-square bib, hem-stitching it to match the apron, fastening to the belt at the point and finishing at the upper corners with bows of pale pink ribbon. The pockets are made in the same way, the bows at the three corners being without ends. The two side points of the apron are to be tied behind with a bow and ends of wider pink ribbon, the other point coming down over the front of the dress.—Fannie S.



For Sheet Music.

A handsome cover for loose sheets of music may be made in this way. Take two pieces of heavy card-board, nineteen inches long, and thirteen inches wide. Cover with any desirable material, working a handsome design, and the word "Music" on the outer side of the piece that forms the front of the cover. Edge the cover with a heavy cord and fasten them together at the back with an inch-wide strip of the material used on the covers. The front is farther ornamented by a couple of handsome ribbon bows.—Alice Gray.

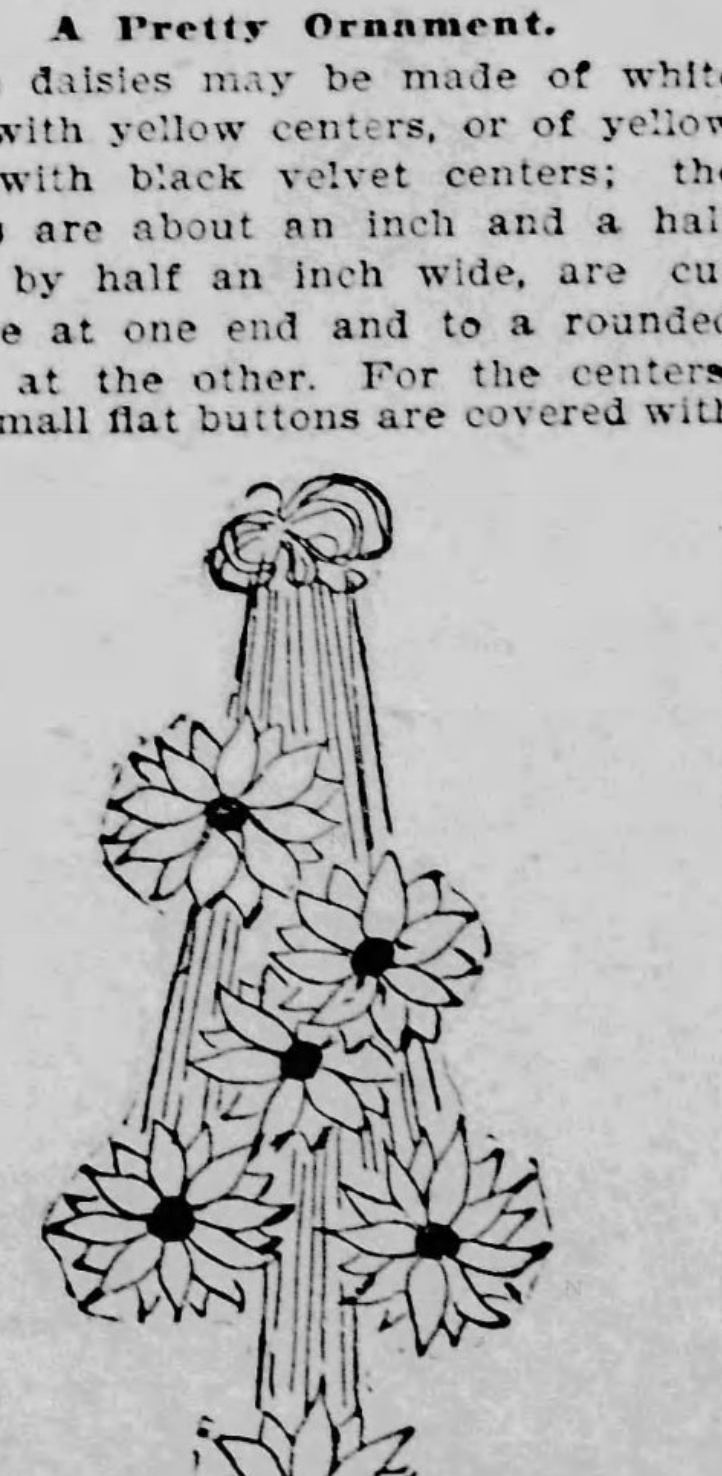


Compass Work Dolleys.

Exactly quarter a linen spool, and ink the markings. Leave an inch margin at each side of a piece of Irish linen, and draw the design, five circles square. With a pair of sharp-pointed scissors, cut out the cloth in the four small sections in each circle, leaving enough for a hem, as shown in the illustration. Cut a piece of bobinet lace one-half inch smaller than the linen, and baste under it, basting down each little four-cornered center piece to the lace. With No. 50 cotton thread, hem the cut edges to the lace beneath, breaking the thread as seldom as possible. When the work is done, hem the linen down to the lace at the edge, taking care that the stitches do not show on the right side.—Helen Jay.

A Pretty Ornament.

The daisies may be made of white felt, with yellow centers, or of yellow felt, with black velvet centers; the petals are about an inch and a half long, by half an inch wide, are cut square at one end and to a rounded point at the other. For the centers, two small flat buttons are covered with the felt or velvet as the case may be, and between these the petals are fastened by the square end, a tiny pleat being laid in each one. There are six petals to each flower, and when they are completed they are fastened to different lengths of apple-green baby ribbon, to form a graceful decoration for lace curtains, or to loop over the corner of a picture.—Mrs. J.



Picture Drape.

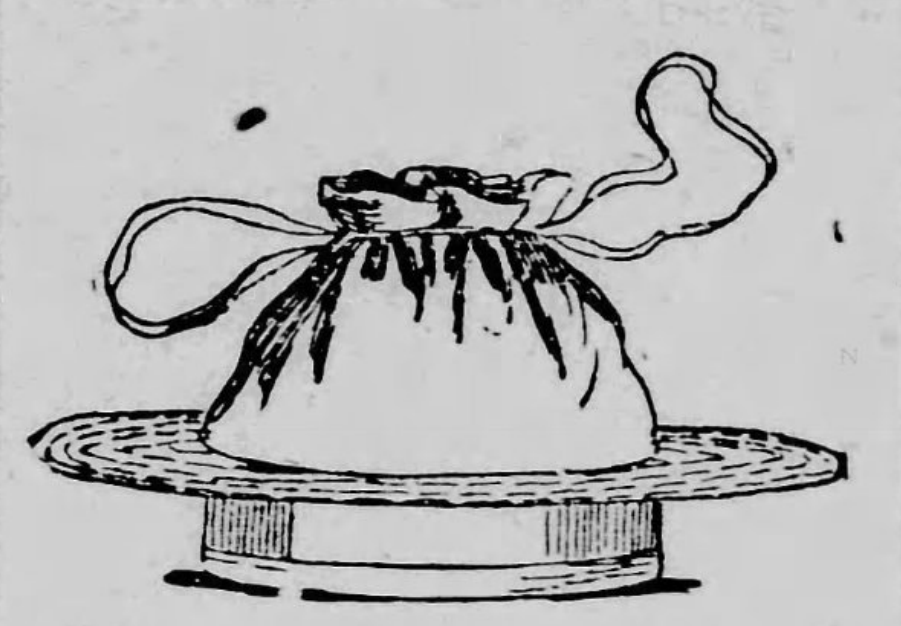
Take one half yard of dotted mull and hem one end and cut the other into points finishing each point with a silk ball. Take No. 9 ribbon and make five rosettes. Tack the edges together and fasten to the other end of drape.

Pillow Case.

The pillow case is of fine linen or cambric, embroidered at one corner with a monogram in satin-stitch; the top is finished with embroidery, each vandyke of which is tied over the end of the pillow with ribbon; the end of the pillow is covered with some pretty piece of satin.—Mrs. M. E. Pierce.

Basket for Crochet Work.

A child's white straw sailor hat formed the foundation of this unique work-bag. Around the crown, I fastened a cardinal ribbon, and for the "upper story" I took a strip of cardinal satin, eight inches wide and half as long again as the inside circumference of the hat crown; lining this with white silesia, I put a shirr through the upper part about an inch from the edge, and fulled the other side to the inside of the hat crown, a circular piece of white silesia was fastened in the top of the crown with gum tragacanth to complete the lining and the top of the bag was drawn up with narrow cardinal satin ribbon.—Mary Richards.



LETTERS FROM OUR FRIENDS.

Mostly Written in a Minor Chord This Week.

I have been a reader of the good old Blade for several years, yet this is my first letter to the Household. I have always been a hard-working woman, doing all my work and caring for my husband and six children. I spare no time or pains for their comfort, happiness, or well being—I have endeavored to be as near like Him as I possibly could be. But it seems as if my wants are never to be listened to. I have stayed at home almost continually and toiled on and on, and if I ask to take a drive once a month I get a very short, unkind answer. Husband attends Sabbath school and preaching every Sabbath and mostly takes part in league work in all of which I have been a helpmeet to him. Circumstances do not permit me to attend these meetings, and I think it is nothing more than right that the babies and myself should take a short drive now and then—as we have a comfortable way of going. Am I wrong? I have done the very best I could under the circumstances and tried to look on the bright side of everything, but despairingly I appeal to the Household for a bit of advice.—O. E. M.

Experience Gained by Observation.

I have read with great interest the letters to the Household, and have found them to contain many useful and valuable suggestions. I have read with particular care the letters from "Mehitable" and "Another Mother." How nearly they "hit the nail on the head," as the saying goes, will be fully indorsed by those who have been thus tried.

I, for one, agree with them in every particular, for how many a noble and true wife has been dragged down to the very brink of despair by an unsympathizing husband, who wants all care and attention bestowed upon himself and is not willing to give a sympathizing ear or a kind word in return. He does not think what she has to contend with when he comes home and finds dinner a few moments behind; he forgets that baby has been troublesome, that the groceries were not brought down on time, and as a result his "vials of wrath" are poured out upon the weary and careworn wife and mother.

His children learn to fear him and avoid him as much as possible, and he becomes the "machine" or tool by his own hand, his own selfish will.

Perhaps the stronger sex will say: "What do you know, pray you have never had experience? True, I have not had such an experience, nor do I care to have, but let me tell you I have had my eyes and ears open a good part of my life, and have seen and heard enough to convince and satisfy me that such is the case in many homes. Perhaps in too many, for the benefit and welfare of the people that come in contact with them.

But do not let me deal too harshly with the masculine sex, for the case may be reversed and the wife claim too much respect and attention or she becomes selfish and willful, and neglects her husband, her children and her home; she does not care if her husband has been hard at work at his bench, or desk, and comes home only to find his meals not ready, the house topsy-turvy, the children ragged and dirty, and his wife seated in an armchair dressed in all her finery reading the latest novel. Does anyone wonder that he feels himself neglected and only to be cared for in case of an emergency. He becomes dissipated and discouraged, and flees to the wine cup to drown his troubles. And then, alas! Good-bye to home and family; in this way he becomes a drunkard, and many others I dare say follow in his footsteps. And why? because of the neglect of the wife who at the last moment, when it is too late, bewails the misfortune she has met through her own negligence.—Georgia.

Fault Sometimes With the Mother.

May I enter the Household again? We live in a part of the "wild and woolly West," where The Blade does not reach us till Tuesday of the week after it is printed. Mehitable, your request for a "method," I fear has come too late for families of that age. I lived in such a family until I was told to "hire out, old enough to work, girls no business with an education, no business bothering about politics, can't understand such things like men, etc.," but fortunately there are comparatively few such families.

The mother's advice and company should be sought in all families by the husband and children, but in many cases she is neglected for other and worse influences. Mothers often say why is it that children are not now as they used to be. There would be no need of this question if the mothers would arrange things so as to keep the children occupied and amused at home, or in places that she could approve of, and not let housekeeping cares or other business prevent her from taking an interest in their pleasures.

Teachers, also, would have a much better influence over the children if they would give some thought and care to their conversation and actions, while they are not in the school room. It is not necessary to be always punishing children; it is better to make friends of them, and remember that whatever the girl or boy is, so will the woman and man be.—Another Mother.

OUR INFORMATION BUREAU.

If You Do Not Know Please Ask of Those Who Do.

Will Vernia give the size of the diagram in the center of her rug. She says: "Sew the rags on with a whip stitch." Does she mean to sew them where the gathering string is, or fold them together and whip them on? Please tell how many inches wide the border is on the ends.—Rubie.

Will some one send a recipe for a good tooth-powder?—Aleck M.

Who wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic?"—Caroline T.

How should the groom be dressed at a morning wedding when the parties are not to leave home for a tour?—Anxious.

Will some one tell us about making doylies and center pieces with lace braid, cutting the cloth out and leaving the lace design? What kind of braid to use, and all about it? I don't mean those embroidered in silk, as we have had those and the drawn work for so long.—Peggie Clover.

Won't some one send minute directions for cut work? I often find trouble in solving new patterns, because the directions imply a knowledge I do not possess, and can not study out.—Helen Jay.

Answers.

Susan Jane: To publish your inquiry would be against our rule of giving addresses for business purposes in this department. Ask any druggist in Chicago for the address of first-class stores in St. Louis, and you will doubtless find what you want.—Ed.

Wild Rose: Manuscript for publication must always be written with ink, and on but one side of the paper. Care should be given to spelling, punctuation and grammatical construction, and above all else, if the success of a book is expected, it must contain original ideas, expressed in a pleasing manner, and must treat of subjects of present interest to the public. When your manuscript is ready send it to some publisher, asking him if he will publish it, and on what terms. The expense of issuing a book differs so much in many respects that nothing definite can be said about it.

Miss Prudence is editor of the Merry-Go-Rounds, and a letter addressed to the Merry-Go-Rounds, care of Blade, will reach her, and receive due attention if written on one side of the paper, with ink; all words correctly spelled, and the name and address of the writer signed in addition to the name she wishes published.—Ed.

Bouncing Bet: I have two young gentleman roomers, and in the rooms they occupy I have a painted set—bedstead, dresser and washstand—for which I paid $18; two easy chairs, $5 each; two common chairs, 75 cents each; a table large enough to hold a lamp, smoking set, papers and books. This cost $7.50. On the bed I have a good spring and a mattress, together costing about $8; shades to three windows, each $1.50. My sash curtains and bedding I cannot place a value on, as I had them before I furnished the room. The china, which must include a large cuspidor, in plain white, costing about $6. The carpet is one that has been in use some time, so I can put no price on it, nor on the couch in the room for the same reason. This is not a necessary, but a very convenient addition to the furniture of the room. Of course your furniture might cost more or less than mine; that does not matter so long as you have everything neat and clean. Let the boys feel at home in their own room, and do not neglect to keep them well supplied with large towels—a man despises a small one—and plenty of water for bathing, if you have not a bath room in your house. Then give them a latch key, and do not be worried if they smoke in their rooms. And above all things, don't ever, ever, try to confide your troubles to them, and they will be ready to notice when you are in trouble that they can help you out of, and they will always be ready to help. At least this has been my experience.—Mrs. E. M. J.

WITH A CLEAR CONSCIENCE

And a Satisfied Appetite a Man is at Peace With the World.

It seems strange, when there is such an abundance of fruit in the market, such luscious peaches, apples, pears, plums, berries, grapes, melons, etc., that anyone should wish to disguise these with lard and flour, in order to have a pudding or pie for dessert, when it would be so much more healthful to eat them as they grow, to say nothing of the saving it would be of the strength and time of the housekeeper and cook. Fresh fruit with or without the accompaniment of cake is always a proper and an abundant dessert. If you like cream and can easily obtain it, it makes such a dessert far beyond any other for richness and simplicity. But as there will always be some who must have the inevitable pie or cake, the cook of the Household will continue to give them recipes for the best.

Apple Fritters.

Two eggs, 1-2 cupful of milk, salt, soda the size of a pea and flour enough to make a batter a little thicker than for griddle cakes. Stir into this 4 or 5 apples chopped quite fine, drop by spoonfuls into hot lard and fry till done. To be eaten with sweet sauce or sugar and cream.

Peach Pudding.

Make a batter of two eggs, 1 cupful sugar, 2-3 cupful of milk, 1 tablespoonful of melted butter, 1 1-2 cupfuls of flour and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Pour this batter into a square baking pan and place a layer of peaches, pealed and cut in halves, on top. Bake in a moderate oven and serve warm with sugar and cream.—Mrs. C.

Apple Dessert.

Two pounds sour apples, pared and sliced into a pan with 1 pound granulated sugar, the juice of 2 lemons and the grated rind of 1. Add a very little water and cook slowly till the apples are very tender. Turn into a dish and serve hot or cold, with boiled custards or cream.—Rebecca.

To Can Peaches.

Select perfect fruit, pare, cut in halves and remove the pits. Make a syrup of 1 cupful of sugar to 2 quarts of water, into this place the peaches a few pieces at a time and let them cook gently till tender. Place them in cans and fill with the boiling syrup. This can be made richer, if preferred, by adding a larger proportion of sugar. Screw on the tops of the cans and after the fruit has cooled, give another turn to them. One lady who has unfailing good luck with her canned fruit always stands the cans bottom upward as soon as the cover is screwed on. This she says prevents the fruit from settling at the bottom of the can, and she can tell at once if they are not perfectly air tight.

Day Nursery Cake.

Separate 4 eggs, and with the yolks beat 1 cupful of sugar and the juice and grated rind of 1 lemon. To this add 1 cupful of flour and 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, then stir in the beaten whites of the eggs and a pinch of salt. Bake in a moderate oven, with a pan of hot water in the oven with it. This is necessary to insure safety in baking any kind of a sponge cake.—Mrs. D.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Have, as Usual, No Lack of Entertaining Letters.

This department is beginning to rather monopolize the Household mail-bag; every week bringing such a number of bright, newsy letters that Miss Prudence hardly knows how to give them all the space they deserve. The first on the list to-day comes from Illinois, and tells of the adoption by an old hen of two, out of a family of six kittens. With the best intentions in the world, poor Biddy was unable to supply the wants of her furry proteges, and they nearly starved before they were rescued. "Edith," who tells about them, asks why it is that a dog always turns around two or three times before lying down? Miss Prudence leaves the question for some of the Circle to answer.

"Old Maid" comes into the circle with the startling announcement that she is not as young as she used to be, or so old as she will be in a few years more! She thinks that boys who take an interest in such papers as "Our Blade," are not apt to be very bad boys, and wishes more of them would join the M. G. Rs. She agrees with Vera Rosa and Susie on the woman's rights question, but reserves her reasons for so doing until her next letter.

"Pussy Willow" comes in again to tell us that her home is near a beautiful lake, and is called Long Lake Farm. She is very fond of flowers, her favorites being the pansy and geranium. Her district school house is just across the road from her home, and the church she attends is only half a mile distant; she agrees with "Blue Bell" on the badge question.

"Nile," who confesses to being an old maid, a country school ma'am and a homesteader in Western Kansas, writes from that land of drouth and sod-houses, to ask for "Flo's" address. She says she is greatly interested in shut-ins, and wishes to tell "Flo" of a paper which has a department devoted to helping and cheering lonely invalids. Miss Prudence hopes that "Nile" will overcome the natural bashfulness with which she claims to be afflicted, and come again soon, to say some of those things she has in her mind.

"Roxie" believes in equal suffrage, but thinks at the same time there is much that women can do in the cause of temperance, even if they have not the power to legislate for it. She urges the girls to use their best influence to keep their brothers at home by entertaining them so well that they shall not feel the inclination to visit saloons and other forbidden places.

"Red Rose" corrects the Wonder Column reporter for saying she cared for her invalid mother. There are two "Red Roses" in the question. The Schoolmistress has a valued correspondent of that name, who was the one mentioned in the picnic report, and who apologized—without the least reason—for the simplicity of her lunch, because she was housekeeper, her mother being an invalid. Miss Prudence and her assistants are all open to correction, but they must insist on their critics being "sure they are right, before they go ahead."

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I am a teacher of several years' experience, a compositor, and have recently taken a course in stenography; in addition to this I can do any kind of housework, and have an intimate acquaintance with our little one-eyed friend, the needle, so I think I shall be able to support myself should it ever become necessary for me to do so. I think every girl should be fitted to earn a living in some way, though I do not think she should go out into the world to make her own way, unless from necessity. I have so many favorite authors and books that it would make my letter too long to name them, but I hope to come again, if I may, and discuss them.—Em. T. Head.

Miss Prudence having met Em. T. Head at O. W. C. picnic, welcomes her to this department most cordially, and hopes she will come again very soon.

"Moxie" says:—"I most heartily congratulate Evelyn on her success in winning the essay prize. I believe in equal suffrage for the following reasons: Women have shown themselves to be the equal of men, intellectually, and, taken on an average, superior to men, morally. They have filled almost every station in life that has been filled by men; they have headed armies and managed the affairs of great nations. In some rare instances they have served as soldiers on the field, and their services in nursing the sick and wounded have been invaluable. They have done all this and more, without losing their claim to true womanliness, and I think they deserve the ballot. I did not intend making a speech when I commenced, so I will close."

"Fleur-de-lis" thanks Miss Prudence for an address which has led to a very interesting correspondence, and suggests the following designs for the Circle's badge. "I would favor a small silver anchor, symbolizing Hope, for are not the young people the Hope of the Nation? Across the bottom of it could be engraved our motto, and at the top the letters "M. G. R." With such a pretty badge, I am sure we would want to make our Circle a useful one, and why would it not be a good plan for each one of us to try to earn a 'mite' to devote to some good cause?"

In answer to "Wild Rose," a correspondent says: "I am twice your age, minus two years, but I hope Miss Prudence will excuse me for coming, for your letter brought to my mind many happy moments of the past, when my little class gathered around me, expectantly waiting for some thought to carry home with them. They care very little for the historical part of the lesson; give them some thought that will compare with their daily life, and the next Sunday will find them full of eagerness to tell what they have learned about it, and to ask new questions. Learn each one's disposition, not forgetting to go slow with the bashful ones, and ere long your efforts will be crowned by success.

"Hazel Eyes" comes in after a long absence to agree with "Little Blue Bell" concerning the badge, and the desirability of having the boys in the circle. She has been reading Roe's Opening of a Chestnut Burr, and waxes enthusiastic over his heroine. She says: "I have no patience with novels in which the heroine is represented as faultless in appearance and angelic in disposition; there can be no victory where there is no conflict, and I honor the girl who triumphs over her own weaknesses; she it is, who makes the home. Bravo, T. Totaler, I admire the boy who has courage to say "No." Please, School Teacher from Kentucky, what do you term "novels?"

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—It is true that spectators soon wish to become participants, and so an interested reader wishes to send you a line. I have been much interested in the Rounders choice of authors, and notice that some of who are comparatively unknown are the greatest favorites, which shows conclusively that merit, wherever found, must win. Kansas dry weather breeds dry ideas, but this I know and am persuaded, that the M. G. Rs. should take up some special line of study to develop the brain, which will soon control the government. I would suggest a motto, a badge and a subject for consideration be adopted to prevent dry and desultory letters, like this, for instance.—"Philosopher."

"Roy" says he neither smokes, chews, drinks nor swears. He is 18 years old, and has taught for two years, though he does not enjoy the work, and intends to change his occupation at the first opportunity. He gives the following interesting description of his home:

"My home is on the Mississippi river in the very shadow of great rugged picturesque bluffs that rise to perpendicular heights of 300 feet above the water. Great lotus fields wave their large yellow blossoms by the thousands in the still, shallow pools on the opposite bank, forming a great attraction for the passengers on the palatial river packets that daily ply to and fro past our city. This is a beautiful spot, and, if possible, I will never leave it. I have great ambitions, but see no way of realizing them, for a long time at least. Some of my productions have been printed, the first when I was but 14 years old. I see so many faults in my own work that I feel that I must bide my time, and 'get a little older.' I should like to correspond with 'Guess Who,' or any other who feels that there is yet an 'unturned sod in the literary field' awaiting their coming. Miss Prudence, may I come again?"—"Roy."

Will Settle It.

Tommy was an unruly youngster. When he was quite small he defied all efforts of his parents to bring him up, as the good book urges, in the way he should go. Only one thing proved effectual, and that was a threat to call the "bogie man."

At last Tommy reached the mature age of ten, and with his advancing years came increasing courage.

One night at dinner the young man's favorite pudding was served for dessert. It was very rich, and his mother had given him only a small portion. This soon disappeared, and Tommy promptly asked for more.

"No," said his mother; "once is enough for to-night."

"Why can't I have some more?" he whined.

"Because you might see the bogie man."

Tommy was silent. He was doing a tremendous thinking. "Well," he said, passing up his plate confidently, "let's have it. I may as well settle that bogie man story once for all."—Boston Budget.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

LITTLE TEASE.

By George Cooper

Hiding her grandmamma's knitting away,
Teaching the kittens their letters, in play,
Clambering up to the table and shelf,
Having a tea party all by herself,
Quite a minute, in mischief, no doubt,
Pulling the needles and thimbles about,

Sewing her apron, demure as you please;
Any one got such a dear little tease?

Printing her hands in the soft, tempting flour,
Tumbles and bumps twenty times in an hour;
Tangling the yarn and unraveling the lace,
Doing it all with the prettiest grace.
Mother is scolding her very bad girl,
Says that she sets the whole house in a whirl;
Looks at her pouting there, down at her knees,
Clasps to her heart again dear little tease.

NURSERIES FOR BABY BUGS.

By Olive Thorne.

You have seen how carefully a hen finds and cuddles her chickens, and perhaps you have been so happy as to see birds feed their nestful of little ones; but did you ever see ants and bees feed their babies?

You don't believe they do. That's only because you don't know anything about it. I can tell you that little insects, not so big as a grain of wheat, take as good care of their little ones as the fussy old hen; though they don't make so much noise about it. And, as they're afraid of you, they take good care to hide their babies away, and run—or fly—the minute they see you coming.

In the first place, most of these little mothers die before their babies come out of the egg; so they have to build the nursery, and prepare food for the baby, while it is still a tiny, tiny egg, often so little you can scarcely see it.

Perhaps you know that the baby of a butterfly, or a bug, is not a butterfly or a bug, like its mother, at first, but is a small worm or grub. Of course, it can't eat such food as its mother does; but the wise little mother knows just what it will like to eat, and works hard to lay up a good stock of food, as well as to get a roof over her baby. Some of the little mothers, however, don't care for a roof, and they merely hunt out the proper plant, that the grub will like, and glue the eggs to the leaf.

One kind of insect longs to put her babies safe into the warm stomach of a horse. A funny nursery, you think; but just the one for the gadfly baby. So she glues each egg to a hair of the horse; and she's very careful to fix it where he'll be sure to lick it off, on his shoulder or knee. When he takes them off with his tongue, they get into his mouth, and so they go down to his stomach. What a marvelous care for the little one is that.

There's one family of insects, I'm sorry to say, who get comfortable homes, and food for their babies, by stealing into nests that honest mothers have built. When the grubs are all hatched out, the little thief eats up all the rest.

Did you ever see a sand wasp? She is a very hard-working mother. She digs a hole in the hard sand, and actually drags to it a big caterpillar or spider, ever so much bigger than she is, which she has bitten in such a way that it is helpless. When she has it safely in the nest she lays her eggs on it, and then covers it up with dirt. When the grub comes out of the egg, there is a feast all ready for it.

Another of this wasp family, the Mason Wasp, having prepared her nursery, gathers about a dozen small grubs or worms, and packs them in alive for food for the baby. Perhaps you think that the grubs would eat up the egg; but the careful little mother looks out for that, and packs the grubs in coils or rings so tightly that they can't move.

If I had to be packed away in a cradle, to grow by myself, I'd rather have the bee mother do it. She provides no grubs or caterpillars for food, but delicious honey, which I should like better.

One of the coziest nurseries arranged by these little mothers is in a nut. She makes a hole in a green nut, hickory or chestnut, and packs the egg in, snug and warm. The grub hatches out and just feeds on the sweet nut, till you crack it open some day, and he crawls out. If the nut had been left to fall from the tree, he would have crept out and buried himself in the ground till his wings grew.

But not all the mothers die so soon as these. Some can take care of their babies themselves.

Some of the wasps not only give the baby a caterpillar to begin on, but every day or two they take a fresh one and put in the nursery, till the baby is grown.

Another little mother, the saw fly, sits on the leaf where her eggs are till they are hatched. Then she feeds them, and shelters them from the sun with her wings for five or six weeks, till they are grown up.

But the most attentive little bug mother is a field bug. She leads her troop of babies around as a hen leads her chickens, and she has 30 or 40 of them, too. But they are better behaved than chickens, and they keep close to their mother.

I'm afraid you think of spiders as cruel, fierce creatures, because you feel sorry for the buzzing flies they catch in their webs. But I hope you'll think better of them when I tell you that they are most affectionate mothers, and will allow themselves to be torn to pieces before they will abandon their babies.

One spider mother carries her eggs around in a white silk bag, as large as a pea. She never lays it down, and she will fight for it as long as she has life. When they are hatched they are tiny mites of spiders, not grubs, and they hang around their mother, climb on her back in crowds, cling to her long legs, even get on her head. She carries them about wherever she goes. Funny enough she looks, too. Why, she's worse off than the unfortunate old woman who lived in a shoe.

What would you think of thimble-shaped cradles for a bee baby? One little mother makes them in that shope. First she digs a place in dry ground, then makes one thimble, fills it with honey and pollen from the flowers, and puts one egg on it. Then she fits another thimble into that, just as you would slip one thimble into another, only they don't go in very far. The second one stops up the door of the first; so she goes on till she has half a dozen or so, and then she fills the hole with dirt.

Another very careful and thoughtful little mother bee wraps her babies in flannel, from the leaves of some trees, which are woolly. The wise men call her the clothier bee.

If you think that's a funny name, what do you think of carpenter bee, and mason bee? The carpenter cuts her baby house out of wood, and the mason builds hers with bricks, which she makes by glueing together grains of sand.

The gayest of all, however, is the nursery of the upholster bee. This neat little mother first makes a suitable hole in the ground, and carefully smooths the walls. Then she flies to some poppy, or rose bush, and selecting the brightest blossom she can find, always scarlet, she cuts out little round pieces of the gay flower, and with them completely lines her nursery. She puts two or three thicknesses, to make it warm.

I think this bee baby must belong to the royal family, with its dainty scarlet hangings, and delicate food of honey.

Don't think that the bees and wasps make all the cunning nurseries. There is a little beetle mother, who makes a pretty green tent for her baby. She makes it of a leaf, which she leaves hanging to the tree, so that every breeze will rock the cradle. And that baby eats its own tent up.

How do you suppose a little beetle would go to work to roll up a leaf ever so much larger than itself? It is a wonderful operation, and I'll tell you how it is. First she gnaws through the thick veins of the leaf in a good many places, so that it will be easy to roll. Then she fastens a row of threads, which she spins from her own body from one side to the other.

These threads, which are really ropes to her, she tightens, one by one, by pulling them with her feet. As she draws one a little nearer, she spins a shorter rope to hold it there. So she goes on shortening them more and more till she draws it completely over where she wants it.

Men, with all their wisdom, could find no better way to do that job than the humble little beetle takes.

If you ever notice leaves, and I hope you do for they're exquisitely beautiful, you have perhaps occasionally seen one with white, zigzag paths all over it. That is made by the tiny grub of a little moth. It is too dainty to eat the skin of a leaf—you know leaves have skins, don't you?—so it eats its way through the green part of the leaf. You can generally find the little miner curled up at the end of his long white path. But you'll have to look very sharp, for he's almost too little to see.

All the mothers I have told you about only take care of their own babies. How much more wonderful are the ways of tame bees and ants, who actually live in families, build immense houses, and devote their lives to bringing up the babies of all.

Wise men have spent lives in studying about them, and whole books have been written about each of them. It would take me a week to tell you all about them.

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHO WAS HE?

He was one of the most celebrated of English caricaturists, and was born in London, September 27, 1792. His father was a native of Aberdeenshire and the son of a person who had fought for Prince Charles Stuarrt at Culloden. He first thought of the stage as a profession, but some of his sketches attracted the notice of a publisher, who engaged him to illustrate children's books. When about 20 years of age he began his political caricatures, abandoning the style about 1824. Subsequently he devoted himself to oil painting, and among his last productions was "The Worship of Bacchus," exhibited to the Queen at Windsor in 1863. He died February 1, 1878.

"MARK TAPLEY."

2.—HIDDEN FLOWERS.

1. "Mr. Alpan, Sylvia and myself often play tennis."
2. "Give me a pin; Kate has torn my dress."
3. "I have frequent letters from Anna, but I long to see her."
4. "The torch I dare not carry."
5. "Is the new spire as high as the old one?"
6. "Madame Glaza leaves town to-night."
7. Jas. Miner was here to-day."
8. Miss Gill acts very well."

"PRIMROSE."

3.—PRINTER'S PI.

"Uoy nctona tge nghtiemso orf gitnohn; thu ti si revy yase ot teg hingotu rfo ntheisgom."

"CAPT. JINKS."

4.—COMBINATION METAGRAM.

I am the last name of the man who declined a bribe in these words: "I ma otn torhw anhgsrinpe; utb ushu sa I ma, hte nkig fo tegar tibarni si ont crhi unhgoe ot ybu em;" change my head, and I become successively an exploit, pasture, attention, recompense, strait, first cause and mourning apparel.

"SID."

5.—QUERY.

Who can describe the "bright career" of Phaethon?

"THE SCHOOLMISTRESS."

6.—QUOTATION.

Who wrote:
"A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing?"

"L."

Answers to Puzzles of August 23.

1. Claude Lorraine.
2.

NANKEEN
EXILE
WEW
Y
OHO
RIVER
KESWICK

3. Jack-a-napes.
4. Grouse, rouse, ouse, use, us, u.

Answer to Query of August 16, by "Pauline."

The law of Clan MacDuff was a privilege of immunity for homicide anciently enjoyed by those who could claim kindred with MacDuff, Earl of Fife, within the ninth degree. MacDuff's cross stood on the boundary between Fife and Strathearn, above Newburg, and any homicide possessed of the right of clanship, who could reach the cross, and who gave nine kye (cows) and a colpindash (a young cow) was free of the crime committed.

5. Thomas Carlyle wrote:
"Silence is deep as eternity,
Speech is shallow as time."

Chat.

"Helen" is banner puzzler for August; congratulations are in order.

"Pauline:"—You only lacked four counts to enable you to share the honors with the young lady from Missouri.

Belle N. Y.:—You were an excellent third.

"U. No. Hoo:"—Please take words that are more commonly used for your square; then send as many as you like.

"Esme Roy:"—Your list was very good; so were your puzzles.

Belle N. Y." gives us a little additional information concerning Croesus, who, she says, was assassinated 548 B. C., by order of Cambyses, son of Cyrus, King of Persia.

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THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CIN'TI.

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

CROSSES THE RIVER.

Death of Maj.-Gen. Nathaniel Prentiss Banks.

Waltham, Mass., Sept. 1.—Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks died at his home on Main street, this city, shortly before 8 o'clock this morning from brain trouble, after a long illness. For nearly two years the general has been a sufferer, but he was not taken seriously ill until about two weeks ago.

He began to sink rapidly, and at 6 o'clock last evening it was evident that the end was fast approaching. Mrs. Banks, with the general's daughter, Maud, and his niece, Miss Sybil Banks, were at his bedside constantly until his death. At midnight the general became unconscious, and he slowly lost his strength until the hour of his death. The end came very quietly, and those gathered about the bed of the dying general were hardly aware when he passed away.

NATHANIEL P. BANKS.
(From a War-time Photograph.)

In the death of Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks there passes away the quaint figure of a man whose public career extends over nearly a half a century and who even as late as 1891 when he had long passed the alloted threescore years and ten was to be seen occupying a public position with credit to himself. The name of N. P. Banks was conspicuous long before the war as one of the founders of the Free Soil party as their leader in the national Congress where he was speaker of the House of Representatives, and then as a distinguished governor of Massachusetts. He retired from public life in 1860 and went into the railroad business only to assume the stars of a major general of volunteers. His distinguished war service is known to all veterans, and his long service in Congress after the war is still familiar to those who follow political events. General Banks was one of the great national characters before the war, during the war and in re-construction days.

Nathaniel Prentiss Banks was born in Waltham, Mass., January 30, 1816, and was in his 79th year. He worked while a boy as a hand in a cotton factory, but educated himself by careful study at night. He soon acquired a good education, became a speaker at local public meetings, and editor of a weekly paper. In 1849 he was elected to the Massachusetts legislature and in the same year admitted to the bar. In 1851 he was elected speaker of the Massachusetts House and became prominent all over New England as an advocate of coalition between the Democrats and free soilers by which the Whig party was overthrown in Massachusetts.

In 1852 he was elected to the national House of Representatives and became at once one of the leaders on the floor of the House of the Republicans and free soilers, openly breaking with the Democrats. In 1853 General Banks served as president of the Massachusetts Constitutional convention. In 1854 he was re-elected to Congress, and in December, 1855, was elected speaker by the Republicans Free Soilers and Know Nothings.

"Speaker Banks was re-elected to Congress in 1856, but did not take his seat, as he was elected governor of Massachusetts in 1857, and re-elected in 1858 and 1859. He declined to run a fourth time in 1860, and accepted the presidency of the Illinois Central railroad to succeed George B. McClellan, intending to retire from public life. But the call to arms in 1861 touched Banks, the patriot, and he responded with a tender of his services to the governor of Massachusetts. He received at once a commission as major-general of volunteers, being assigned to the Fifth Army Corps of the Army of the Potomac. He commanded first on the Upper Peninsula and afterwards in the Valley of the Shenandoah. His troops fought with success at Winchester, March 23, 1862. On May 24, he was attacked at Strasburg by Stonewall Jackson, and forced to move back to the Potomac. He commanded a corps successfully at the battle of Cedar Mountain, and afterwards was assigned to command the force sat the city of Washington.

In December, 1862, he succeded Gen. Butler in command of the city of New Orleans and Department of the Gulf. In the spring of 1864 he made an uncussessful expedition up the Red River, and in May was relieved of his command. In 1864 he was re-elected to Congress from his old district, and was re-elected in 1866, 1868, 1870 and 1874. His service in the House was distinguished, and he was for many years chairman of the committee on foreign affairs. In 1872 he joined the Liberal Republicans, and supported Greely for President, being defeated for Congress on that issue. He got back into line, and was re-elected to Congress in 1874. He retired from Congress March 4, 1877, and shortly afterwards was appointed United States marshal for Massachusetts, which position he held until President Cleveland went in in 1885.

In 1888 Gen. Banks was nominated and elected to the Fifty-first Congress in a Democratic district, defeating that other veteran and his old comrade, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. He permanently retired from public life on March 4, 1891. Gen. Banks was in the public service almost continuously for 45 years, of which eighteen years were spent in Congress.

THE K. OF P. ELECTION.

An Ohio Man in the Highest Position.

Washington, Aug. 30.—The supreme lodge of Knights of Pythias elected officers to-day to serve until the next biennial conclave. They are: Supreme chancellor, Walter B. Richie, of Ohio; supreme vice-chancellor, Philip T. Colgrove, of Michigan; supreme prelate, Albert Steinhart, of Greenville, Ala.; master of exchequer, Thomas G. Sample, of Allegheny City, Pa.; supreme keeper of record and seal, R. L. C. White, of Nashville, Tenn.; supreme master at arms, A. B. Gardiner, of New York; supreme inner guard, Jas. Moulton, of New Brunswick; supreme outer guard, John W. Thompson, of Washington, D. C.; president of the board of control, John A. Hinzy, of Chicago.

PROMINENT NORTH DAKOTA MAN

Charged With Wife Murder and Embezzlement.

Arlington, Col., Sept. 3.—Myron R. Kent, formerly a prominent real estate and insurance man of Mandan, N. D., was arrested here to-day by Walter Ehrlickman, a Minneapolis detective.

Kent is charged with complicity in the murder of his wife, March 12, 1894, also embezzlement and forgery. He went under the name of J. C. Pope, and worked on the railroad as a section hand.

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD DEAD.

The Passing Away of Iowa's Venerable War Governor.

Iowa City, Sept. 3.—Iowa's most prominent citizen, the famous war governor, Samuel J. Kirdwood, is dead. With no illness preceding, without a pang of suffering, he passed away Saturday afternoon, just as he would fall into a sleep. No disease had attacked him; old age simply claimed him with gentle hands. He would have been 81 years old next December and would then have completed forty years' residence in Iowa, during all of which time, save the first year, he has been a central figure in public life.

Samuel Jordon Kirkwood was born in Maryland, December 20, 1813; was raised on a farm, educated in a log schoolhouse, and afterwards clerked in a drug store in Washington, D. C. By his industry he acquired a legal education, and, moving to Ohio, he attained early prominence, but soon drifted into politics, being finally elected a member of the Ohio constitutional convention. After twelve years' residence in Ohio, he moved to Iowa and settled down to milling, having decided to give up professional life. A year later, in 1856, he was chosen to the state senate.

In 1859 he was nominated by the Whigs for governor against Gen. A. C. Dodge. Prior to this Kirkwood had been a Democrat, but slavery extension drove him out of the party.

His election was by a decisive majority, but when he took the governor's chair the rebellion stared him in the face. From the first he took an uncompromising stand for the Union, and in the four years, or two terms, he served he won the fame that will always attach to his name. In the darkest days, when soldiers were needed, he pledged his own fortune and those of relatives to raise means to equip Iowa forces. One of the noble band of war governors, he was soon appreciated and greatly trusted by Lincoln. He was idolized by Iowa soldiers, and labored incessantly to relieve their wants.

From the governor's chair he went to the national Senate, where his practical speeches had great weight. His addresses in that body and his gubernatorial messages form a rare collection of state papers. From the Senate he returned to private life, but in 1875 the unprecedented honor of a third nomination for governor came to him, and he had a great majority. Again he was elected United States senator, only to be chosen, soon after he had taken his seat, as Garfield's secretary of the interior.

In every position—and he held many of importance in addition to those above named—he was noted for painstaking attention to duty and for intense honesty and integrity. "Honest old Sam Kirkwood" was his familiar sobriquet.

SIX NEGROES LYNCHED

By Indignant Citizens of Northern Tennessee.

Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 1.—News comes this morning of the lynching of six negroes in the northern part of the county, two miles west of Millington, a village on the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad. For a year or more the people of that part of the country have been kept in a continual excitement by acts of incendiarism. Barns and dwellings have been burned, and recently the buildings on the Millington fair grounds were destroyed.

Suspicion pointed to Dan Hawkins, Robert Haynes, Warner Williams, Ed Hall, John Hayes and Graham White, and yesterday they were arrested near Kerryville, in the western part of the county, by Deputy Sheriff Richardson. Later in the day Richardson started with his prisoners in a wagon for Millington, where they were to have a preliminary examination before a magistrate. The six negroes were chained together. About midnight, when the party was nearing Millington, it was stopped by a mob of 50 men armed with shotguns, who killed all the prisoners, and then remounting their horses, which were tied near by, rode away in the darkness.

The lynchers were not masked, but the officer being new to that part of the country recognized none of them. An inquest was held on the bodies this morning, and the jury, which included two negroes, found that the prisoners had come to their death in the manner stated "at the hands of persons unknown." The new sheriff of the county, who enters upon his office to-day, will take the matter in hand promptly and vigorously.

Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 3.—Criminal Court Judge L. P. Cooper is determined to punish the members of the mob who lynched six alleged negro incendiaries near Millington, Tenn., Friday night. Four more men were arrested on bench warrants yesterday, charged with complicity in the lynching. Their names are J. D. Laxton, E. N. Atkinson, J. W. Walker and W. G. Thompson. From facts brought out it appears that Detective Richardson knew that an attack would be made to lynch the prisoners, and deliberately led them into the hands of the mob.

AN EXTRAORDINARY PLANT

On Exhibition at the Missouri Botanical Garden.

St. Louis, Sept. 1.—A specimen of the rare and fragrant plant known to botanists as Victoria Regina, or the royal lily of the Amazons, has been in bloom this week at the Missouri botanical garden. The flower blooms only two nights in succession; on the third it makes an ineffectual effort to unfold its petals and sinks under water to become a seed-pod. On the first night the petals are pure white, but change the next night to pink or light crimson and exhale a most fragrant perfume.

This species of waterlily has a very heavy broad leaf, sometimes six feet in diameter, and capable of sustaining a man's weight. The plant at Shaw's garden bloomed on Wednesday and Thursday nights and sank from view last night.

ARE ALL BEHIND THE BARS,

Except a Little Twelve-Year-Old Girl, Who is Alone.

Boston, Sept. 1.—To-night a twelve-year-old girl is the only member of a family, which up to five months ago stood high in the social world, that is not behind prison bars. She called at police headquarters late this evening to get tidings of her mother, Mrs. Adelbert O. Brewster, and learned that she had during the afternoon been arrested on the charge of robbing a man of his watch, and her brother, a short time after, had also been placed behind the bars on a charge of larceny from his employers.

The father, Adelbert O. Brewster, was a prominent business man up to a few months ago, when the business community was shocked by his commitment to prison for eight years for forgery.

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION

Of the Men Who Sell and Make Supplies for Plumbers.

Chicago, Sept. 4.—The dealers and manufacturers in plumbing supplies are holding a meeting in this city for the purpose of reorganizing the National association. The association became extinct two years ago on account of the failure of the members to adhere to the price schedules.

John Walker, of Detroit, presided at yesterday's meeting. It was informally decided to organize and to-day the committee on constitution and by-laws will report and the officers will be elected. Delegates prominent in the plumbing business are present from Detroit, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis and other cities.

QUARANTINE AGAINST OKLAHOMA

Proclamation Issued by Governor Waite, of Colorado.

Denver, Sept. 3.—Gov. Waite has issued a quarantine proclamation against Oklahoma on account of the discovery that New Mexican herders, who were barred from driving their herds into Colorado, under the quarantine established a month ago, were driving them into the strip with the intention of entering Colorado from that territory. New Mexico will probably retaliate with a quarantine against Colorado sheep.

THE BRECKINRIDGE CONTEST.

Breckinridge, Owens and Settle Sized Up.

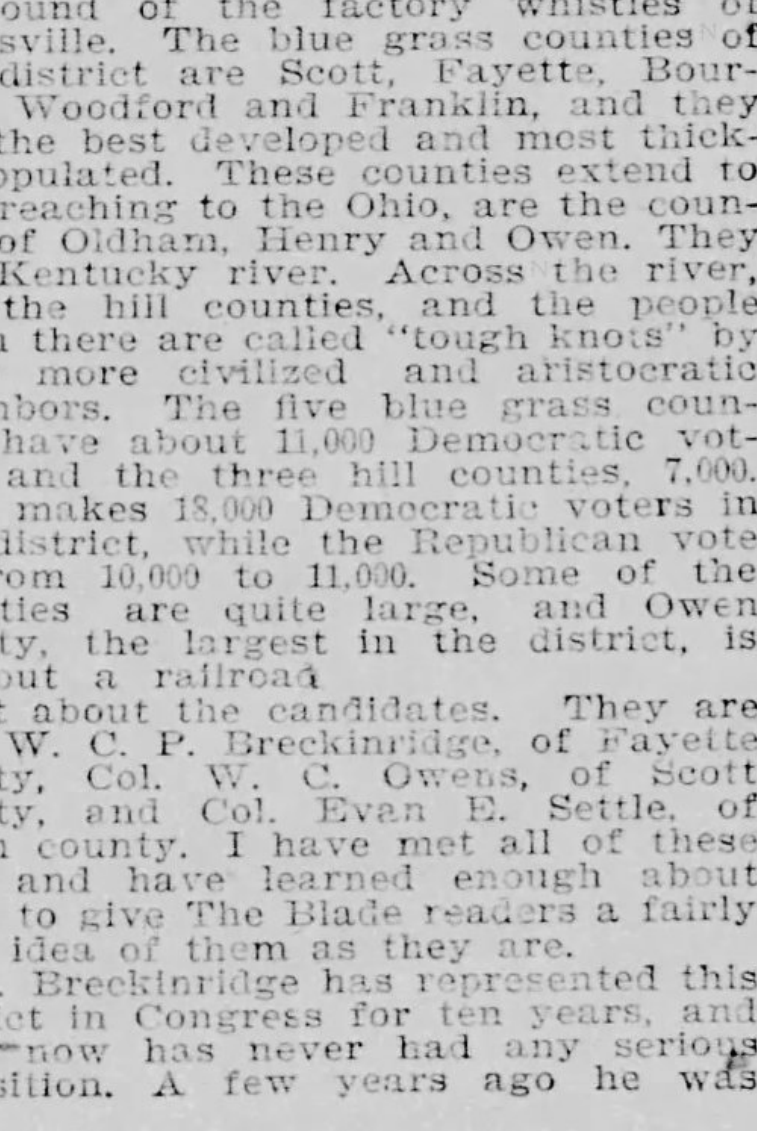
Lexington, Ky., Sept. 1.—"Here are your papers! All about Breckinridge and Owens!" This is the cry heard here morning and evening. There is no variation. This week is no exception, even though the great Lexington fair is on and the famous trotters of this blue grass country are winning heavy purses and new laurels. Politics not only permeates but overshadows everything. It is the only thing talked about in the lobbies of the hotels, on the street corners, in the office and store, and in the home.

This is the Seventh Kentucky district, and is composed of the counties of Fayette, Scott, Bourbon, Woodford, Franklin, Oldham, Henry and Owen. The district is of the shoe-string variety, and extends from the center of the state northwest to the Ohio river, and within sound of the factory whistles of Louisville. The blue grass counties of the district are Scott, Fayette, Bourbon, Woodford and Franklin, and they are the best developed and most thickly populated. These counties extend to and reaching to the Ohio, are the counties of Oldham, Henry and Owen. They the Kentucky river. Across the river, are the hill counties, and the people down there are called "tough knots" by their more civilized and aristocratic neighbors. The five blue grass counties have about 11,000 Democratic voters, and the three hill counties, 7,000. This makes 18,000 Democratic voters in the district, while the Republican vote is from 10,000 to 11,000. Some of the counties are quite large, and Owen county, the largest in the district, is without a railroad.

HON .W. C. OWENS.

But about the candidates. They are Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Fayette county, Col. W. C. Owens, of Scott county, and Col. Evan E. Settle, of Owen county. I have met all of these men and have learned enough about them to give The Blade readers a fairly good idea of them as they are.

Col. Breckinridge has represented this district in Congress for ten years, and until now has never had any serious opposition. A few years ago he was opposed for the nomination by Col. Swope, one of the principals in the Swope-Goodloe tragedy. Swope was considered a strong man and popular with the people and he went into the campaign with all the vigor for which he was noted. But in the primaries his vote was 7,000 less than that of Breckinridge. This is about the only opposition Mr. Breckinridge has had since he first went to Congress. Mr. Breckinridge is now about 55 years old and although his hair and beard are white he is a well preserved man and one who has evidently taken good care of himself. His eye is as bright and clear as a youth of 20, and even now when the most bitter condemnation is visited upon him he seems bubbling over with good spirits.


HON. EVAN SETTLE.

Col. Owens is an attractive man. Some say he is a cold man, but he is not. He is the kind of man you like to meet. He impresses you as not only being a manly fellow, but a gentleman with an unusual amount of reserve force. You have confidence in his being able to accomplish almost anything he undertakes to do. He is a fine specimen of physical manhood, standing six feet three, with a great breadth of shoulders and a big head. He has an eye which is not afraid to meet yours, and a hand-clasp which shows him to be a good campaigner. You would stake your reputation on his being an honest man, and everybody says he is honest. He is 44 years of age and unmarried. For 22 years he has been the leader of the Scott county bar, and Georgetown, his home. has an Owens card on every man you capacity of either Breckinridge or Owens, but in this campaign he is making a better speech than either, because it is free from abuse. He makes a speech that men like to listen to and he makes a good appearance on the stump.

W. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

It is claimed that Mr. Settle is at his best when he appears before a hostile audience and if he is interrupted he takes the bit in his teeth and goes and they can't stop him. The followers of the other candidates like Evan Settle but they will not vote for him because they do not believe him big enough for the district.

GEN. BUNDY'S FIRST ORDER.

He Also Announces the Appointment of His Staff.

Cincinnati, Sept. 4.—Commander-in-Chief W. A. Bundy, of the National Sons of Veterans, issued his first general order naming his staff of officers as follows:

Adjutant general, H. V. Spillman, Coalton, O.; inspector general, Albert C. Blairsdell, Lowell, Mass.; judge advocate general, C. W. Harrington, Kansas; surgeon general, R. Waldon Young, Seattle, Wash.; chaplain-in-chief, Rev. W. J. Patton, Milwaukee, Wis.

General Bundy has established headquarters in this city.

HAS JOINED THE REPUBLICANS.

A Prominent Kentucky Democrat Turns Over.

Lexington, Ky., Aug. 31.—Col. O. C. Bowles, of Pikeville, Pike county, the leading Democrat of the mountain region of Kentucky, has announced that he will hereafter affiliate with the Republicans. His section is largely interested in lumber, coal and iron, and he takes issues with his old party on its tariff policy toward these products.

Col. Bowles will take the stump for N. T. Hopkins, Republican candidate for Congress in the Tenth district.

Hopkins and Bowles were opposing candidates for the legislature last year, the former winning. Bowles's name has been favorably discussed in connection with the Democratic nomination for governor next year.

EFFECT OF THE GORMAN LAW.

The Beet Sugar Industry Wiped Out.

Omaha, Neb., Aug. 31.—The dire results of the new tariff law are beginning to be felt in Nebraska already, and there is considerable alarm manifested. J. G. Hamilton, secretary of the Norfolk Beet Sugar company, arrived in Omaha this forenoon on his way home from the East. He has spent several months in Washington and New York in company with Henry I. Oxnard, president of the Grand Island and Norfolk companies, and was in Washington during the whole of the tariff fight. Messrs. Hamilton and Oxnard labored incessantly to save the Nebraska factories from the general wreck, but the Sugar Trust was too powerful a factor in the contest. He takes a gloomy outlook for the beet sugar industry in Nebraska, and believes unless the policy of the government is changed the Nebraska factories will be compelled to go out of existence in another year.

"Under the new tariff bill, passed at the dictation of the Sugar Trust," said Mr. Hamilton, "we are practically ruined in Nebraska. We started out five years ago with the intention of building ten sugar factories in Nebraska and California. We have built three, and instead of building more, may be compelled to abandon those already in operation at Chino, Grand Island and Norfolk. Under the operations of the McKinley tariff law our factories were slowly but surely gaining the confidence of the farmers of Nebrasga. We were paying $5 a ton for beets, and at this figure farmers were raising beets at a liberal profit. They were begining to become enthusiastic over beet culture. As a proof of this assertion I have only to cite you to the fact that the first year we commenced operations in Norfolk the farmers raised but 200 acres of beets. Last year they raised 900 acres, while this year they have a crop of 4,200 acres, and we were compelled to close our contract books last April because more beets were likely to be raised than we could well take care of.

"Under the new tariff bill we cannot pay more than $4 a ton for beets delivered at the factory. We make contracts during the months of October and November. We shall send out circular letters at once making a frank statement of our situation, giving accurate figures representing the loss we will sustain, and ask the beet raisers to sustain just one-half of that loss. In other words, in order to run the factory on the new basis we should have to purchase beets at $4 a ton. We are willing, however, to divide the loss.

"No one not intimately acquainted with the beet sugar industry is in a position to realize the full extent of the bargain between the United States Senate and the sugar trust. Here is one phase of the deal: Under the new law raw sugar is taxed at the rate of 1 1-4 cents a pound and the bounty taken off. That means the sugar producers of the United States are deprived of the bounty and those of Germany and France are compelled to pay a tax. The sugar producers of the Hawaiian Islands, however, have the privilege of bringing their sugar to the United States free under the reciprocity treaty. The Hawaiian factories are entirely owned by the sugar trust and if required to pay the tax would have to pay the government between $5,000,000 and $6,000,000 on this year's product alone. The reciprocity provision, therefore, makes the sugar trust a gift of this amount of money.

"Nebraska is just beginning to realize the importance of the sugar industry in this state. The people around Norfolk already realize it. Last year we paid out $8,000 for wages in our factory during the 70 days we were operating. We paid out $126,000 for beets to farmers. The workers in the beet fields were paid $1,400 a day for the season. All of this money was spent in Norfolk.

"If we can induce the farmers to raise the beets in sufficient quantity at $4 a ton to run our factories we shall continue in business till the Republican party returns to power, which I firmly believe it will do in 1896. If we can not, we shall quit entirely at the close of the run in the fall of 1892."

SOMETHING WONDERFUL.

Message Carried in an Air Line by the Sun.

Denver, Sept. 4.—The sun yesterday carried a message from the top of the Equitable building to the summit of Pike's Peak, 66 miles in an air line. It was a remarkable feat in heliograph signalling, but its success was fully up to expectations.

Several days ago Sergeants McGlone, Coughlin and Bissell left Denver for Pike's Peak to make the experiment. This is a message which was flashed from the top of the snow-covered Pike:

"Pike's Peak, Sept. 3.

"Capt. Glassrod, Denver:

"We greet you via sunbeam. Arrived at 4 p. m. yesterday; snow storm prevented our opening station.

(Signed) "M'GLONE."

Experiments will be continued at certain hours for three days of this week, at the end of which the signal men will start for their attempt to flash a message from Mount Uncompahgre to Mount Ellen, 183 miles.

The flashes of the mirrors on Pike's Peak could be distinctly seen by the naked eye during the transmission of the message. The Peak was first called from the Denver end of the line, and within five minutes after the operators began their work the responsive flash telling that Pike's Peak was ready to talk was signalled. Capt. Glassrod expressed himself as delighted with the result of the trial.

An interesting feature of the work is that neither of the operating parties had the slightest idea of the message that was to be transmitted. Telescopes are used in focusing the flash, but after the field operations are located the work is done by the use of the mirror and screen.

A RAGING TORRENT

Sweeps on the Town of Uvalde, Texas.

Uvalde, Tex., Sept. 1.—A terrible catastrophe befell this thriving town Thursday night, and to-day there is mourning in many households. The calamity was entirely unexpected. The treacherous Leona river, swollen to a raging torrent by recent rains, rushed without a moment's warning down upon the town, submerging and wrecking many houses and drowning a number of people. In this arid section such destructiveness by the elements has never before been known.

A rough estimate of the loss to property in general and the railroad company will as far as known reach a million and a half dollars.

BUTLER HAD PULLED OUT,

And Governor Tillman Will Probably be United States Senator.

Columbia, S. C., Aug. 29.—Returns from all over the state indicate that only about a two-thirds vote was polled in the primary election yesterday. The anti-Tillmanites generally refrained from voting. Tillman carries every county with the exception of Charleston, Richland and Sumter, and probably one other.

The legislature will be overwhelmingly for Tillman for United States Senator, insuring Senator Butler's defeat. The Conservatives will probably run an independent ticket at the general election in November, and that will be Butler's only hope of capturing the legislature. The election was generally quiet.

Ohio's Oldest Lawyer Dead.

McConnelsville, O., Sept. 1.—Thusday evening at 11 o'clock Judge J. E. Hanna died of heart failure at his home here, after an illness of but two hours. During the day he had been on the streets, and weas in his usual health. Judge Hanna was the oldest attoreney in Ohio, having been admitted to the bar in 1825, when but 19 years of age.

Texas Republicans Nominate.

Dallas, Aug. 30.—The Republican state convention to-day nominated the following state ticket: W. K. Makeson, governor; R. B. Renfrow, lieutenant governor; A. H. Colwell, superintendent of education; J. M. Hurley, attorney general, and C. A. Tomlinson, comptroller.

WASHINGTON.

FACTS FOR THE FARMER.

Some Interesting Statistics From the Census Bureau.

Washington, Aug. 31.—The census office gave to the public yesterday the principal results of the investigation of farmer home proprietorship in all of the states and territories. This is the first investigation of the kind ever conducted in any country. Of the 12,690,152 families in the whole country, almost 48 per cent own their farms and homes, and the rest hire. Of the families owning farms and homes, almost 28 per cent have incumbrances, and over 72 per cent have no incumbrance. The number of resident owners of land in the United States is 6,066,417, to which must be added any land owners who may be living in tenant families.

Number of Farm Families.

The farm families number 4,676,179, of which 66 per cent own their farms and the others hire. Of the owning families over 28 per cent have incumbrance on their farms. In 1880, 25.56 per cent of the farms were hired.

In the cities that contain over 100,000 population, there are 1,948,834 home families, of which almost 23 per cent cent own and 77 per cent hire, while of the owning families, 38 per cent own subject to incumbrance. Among the cities having 100,000 population and over, New York has the highest per centage of home tenancy, nearly 93.67; Boston is next, with 81.57 per cent; Brooklyn third, with 81.44 per cent; Jersey City fourth, with 81.20 per cent, and Cincinnati fifth, with 80.82 per cent.

The per centage for Baltimore is 73.94; Buffalo, 60.03; Chicago, 71.27; Cleveland, 60.90; Denver, 70.89; Minneapolis, 68.86; New Orleans, 78.51; Philadelphia, 77.24; St. Louis, 79.58; St. Paul, 59.80; San Francisco, 78.46, and Washington, D. C., 74.80. The smallest per cent, 56 represents Rochester, N. Y.

Bringing the urban population into contrast with the non-urban population, almost 44 per cent of 4,224,560 home families living outside of cities and towns of 8,000 people, own their homes and 56 per cent hire. Of the owning families, 77 per cent own without incumbrance.

Of Incumbered Farms.

The value of the 1, 696,890 incumbered farms and homes is $5,687,256,069, and the incumbrances aggregate $2,132,949,563, or 37.50 per cent of the value.

Of the incumbrance on farms and homes, over 22 per cent bears interest at rates less than six per cent, 34 per cent at the rate greater than 6 per cent, and 11 per cent at rates greater than 8 per cent. The average of value of each owned and incumbered farm in the United States is $3,444; of each incumbered home, $3,250, and the average incumbrance on each of the farms is $1,224, on each incumbered home, $1,293.

The 886,957 farms subject to incumbrance are worth $3,054,923,165, and the incumbrance is $1,085,995,960, or 35.55 per cent of the value. The 809,933 homes subject to incumbrance are valued at $22,632,374,904, and the incumbrance is $1,046,953 of the value.

The cities of 8,000 to 100,000 population have 214,613 incumbered homes occupied by owners, worth $739,846,087, with an incumbrance amounting to $292,611,974, which is 39.55 per cent of the value.

In the cities of 100,000 population and over, the value of the 168,159 incumbered homes occupied by owners is $934,191,811, and these homes are incumbered for $393,029,833, or for 42.07 per cent of their value.

Outside of Cities and Towns.

In the country outside of cities and towns of 8,000 people and over, the value of the 427,161 incumbered homes occupied by owners is $958,337,606, and the incumbrance is $361,311,796, or 37.70 per cent of the value.

In the cities having at least 100,000 population, $5,555 represents the average value of each owned and incumbered home. New York has the highest value—$19,200; San Francisco second, with $7,993; Brooklyn third, with $7,849; Omaha fourth, with $7,179, and Washington fifth, with $7,054. The annual interest charge on each owned and incumbered home in these cities is $134. The highest amount being $438 in New York, and the lowest amount $33, in Louisville. Denver has the highest average rate of interest on the incumbrance on owned and incumbered homes, namely 7.87 per cent, and New Orleans is second with 7.86 per cent; New York has the lowest rate, 4.95 per cent, and Boston stands next with 5.14 per cent.

Over 74 per cent of the incumbrance on owned farms was incurred in buying real estate and making improvements, and over 83 per cent of the incumbrance was for the purpose of buying and improving real estate, investing in business, etc. Over 81 per cent of the incumbrance on homes was incurred to secure the purchase money and to make improvements.

AGAINST THE ALCOHOL SCHEDULE

Manufacturing Pharmacists Think That It is Wrong.

Washington, Aug. 31.—Charles A. Cotterill, representing Parke, Davis & Co., of Detroit, said to be the largest general manufacturing pharmacists in the world, had a conference with the Treasury officials to-day in regard to the section of the new tariff act exempting from tax all alcohol used for medicinal purposes. Although very large users of alcohol this firm is strongly opposed to this provision in the new act. One of their principal objections is that they claim it would open the door for the sale of numberless inert, worthless or harmful compounds miscalled medicines. They contend that manufacturing druggists throughout the country should constantly strive to elevate and purify pharmacy, and as a means to this end should do all in their power to discourage the manufacture and sale of quack compounds of every character. This new provision, it is asserted, would result in flooding the country with preparations that would certainly prove a menace to the lives and health of thousands, particularly of the poorer classes to whom they would be sold.

SENATOR VOORHEES' HEALTH.

It is Feared That He Will Not Permanently Recover.

Washington, Aug. 30.—Senator Voorhees's health is again in a serious condition. He was at his committee-room one day last week, and his friends had begun to take a hopeful view of his case. But it has been learned that he had a relapse late in the week and took to his bed again. He has been told by his physicians that he cannot enter the campaign in Indiana this fall. This is a great disappointment to the Senator personally, and is regretted very much by the Democratic leaders, who had hoped to have him make four speeches at least.

It was proposed that Senator Voorhees should reply to ex-President Harrison, who, it is understood, will make at least three speeches for the Republicans. Senator Voorhees had hoped to speak at Terre Heaute, Ft. Wayne, Indianapolis, and, if possible, also at Vincennes and Evansville. He insists that he will yet raise his voice before the fall campaign closes, but in face of the protest of his physicians, the Democratic managers have decided that his dates will, in all probability, have to be declared off.

Senator Voorhees's general health, instead of improving, seems to be steadily declining, and, because of his advanced age, little hope is held out of a permanent recovery. He will go to some health resort as soon as he is able to travel.

THE SALT SCHEDULE.

Coverings in Which It Is Admitted Must Pay Duty.

Washington, Aug. 30.—Secretary Carlisle has issued a circular to all collectors of customs calling attention to paragraph 608 of the new tariff act, which admits salt free of duty, but provides that the coverings in which it is imported shall pay the same rate of duty as if imported separately; and, furter,, "that if salt is imported from any country, whether independent of independency which imposes a duty upon salt exported from the United States, then there shall be levied, paid and collected upon such salt the rate of duty existing prior to the passage of this act."

The secretary furnishes a list of such cases, which impose a duty on salt, and therefore salt imported into the United States from those countries will pay the duty of eight cents per one hundred pounds. The principal countries imposing a salt duty are Canada, Austria, Argentine, Brazil, France, Germany, Mexico, Russia, Australian provinces and Spain.

WHEAT AS ANIMAL FOOD.

Bulletin Issued by Chief D. E. Sampson.

Washington, Aug. 29.—A bulletin on wheat as animal food has been issued by the Agricultural department. It was compiled by Mr. D. E. Salmon, chief of the animal industry bureau of the department, and is in response to inquiries as to the value of wheat for growing and fattening animals, suggested by the important change in the comparative prices of wheat, corn and oats. The bulletin advocates the use of screenings and imperfect wheat as animal food, and the placing of only the best wheat on the market. A statistical table the near approach chemically to 26.6 pounds of wheat to the German standard ration for growing cattle from six to twelve months of age, and the fact that 33 1-3 pounds of wheat, comes nearer the feeding standard for fattening cattle than does the same quantity of corn. Equal parts of wheat and corn should, however, prove better for fattening animals than either of those grains alone. For growing animals corn is plainly not so suitable as is wheat or oats. "When wheat and corn are the same price per bushel," says the bulletin, "it is preferable to feed wheat and sell corn. First, because wheat weighs 7 per cent heavier per bushel than corn; secondly, because wheat is weight for weight an equallygood grain for fattening animals, and better for growing animals; and thirdly, because there is much less value in fertilizing elements received from corn than wheat. Wheat should first be fed in small quantities, and when possible, be mixed with some other grain, and care taken to prevent any one animal from getting more than the quantity intended for it. Precautions are especially necessary when wheat is fed to horses."

The best form in which to feed wheat is to roll or grind into a coarse meal. From Canadian experiments it appears that wheat exceeds corn in feeding value, while in South Dakota corn was found to exceed wheat.

FOURTH-CLASS POSTMASTERS

Get More Power and Emoluments From Their Offices.

Washington, Aug. 30.—Hereafter the fourth class postmasters will have another source of revenue to add to the many that now holds in the smaller settlements. He now can act as a notary public for pensioners and witnesses in pension cases only, and can charge the pensioner not exceeding twenty-five cents for each voucher to which he affixes the seal of his office. The new authority and emoluments in the village postmaster sprung from an act approved on the 23rd inst., which "requires, empowers, and authorizes" them to "administer any and all oaths required to be made by pensioners and their witnesses in the execution of their vouchers with like effect, and force as officers having a seal, and such postmaster shall affix the stamp of his office to his signature to such vouchers."

The law includes all manner of pension cases in which an oath is required, including vouchers for the regular quarterly payments. This authority to the fourth class postmasters does not mean that a notary who has heretofore taken pensioners depositions can do so no longer; on the contrary it is stipulated expressly that they may do so. The law was passed at the instance of Congressmen representing country districts which are but sparsely settled, and is to save travel on the part of pensioners. The pension office is anxious that they should have notice of the changed conditions made by the law.

FLAX CULTURE IN SILESIA.

What Frederick Opp, Consul at Breslau, Germany, Says About It.

Washington, Aug. 30.—Frederick Opp, consul at Breslau, Germany, has written the state departmnet a short report upon flax culture in Silesia. The prices of flax have been good up to this year, when it became known that there were large harvests in Russia, and this caused a falling off.

He says that hard labor necessarily enters largely into flax-growing, and only small farmers engage in it as the large farmers who heretofore did a great deal in this line have found more profit in sugar beets. In Russia labor is very cheap and that country is now becoming a formidable rival of Germany in the production of flax.

HAD TO TURN BACK.

Visiting Knights of Pythias Met the Fate of Coxey.

Washington, Aug. 30.—Some of the visiting Knights of Pythias brass bands have found themselves the victims of the same law that Coxey ran contrary to on May 1 last, when he attempted to enter the capitol grounds. Nothing like a parade is allowed to enter the capitol grounds except on inauguration day or by special permission, and the bands which have gaily approached with drums beating and wind instruments blowing have found the way barred by a capitol policeman and have been turned back.

AFTER NOVEMBER FIRST

Senator Ransom and His Committee Will Go West.

Washington, August 31.—Senator Ransom, chairman of the Senate committee on commerce leaves for North Carolina to-day to take part in the campaign. The legislature to be elected this fall has two United States senators to choose by reason of the expiration of Senator Ransom's term and Senator Jarvis having been chosen by the governor to serve until the legislature can elect to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Vance. After the election in November the commerce committee will visit the Pacific coast to decide on a deep water harbor to be improved.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50 cent bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

FOREIGN.

THE JAPS DEFEATED.

Reported Chinese-Japanese Battle on August 13.

Shanghai, Aug. 29.—The native press has received confirmation of the reported battle fought between the Chinese and Japanese troops on August 13. According to these reports 5,000 Chinese troops of all arms attacked the Japanese forces, which had been detailed to guard the Ping-Nang passes in the northwest of Korea, and eventually succeeded in driving the Japanese from their positions.

It is added that a large number of Koreans flocked to the Chinese standard, begging for arms and asking for permission to form the advance guard of the Chinese force moving against the Japanese.

On August 14, still according to the reports received by the native press, the Chinese were reinforced by 4,000 troops from Yi-Chow, and on the day following they attacked the Japanese lines at Chung-Ho with the result that the Japanese retreated. On August 16 the Chinese army was, the reports say, further reinforced by 13,000 fresh troops, and on August 17 they attacked the Japanese who are said to have lost 4,000 men and their heavy baggage.

The Chinese, on August 18, advanced to Huang-Chow, and passing too near the Tatung river, where 13 Japanese war ships were attacked by the Japanese who opened fire upon them with the ships guns and inflicted a loss of several hundred men upon the Chinese.

A CHINESE CONFLAGRATION.

Terrible Fire on the Canton River in China.

Hong Kong, Aug. 31.—A terrible fire has occurred on the Canton river. A flower boat caught fire and the flames spread until hundreds of those craft were destroyed. The progress of the fire was so rapid that at least one thousand natives perished in the flames.

The flower boats were moored stem and stern,, in rows, and large numbers of natives lived upon them. The spread of the conflagration from one boat to another was so rapid that the unfortunate Chinese had no time to cut them from their moorihgs, a strong wind materially helping the increase of the fire. Many hundreds of persons on board the flower boats leaped overboard and were drowned, while several hundred others remained on board the doomed craft and perished in the flames.

TROUBLE IN MOROCCO.

Looking for an Uprising There Against the Sultan.

Tangier, Aug. 29.—Advices received here from Mazatlan said that numbers of Europeans are leaving that town, owing to the threats made by the Kabyles, that they will attack the place. For some time past, however, the attitude of the Kabyles has not been so threatening, but is feared that the present improvement is only a prelude to a general uprising against the sultan.

Local revolts against the extortion of the governors are reported from various parts of Morocco and the powerful Dukalla tribe stopped the governor's coming from Fez and demanded the payment of tribute. A conflict ensued and numbers were killed on both sides.

SATOLLI WILL RETURN.

His Mission in America is at an End.

London, Aug. 30.—A dispatch received here from Rome says the report that Mgr. Satolli will return to Rome at the end of the year, is confirmed. According to this dispatch, after the return of the papal delegate from the United States, the vatican will publish the result of his mission, which will show as already frequently stated, that the pope is entirely satisfied with the work of Mgr. Satolli, and that his holiness considers that the church questions in the United States are almost settled.

DUTCH LOSS ON LAMOK

Includes Nine Officers and Many Soldiers.

Amsterdam, Aug. 29.—The Dutch loss in the engagement near Mataram, capital of the Island of Lamok, it now appears only included nine officers, instead of 30, as announced in the dispatch to the Nieuwe Courant, of Rotterdam. The officers who lost their lives, however, included General Van Ham, one lieutenant colonel, two captains and five lieutenants.

The number of privates and non-commissioned officers killed or missing, is estimated at from 175 to 200.

TWENTY CATHOLIC PRIESTS

Sailed for America on the Germanic—For Missionary Work.

Liverpool, Aug. 30.—Twenty Catholic clergymen, just ordained for missionary work at St. Paul, Dubuque, Omaha, Chicago, Kansas City and Duluth, sailed for the United States yesterday on board the White Star line steamship Germanic.

Cotton Reports Are Satisfactory.

London,, Aug. 30.—A despatch to the Times from Calcutta says that the cotton reports are satisfactory, especially in the Punjab and the Northwest and Central provinces.

TICKED ON THE CABLE.

The Comte de Paris is rapidly sinking and is not expected to live much longer.

A Berlin dispatch says it is officially stated that a case of cholera has been discovered at Stettin.

A dispatch to the London Daily News from Cairo says: It is learned on high authority that other notable personages are likely to be implicated in the scandal growing out of the traffic in slave girls.

The International Peace Congress at Antwerp, has adopted a resolution instructing the International bureau to approach the various European governments with a view of putting a stop to the war between China and Japan.

A dispatch to the London Standard from Vienna says that there were 200 new cases of cholera and 95 deaths in Galicia yesterday and 14 cases and 10 deaths in Bukowina.

A dispatch to the London Standard from Berlin says: Prince Kamishina, a nekhew of the Japanese emperor, and a Japanese court official, paid a visit to Krupp's Iron Works yesterday and it is rumored that Japan is about to give the Krupps a large order for armament.

THE DEBS PROSECUTION.

Federal Authorities Getting Ready to Make Things Warm for Eugene.

Chicago, Sept. 1.—United States Attorney Dixon, ex-United States Attorney Milchrist, Special United States counsel Edwin Walker and Moritz Rosenthal, assistant attorney, held a conference to-day in Mr. Dixon's office with reference to the prosecution of the Debs contempt case, which Judge Woods will hear September 25. Methods of procedure were discussed, and preparations will be made for a most vigorous prosecution of the strike leaders.

Mr. Dixon declined to state to-day from what sources he had secured evidence, but said: "We will show the hand at the side of these men during the trouble. I am confident that our case is a strong one. The trial ought not to occupy more than three or four days."

Populists Will Not Concede.

Grand Forks, N. D., Aug. 30.—The Populist state central committee declined to exchange any of their candidates for those nominated by the Democrats. They are unwilling to concede anything to the Democrats.

Special to Blade Readers More than 15 years ago we began sending goods by mail to BLADE readers. They found we did as we agreed, and they are our firm friends now. Good Knives, Shears and Razors are not found at common retail stores, for shoddy goods pay biggest profits. Our goods are hand-forged, from razor steel, blades file tested and replaced free if soft or flawy. They are honest goods, made to cut. This cut shows exact size of our leading two-blade jackknife, price [illegible], but we offer sample to any BLADE reader, postpaid, for 48c; 5 for $2. Best 7-in. shears, 60c. This knife and shears, $1. Lady's 2-blade, pearl, [illegible]; gent's fine 3-blade, $1. Hollow ground razor, $1.25. Best razor strop ever made, 50c. Send for 80-page free list, and "How to Use a Razor."

MAHER & GROSH, 632 Adams Street, Toledo, Ohio.

THE NEW BLADE
SEWING MACHINE

IMPROVED. HIGH ARM. PERFECTED.

Every Machine Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction or Money Refunded.

THIS MACHINE
—AND—
Weekly Blade
ONE YEAR
Only $18.

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HIGHLY FINISHED. - - - DOES PERFECT WORK

It is adapted for every kind of sewing from the lightest muslins to the heaviest cloth and a wide range of work, Hemming, Braiding, Tucking, Ruffling, Quilting, Gathering &c. A full set of Goodrich's attachments in a plush-lined box go with every machine. The simplicity of the automatic tension, sewing from No. 40 to 100 thread without altering, recommends it not only to every beginner, but to ALL. An automatic bobbin winder, run independent of the machine, winds a bobbin as regular and as hard as any spool of thread, thus making it carry so much more thread than the ordinary wound bobbin.

A touch upon a lever lengthens or shortens the stitch at will while the machine is sewing.

The woodwork of this machine is either black walnut or antique oak. Subscribers may name their choice.

We guarantee this machine to be even better than the BLADE Sewing Machine of three years ago. It is built on entire new and improved principles, and is far in advance of the regular sewing machines now on the market. It is $4.00 cheaper than any sewing machine now offered with newspaper subscriptions, AND WORTH DOUBLE. Each machine is in perfect working order when shipped, and is accompanied with printed instructions and a complete set of tools and attachments. Also a five year warranty. If it does not prove perfect or as represented, ship it back and we will refund your money.

Every machine will be shipped by freight unless otherwise directed, and we are prepared to fill orders promptly. Remember, the purchaser pays the freight when received. We cannot prepay freight. Be careful to give your shipping address very plainly, as well as your postoffice address.

As stated above, on receipt of $18.00, we will send to any address the WEEKLY BLADE one year, and ship by freight one of these elegant sewing machines. But now comes a very

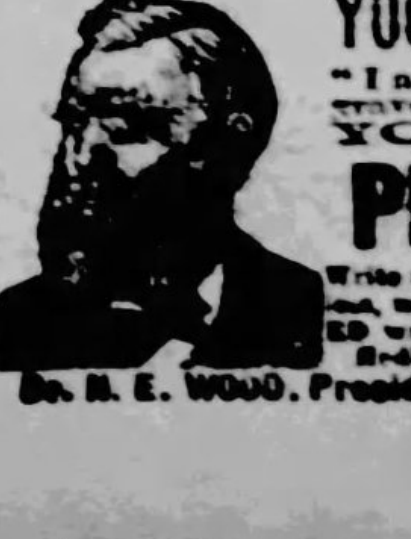
REMARKABLE OFFER.

We will present one of these sewing machines FREE to any person who will send us $30.00 for 30 yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE. We will not require the whole club at one time either. You may send us five subscribers at a time at one dollar each, and when you have seen six such clubs the machine is yours and will be shipped. Simply number your list from one to thirty as fast as you send the names, and say in your letter that it is an instalment of names for the sewing machine premium. We shall expect the list to be completed within sixty days of the time you send the first list. Any member of an intelligent family can raise a club of thirty for the WEEKLY BLADE inside of two weeks. On these terms a charitable organization can easily place a sewing machine into the hands of some worthy and deserving poor family to be found in every community.

Remit current funds, by draft on New York, Chicago or Toledo, or by Postoffice or Express Money Order, or currency by registered letter. Aderess

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

SPECIAL NOTICE—In ordering needles or any repairs, always give the number of your machine, or the year in which you bought it.



Weak, Nervous Men!

YOU who have been humbugged by the "Electric Belts," "Fellow Sufferers," "Bolus," "Crayon," "Troches," "Vacuum," "Free Cure" Quacks, and who have found yourself growing older and worse; YOU who have given up in despair, saying "I am doomed, there is no hope for me!" to you I say, who are sinking into an early grave, or drifting upon a shoreless sea of sickness and misfortune, UP, and SAVE YOURSELF! THERE IS HOPE! THERE IS A CURE!

PERFECT MANHOOD RESTORED

Write me a full history of your case, and for QUESTION LISTS and 100 Page Book. My resources are boundless, my skill is great. I have cured thousands. I CAN CURE YOU. Twenty years' experience. IF AFFLICTED write before taking treatment elsewhere. Consultations personally or by mail, free and sacred. Medicines sent everywhere [illegible]

Dr. H. E. WOOD, President, CHICAGO MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE, 30 Van Buren St. Chicago, Ill.

AWFUL FOREST FIRES!

DESTROYS FIVE HUNDRED SOULS IN THE NORTHWEST.

A HALF DOZEN TOWNS WIPED OUT OF EXISTENCE.

THEY WERE ENCIRCLED BY A CYCLONE OF FLAME.

HORRIBLE DEATH COMING FROM EVERY SIDE.

THE DEAD.

Estimate of the dead:

Hinckley	200
Sandstone	46
Sandstone Junction	25
Pokegama	25
Skunk Lake	29
Miscellaneous	30
Total	355

Pine City, Minn., Sept. 3.—Minnesota has never known a calamity attended with such a loss of life as that brought by the fire which wiped out Hinckley, Sandstone, Sandstone Junction, Pokegama, and the other settlements in that vicinity. A conservative estimate places the loss of life at not less than 350, while many others have sustained serious injuries and others unknown are among the missing. To this horror of death in its most horrible form must be added the utter desolation and destitution that has come upon thousands of those whose all has been scept away in the face of impending winter. There is a peculiar horror about the fatality in the admitted impossibility of identification n a very large proportion of the deaths.

Their Generous Instincts.

The generous instincts of a generous people have been aroused and adequate measures of relief are now under way. St. Paul responded nobly to the call for assistance published in yesterday morning's Pioneer Press, and when at 6:30 o'clock on Sunday afternoon the train from St. Paul bearing the members of the relief committee and their generous donations arrived at Pine City, the people were more than grateful for the quick response. St. Paul sent tents, food and money on the first train, without waiting for the intervention of committees to see what was needed. The people of Pine City were very active, and all day long trains ran from this city to near Hinckley, bringing the living to Pine City, where the people did everything in their power to relieve distress.

The horrible visitation of death was not without its feature of notable heroism, which lightens up the gloomiest page of Minnesota's history that has ever been written. No one seemed to have a first thought for himself, and many of the lives saved were those of people who were utterly unable to take care of themselves. To-day the relief work has been extended until it reaches every sufferer, and there are hundreds of them in isolated positions all through the country.

The walls of the school house, the iron fence about the town hall property, the bank vault and one absolutely uninjured outhouse is all that is left to mark the site of Hinckley, where on Saturday stood a score of store buildings and a dozen times as many dwellings.

Wiped Them Out.

The story of the catastrophe which wiped out the material possessions that had made Hinckley a busy, prosperous little city is a short one. The town was built of wood. The schoolhouse, erected last year at a cost of $10,000, and one-half the Duluth roundhouse were the only brick structures in the city. By one of those peculiar freaks for which there is no accounting, the Eastern Minnesota roundhouse and tank on the southwestern edge of town, almost in the woods, escaped the flames—a circumstance the more remarkable from the fact that it stood directly in the path of the flames, which seemed to have jumped it as cleanly as if playing leap-frog.

All Saturday forenoon the townspeople were apprehensive. The smoke rolling up from the south yesterday told the story unmistakably plain to those accustomed to a wooded country.

The fire kept advancing, fanned by the wind that was blowing a gale. About 11 o'clock the fire company got out their engine and laid an eighteen hundred foot line of hose to the southern outskirts of the town. The hose was all too short for the measure of protection desired, and a telegram was sent to Rush City for more. Five hundred feet was sent, but it never reached Hinckley. The main part of the village lies in the north fork made by the crossing of the Duluth & Eastern tracks, the latter to the east and the former on the west.

A Few Small Houses.

On the west side of the Duluth track were a few small houses belonging to the railway employes. The firemen's attention was mainly directed to keeping the fire away from them, as the main business part of the city was built in solidly just across the track.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon the fire literally jumped into the town. Its approach was not gradual. It did not eat its way along, devouring everything in its path, but came in huge leaps, as if to overtake everything fleeing before it, and then burned back at its leisure. It is described by those who witnessed its onward progress at Hinckley and elsewhere, as if it were forced along by cyclones of its own generation. The intense heat would develop a veritable whirlwind of flame that actually twisted off poplar trees several inches in thickness, and carried huge blazing firebrands high in the air, and carrying them forward for from 40 to 80 rods, there to fall and begin the work of devastation anew.

On the East Side.

The fire first struck Hinckley on the east side of the Duluth track, and the brave fire fighters for the first time gave up the unequal battle, and already too late in many instances, turned their attention to their personal safety.

The Eastern Minnesota train from the south had just come in, and the panic stricken people of the city fled to it for safety. A number of box cars were copled on and filled and covered with men, women and children. Some were bareheaded, some were coatless, and some few clutched a pitiful bundle of the more precious of their portable possessions. Families were separated. Children joined the throng and left parents. In all there were a motley crowd of about 450 or more people. The train pulled out just ahead of the fire, and succeeded in ultimately reaching Duluth. This circumstance, while fortunate in a degree that can not be estimated, has made the confusion greater, for it is not known who escaped in this way, and many people are reported dead who may be in safety.

Left the Doomed City.

Had not this number of people, largely women and children, left the doomed city when they did, the loss of life would have increased in geometrical ratio, for their presence would have added immeasurably to the subsequent confusion. About the same hour the accommodation train on the Hinckley & St. Cloud branch left for the latter place with about twenty-five passengers. Its path lay directly across the path of the fire, and their situation speedily became desperate. Ties were burning, the rails were warping and the trestles were sagging under the train. The smoke had increased so that the engineer was helpless. He could not see the train behind him. Burning trees lay across the track and were being tossed aside by the engine. Suddenly the track gave way and the train toppled off to one side. No one was injured, and they pressed on to Peekegama station, a few rods ahead. A few feet ahead of the engine was discovered a gorge sixty feet wide and forty feet deep, where the trestle had been burned away. They succeeded in reaching the clearing about the station and escaped with a few burns and bruises.

They Had Come to Rescue.

There were burned along the track, however, four or five people, including Dr. Kelcey, of New Brighton, who had come up to look after his brother.

The people who were left in the city were in what seemed to be an almost hopeless condition. Egress by the only means of transportation that could hope to distance the swiftly advancing flames was out of the question. The men had been fighting the fire for hours and the women and children were in a panic-stricken condition. Many of them were of the more ignorant of the population, for a very large per centage of the people who got out on the Great Northern railroad were of the more intelligent class. Horses were harnessed to buggies and wagons. Women and children were hurriedly loaded in. In some cases attempts were made to carry off some household goods, but in most instances the people had no thought for aught but their lives.

Probably 200 of them left town on foot or in vehicles, plunging into the woods to the north across the Grindstone river, which skirts the town on the north. They were literally fleeing before the pursuing demon of fire. Over the hill that rises beyond the Grindstone is a swamp and to this most of the people with teams headed, but it proved no protection. The fire gave them no opportunity to go further. Some abandoned their teams and ran into the lower portions of the Morass, but the fire sought them out. No one was left to tell the tale, and there this morning on a space of little more than four or five acres were counted over 130 corpses. There were many families of five, six and seven and there they lay, the men generally a little in advance, the mother surrounded by her little ones cut off by the most horrible of deaths.

Bodies Were Nude.

Nearly all the bodies were nude, the fire having burned every vestige of their clothing and blackened and charred many of the corpses beyond recognition and where whole families were wiped out as they were and some of the bodies completely incinerated, identification is absolutely out of the question. Those who fled to the north on foot followed the Duluth track and so rapid was the progress of the flames that many of them were actually burned as they fled, falling on the right of way for a distance of three miles or more. Nearly thirty bodies were recovered along here. Some of the foremost of the escaping citizens met the Duluth train coming in from the North. It was due at Hinckley at 4:05. Engineer Jim Root was at the throttle. He stopped the train and took on board about 125 of the refugees who crowded into the train, completely filling it, for it had a passenger list almost as large. By this time the woods were blazing on each side of the track, and as Root reversed his engine and started back the cars scorched and crackled in the heat. Root ran the train back about three miles to Skunk Lake, and the people escaped from the burning cars to the water and no lives were lost either of passengers or refugees.

The people who remained in Hinckley fared the best of all. The Eastern Minnesota tracks mark the eastern edge of the city proper. Just beyond the road owned a track of land probably embracing at least ten acres. It was purchased for a gravel pit to furnish material for the fill-up approach the company's bridge across the Grindstone and at other points on its line. The fact that it had been used for this purpose to almost exhaustion about a hundred Hinckleyites owe their lives. The whole area indicated had been excavated to a depth in the center of 30 or 40 feet. There was a stagnant pool of rain water in the center three feet in greatest depth. The pit was wide and deep, and to it fled those of the citizens who were willing to trust to its friendly depths. There were probably a hundred of them, and in addition to the human beings quite a number of domestic animals, horses, cows, oxen, pigs, chickens, etc., sought safety here.

Was the Safest Place.

It was really the saftest place about Hinckley. Three or four hundred trunks, which were rolled only half way down the sloping bank passed through the fire unscathed. The people went in here as the eastern train pulled out a few minutes after 4 o'clock, and here they remained until after 8, while the smoke and flames from the burning city passed over their heads. They dashed water over each other, and covered their heads with wet cloths to prevent suffocation. One unknown man succumbed to the smoke or the terrible strain and fell in the water and was drowned. So far as known to-day this is the only tragedy of the gravel pit.

Others of the citizens sought refuge in the Grindstone river under the abutments of the two railway bridegs and the foot bridge. The exact number cannot be known, as they were scattered along a considerable distance. That many escaped and some were drowned is well known. Mrs. Martin Martinson and her four little children were taken, drowned, from the water this morning.

In the meantime Hinkley was burning with frightful rapidity, and in a few hours nothing was left but blackened ruins. The loss will certainly exceed a million dollars, with but light insurance.

As night closed in the people began to come out from their hiding places and made their way over the hot embers of their city. They were absolutely dazed by the catastrophe, and the night was spent in an endeavor ot find relatives or ascertain their whereabouts. Communication with the outer world was cut off for hours as completely as if they were on a desert island.

Had Spent Its Force.

The fire had spent its force, but the air was filled with smoke, through which gleamed the dulll blaze of smouldering fire in the more substantial stocks of goods. Two huge heaps of coal, which marked the location of the Duluth coal sheds, were blazing, and in the fitful light people wandered about picking out the places where but six hours before their happy homes had stood. The fact that so many had escaped by the train added to the anxiety of those whose friends and relatives were not to be found, while it furnished at the same time a basis for hope that they were in safety. When the morning broke, a few energetic spirits began the work of the recovery of the bodies. J. W. Sargent, a passenger conductor on the Duluth road, got into Hinkley during the night, and he organized a volunteer crew who manned two handcars, whose capacity was increased by the use of plank. They went up the Duluth track, and picked up 31 bodies between the river and Skunk Lake. The bodies were wrapped up in blankets and such cloth as could be obtained, and laid out by the side of the track where the depot had stood. Here, also, were brought the two little sons of Tom Henderson, Sandy and Johnny, the drowned corpses of Mrs. Martinson and her four children, Mrs. Blanchard and her two children, who were burned to death just above the Duluth roundhouse, and the man Lambeson, who was found near the Martinson party. Citizen volunteers harnessed up the available vehicles saved in the gravel pit, and went out to the swamp across the Grindstone.

Brought Ninety-Six Bodies.

They brought in ninety-six bodies, which were carried out to the desolate burying ground, a mile east of town. There was neither time nor opportunity to observe the sacred formalities usually surrounding death. The excitement of the occasion, the horrible experience through which the living had passed, and the more horrible form in which death had come to the lost had temporarily blunted the finer sensibilities, and the dead were heaped high on the wagons and laid in piles at the cemetery, among the smoking embers and stumps that surrounded God's acre. It was a gruesome sight. Dr. D. W. Cown, the coroner, who was here, there and everywhere in general supervision, directed the digging of two huge pits, twenty-four by twelve feet, in which the interment will be made to-morrow.

One of the saddest features of the calamity is the impossibility of identification in such a large proportion of the cases. The ninety-six bodies brought into this point were examined by many of the surviving residents of Hinckley, and but four could be identified, Charles Anderson, Axel Hanson, Dennis Riley and Mrs. William Ginder. The balance will have to be buried together. In the indefiniteness of the arrangements, and it seemed impossible otherwise under the circumstances, due regard was not paid to a proper separate perservation of articles found on the bodies and the last chance of identification was lost.

There Were Other Corpses.

Those who brought in the bodies from the swamps reported that there were at least thirty-five other bodies out there which cannot be brought in until morning. Out on the government road to the east was found the Best family, of six persons, father, mother and four children. Best was a prosperous farmer living just out of town. Here also were recovered the bodies of the three unfortunate creatures who lived at the stockade. There were six of these women in all. They escaped to the river, but three returned to carry out a trunk, and were overtaken by the flames.

Near Skunk Lake was found a family consisting of father, mother and seven children. Another family in which there were five children, only the father escaped. There was a settlement of about thirty people near this lake, and but two are known to be alive.

Marvelous escapes were numerous. John H. Anderson started out by team with his wife and three children. Just across the river the horses were overcome by smoke. They left the wagon and staggered forward on foot, quickly becoming separated. The father, mother and daughter, Emily, died in the swamp. Charles and his little twelve-year-old brother struggled for the Duluth track.

Fell in a Ditch.

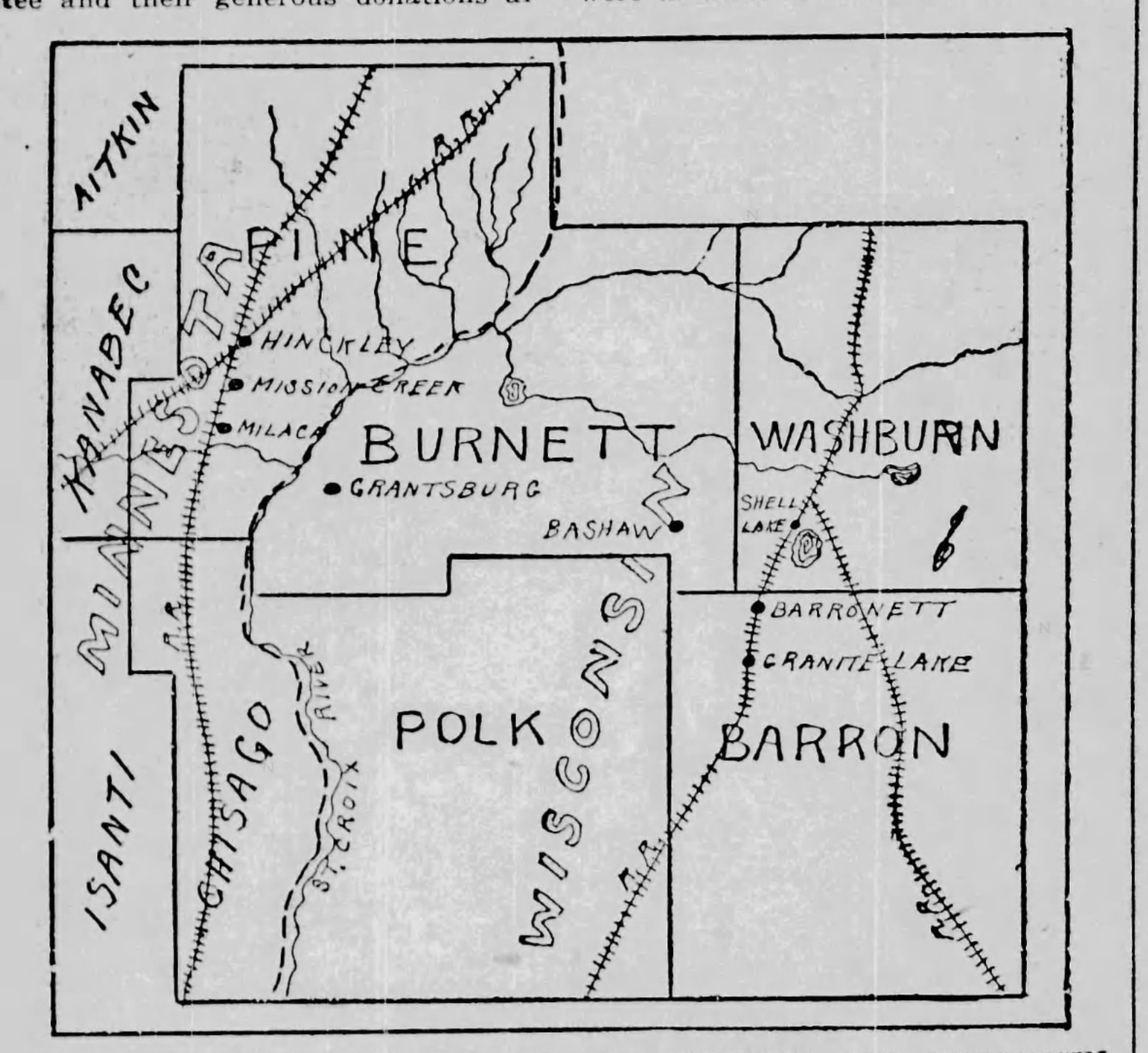
The latter fell into a ditch and was too exausted to rise. He lay there all night and this morning made his way to the track, finding the dead body of his brother but a few feet from the place where he had been saved. The other daughter was on the eastern train to Duluth. One family, consisting of a man, his wife and four little children and the wife's brother, crawled out on a boom in the river, where they remained all night. They made their way to Hinckley this afternoon and came down to Pine City, where they now are none the worse for their experience.

A few miles below Hinckley stands the miracle of the fire, a claim shanty belonging to Frank Baumcher, the Duluth section foreman. It was covered with ragged builders paper, and presented a most inviting opportunity for the flames, which raged close about it on all sides. There it stands uninjured. The paper is not even scorched. In the same vicinity stands a grove of twisted poplar trees, almost stripped of their branches, an evidence of the cyclonic peculiarity of the fire.

About 4 o'clock this afternoon the work train from St. Paul reached Hinckley with Undertaker O'Halloran and his thirty-two caskets. He went quickly to work upon the thirty-one corpses that lay beside the track. A close description of the bodies was kept and every fragment of clothing, the jewelry and anything else that could lead to identification was carefully preserved. The work progressed ropidly, and by evening the bodies were all wrapped up and laid away in the caskets and returned to Pine City. No attempt was made to bury the dead at the cemetery. A last effort to identify them will be made in the morning.

Sent a Carload of Lumber.

Assistant General Manager Miller, who arrived here at an early hour yesterday morning, and whose labors had been as efficient as indefatigable, sent up a carload of lumber and a force of carpenters, who went to work knocking together rough boxes, which will be used so far as possible at the cemetery.



MAP SHOWING BURNED DISTRICT IN MINNESOTA AND WISCONSIN.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

AT SANDSTONE AND PINE CITY

The Situation Said to be More Appalling Than at Hinckley.

Pine City, Minn., Sept. 3.—The situation at Sandstone is even more appalling than at Hinckley, except in point of numbers. Of the 200 people in the town one-fourth are dead. Otto Stafferfeldt reached here from that place to-night. He says the people were just preparing to leave when the fire closed in on three sides, and not a single person saved a thing except his clothing. About 160 went to the river and 50 or 60 were burned to death. At 4 o'clock this morning he saw over forty bodies charred and burned lying on every side. The people who were saved are living on potatoes and carrots left in the ground.

Mr. Gilroy, conductor on the Eastern Minnesota road, says all bridges have been burned. One gentleman found 47 dead bodies at Sandstone lying uncovered in the sun. The people are destitute of everything.

At Kettle River Junction.

In addition to 47 bodies at Sandstone there are 20 at Kettle River Junction. All the settlers in the vicinity are probably burned to death. O'Neill brothers had 12 camps in the woods there and all these are burned. Most of the inmates, however, are believed to have escaped with their lives. There are 11 homeless families at Mission Creek, and the same story is true of several other places in that vicinity.

Fire at Pinetown.

At Pinetown, three miles east of Pine City, south of the Snake river and west of the St. Croix, a fearful fire is blazing and sweeping everything before it. In the afternoon the fire was at least 12 miles square, but as the wind has gone down considerably it is hoped its course will be checked. There are fires north of Snake river, also in a heavy timber section which is sparsely settled.

IS A SEA OF FLAME.

Condition of Affairs in Western Wisconsin.

Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 4.—A special from Chippewa Falls, Wis., says: Northwestern Wisconsin is one sea of flames and reports are coming in to this city continually of fatalities caused by the great conflagration. The towns of Riblake, Marengo, and Bradshaw have been completely wiped out, and at the latter place three people lost their lives. Many others are missing, and it is impossible to estimate the extent of suffering by the people.

Yesterday a message was received here from Caddot asking for aid. The town was threatened by a forest fire, and the inhabitants were almost panic stricken over their imminent danger. A force of men from Chippewa was sent up, and until 10 o'clock last night the inhabitants of the village struggled to preserve their homes from destruction.

Several buildings on the outskirts caught fire and were shortly reduced to ashes, but fortunately the fire was prevented from spreading to the others. The citizens were greatly excited at the prospect of losing their homes, and preparations were made for a hurried flight in case the town fell a prey to the fire. Wagons loaded with household goods stayed in the streets, and the scene was one of indescribable confusion.

At 10 o'clock last night the wind had abated in the immediate vicinity of Caddot, and for the present the village is safe. Almost two miles away, in a dense forest which terminates at the limits of the town; the woods are in a vast blaze, and the wind is carrying the flames with great rapidity toward the town. This is Caddot's greatest danger, and if no rain falls before this evening it will certainly be wiped out. The inhabitants realize this fact, and already quite a number have taken refuge in the city, while the others are prepared for flight on a moment's warning. The city authorities have taken every precaution to assist the town's neighborhoods, but there is but little hope that their household goods will be saved.

A special train and fire engine were sent up. The town of Caddot has about 500 inhabitants, and is situated in the midst of a dense forest where escape is practically impossible. No news has been received from the party sent to the rescue of the village, and fears are entertained for its safety.

AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE.

Governor Nelson, of Minnesota, Issues a Proclamation.

St. Paul, Sept. 4.—Gov. Nelson last night issued the following proclamation:

"To the People of Minnesota:

"Information of an official character has reached me that the villages of Hinckley, Sandstone, Mission Creek and the neighboring towns and farms have been destroyed by forest fires; that hundreds of lives have been sacrificed, and suffering and destitution are on every hand; that the survivors of this terrible devastation are in immediate need of food, clothing shelter and everything that makes existence possible.

"This appalling disaster appeals to every heart of generous impulses, and the case is one that demands the immediate and libral assistance of all good citizens of the state.

"Now, therefore, I, Knute Nelson, governor of the state of Minnesota, in view of this awful calamity which has befallen our people, and by virtue of the authority in me vested, do hereby appeal to all liberal and public-spirited citizens, to all municipalities, and to all religious and benevolent institutions of this state to take immediate attention towards securing contributions for the relief of the prevailing distress. I hereby appoint the following state commission authorized to receive contributions of money and supplies, and to expend and disburse the same: C. A. Pillsbury, Minneapolis; Kennet H. Clark, St. Paul; Matthew G. Morton, Winona; Hastings Hart, St. Paul, and a Duluth man yet to be named.

"KNUTE NELSON."

A REFUGE IN DULUTH.

Hundreds of Survivors Are Pouring Into That City.

Duluth, Minn., Sept. 3.—This city was a refuge last night for hundreds of survivors of the great forest fires. A train bearing nearly six hundred who escaped from Hinckley reached Duluth at 9:20 o'clock last night. At 2:45 Sunday morning the first relief train sent down the line by the St. Paul & Duluth arrived with about three hundred more settlers, and probably two hundred more came in on the second St. Paul & Duluth relief train which left here at 5 o'clock Sunday morning, and returned at 12:30 in the afternoon.

The refugees presented a most pitiful sight. All were poor people, few of the men had hats or coats, the women were not more fully clad; women with babies in arms were there, accompanied by from two to five other tots, homeless and friendless, except for a charitable public. Many such were without husbands, as the latter remained to see if anything could be saved. In the grimy, sootcovered crowd were many children without parents.

DESTRUCTION OF BARONNETTE.

It Was Complete and but One Building Stands.

Spooner, Wis., Sept. 3.—The destruction of Boronnette was complete. One lone building is left in a city of 700 inhabitants. One man was burned. The total loss is a quarter of a million. Shell Lake has 52 dwellings burned, with a total loss of $75,000. Three hundred and sixty people are homeless, and many are without a dollar of insurance. Deeds of heroism are plentiful. One woman dragged her typhoid sick son out of the house into a potato patch, and there protected him from the flames, while the rest of the inhabitants fled in terror. The fires are now under control in this vicinity.

PHENOMENON IN BOSTON.

Weird, Unearthly Tinge to the Atmosphere.

Boston, Sept. 3.—A peculiar atmospherical phenomena has attracted the attention of Bostonians. During the latter part of yesterday morning and all the afternoon the sun, unobstructed by clouds, has feebly shown through a strait of smoke supposed to come from the forest fires now raging in the lake region. The effect has been a weird, unearthly yellow tinge to the atmosphere, made oppressive by the general absence of stirring air. The day has been a repetition, although in a less degree, of the famous "yellow Tuesday" of 1881. Reports of a similar phenomenon have been received from cities and towns all over New England.

SOME COMPLIMENTARY COMMENTS

Made by the British Press on Americans in the Great Fire.

London, Sept. 4.—Most of the London newspapers make editorial comments this morning upon the disasters by the forest fires in Minnesota and Wisconsin. The Daily News says that the action of Engineer Root and Fireman MacGowan in sticking to their engine when death stared them in the face was of the purest heroism, and the English-speaking world will pray that Root may have better fortune than his immortal prototype of the Mississippi boat Jim Bludsoe. Englishmen, the News says, will probably ask to be allowed to do something in recognition of this astonishing deed.

The Morning Post, in its comment, says: "Americans seem rather stimulated than depressed by these rude rebuffs. We doubt not that the towns lying in ashes to-day will be rebuilt and re-peopled to-morrow, and the stream of commercial and industrial life flow on unchecked."

Fires Raging at Gransburg.

Grantsburg, Wis., Sept. 3.—The fires that have been burning near here for the past month broke out fresh Sunday morning, and the entire male force of this place was called out to prevent it from burning the village. The usual Sabbath services were dispensed with and church members fought fire like demons. The council had taken precautions and hired a crew of men to watch the fire. The heavy fires on the St. Croix river raged last night, and have destroyed thousands of feet of standing pine. Hundreds of oxen have fallen prey to the forest fires. The hay crop is almost entirely destroyed.

CUT IN STEERAGE RATES

Which Has Been Made by the Hamburg-American Line.

New York, Aug. 31.—The Hamburg-American line made another cut in steerage rates to-day, reducing the price of a steerage ticket to Southampton by express steamers from $15 to $10. The latter rate has prevailed on the American line for four weeks, the company having more business than it could accommodate, has turned over most of its non-English speaking passengers to the German lines and pay their rates. The American line people say that the cut of the Hamburg-American line will be an advantage to them as they will be able to dispose of their surplus passengers without loss.

The $10 rate to Southampton has drawn much trade from Liverpool and the Liverpool companies are said to be considering the advisability of a cut to $6.50 for a steerage ticket. A rumor was prevalent this morning that a cut to this rate had been made, but it could not be verified.

CAPT. KOLB FOR CONGRESS.

Intention of the Populists in Alabama.

Memphis, Aug. 31.—A special to the Commercial-Appeal from Birmingham, Ala., says: When the state executive committee of the Kolbites, Populist and Republican, met here Tuesday and made out a slate for Congressional nominees to be named to their district conventions next week, they left the Seventh district without a candidate. It was at first thought they intended to support Congressman Denson, Democrat, because of his free silver views, but to-day it was learned that they are quietly arranging to nominate R. F. Kolb in that district, though he does not reside in it. At the state election every county in the seven went for Kolb and his friends, who do not deny he is a candidate, feeling confident he can be elected to Congress. This indicates that Kolb's friends have abandoned all hope of making him governor or Senator.

A MYSTERIOUS DOCUMENT.

Will of John McCaffery, Who Leaves a Half Million.

Chicago, Aug. 29.—The will of John McCaffery, which was probated June 14, is one of the strangest legal documents ever filed in the Probate court here. The testator was one of the directors of the Grand Trunk railway, and also a director of the Illinois Trust and Savings bank. He died June 1, at the age of 86, leaving an estate of $500,000. The testator says he was married three times; that he had five children by his first wife, and two by his second. Of these seven children, however, he remembered the names of but three.

The bulk of the property is left to the mysterious children, of whom nothing is known, as it was generally supposed that Mr. McCaffery's sister and one daughter were his only immediate heirs. A putative 11-year-old son of the testator by his third wife is given a legacy of $40,000 and an annuity of $2,000, further complicating matters.

One of the missing children, known as Nancy Riley, is said to have been kidnaped and taken to Ireland 50 years ago. Others of the heirs are thought to be dead, and frequent family quarrels and entanglements add to the muddle in which the big estate is left.

WOOL GROWERS' MEETING.

Invitation Issued by President Lawrence.

Bellefontaine, O., Aug. 30.—President Lawrence, of the Ohio Wool Growers' Association, has issued the following address:

"One of the most important meetings ever held in Ohio will be that of the wool growers and sheep breeders at the State Fair, Columbus, September 5, at 1 o'clock p. m. Addresses will be delivered by Prof. Shaw, of the Minnesota Agricultural College, Hon. Columbus Delano, Hon. George L. Converse, and others. Free wool has come. If long continued it threatens ruin to the American wool industry. Let the 80,000 wool growers of Ohio assemble in large numbers to devise means to meet the blow aimed at their industry and to renew the contest for full and adequate protection.

"High authority has declared the free wool a measure of 'perfidy,' and an 'outrageous discrimination' against wool growers and in favor of other interests."

PATHETICAL RENOMINATED.

Professor W. L. Wilson Will Run Again for Congress.

Martinsburg, W. Va., Aug. 29.—Chairman Wilson, of the ways and means committee, the Democratic tariff leader of the House of Representatives, was renominated for Congress to-day. Mr. Wilson made a notable address to the convention in which he displayed considerable feeling, and many of the delegates were moved to tears at the professor's touching reference to the way in which he had been turned down by the Senate.

W. D. HOWELLS'S FATHER DEAD.

He Was an Ex-State Senator and Prominent Man at Jefferson, O.

Jefferson, O., Aug. 29.—Hon. W. C. Howells died this afternoon of paralysis, in his eighty-sixth year. He was in newspaper work since 1830 until 1874, when he was appointed by President Grant United States consul to Quebec, where he served four years and five years at Toronto.

He served in the Ohio state Senate in 1864-65. He leaves four sons and two daughters. His son, W. D. Howells, was with him at the last.

SHOWER IN BAY CITY.

The First Which Has Been Experienced for Two Months.

Bay City, Mich., Sept. 4.—There was a heavy shower this morning, the first in nearly two months. It effectually dispelled the clouds of smoke which have covered the city for two weeks and been of inestimable benefit in the way of stopping forest fires.

The secretary of the Treasury has decided that under the terms of the new tariff bill, payments of sugar bounties on claims already filed cannot be legally made.

For all Facial Blemishes Use CUTICURA SOAP

ASHAMED TO BE SEEN because of disfiguring facial blemishes is the condition of thousands who live in ignorance of the fact that in CUTICURA SOAP is to be found the purest, sweetest, and most effective skin purifier and beautifier in the world. For pimples, blackheads, red and oily skin, red, rough hands with shapeless nails, dry, thin, and falling hair, and simple baby blemishes, it is wonderful.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

HON. A. J. WARNER TALKS

And Prescribes Free Silver for the Present Depression.

Marietta, O., Sept. 4.—Labor Day was celebrated in this city by the labor organizations of Southeastern Ohio. Large delegations came in from Zanesville, Newark, Bellaire, Cambridge, Parkersburg, Shawnee, Jacksonville and other towns. Fully 10,000 people were in the city. There was a parade fully two miles long, and hose-reel, bicycle, foot, tub, canoe and swimming races were on the programme. Mayor Palmer, on behalf of the city, and Hon. L. W. Ellenwood, on behalf of the labor organizations, welcomed the visitors.

The address was delivered by A. J. Warner, president of the American bimetallic league. General Warner's address was peculiarly appropriate to the occasion. He dwelt upon the evils in the industrial trades now existing: how they were brought about by a conspiracy for the contraction of the currency of the world, and how this state of affairs can be remedied by a return to the money of our fathers, the remonetization of silver. His address was loudly applauded, especially when he called upon the laborers to remedy these wrongs at the ballot box. The exercises ended with a ball game between Marietta's crack club and the Eastern Stars, of Columbus. Marietta won in a walk by a score of 16 to 1. A grand ball was given at the armory last night.

NO MORE VETERANS RECEIVED.

Capacity of the Leavenworth Home Taxed to the Utmost.

Leavenworth, Kan., Sept. 4.—Under the direction of General Franklin, president of the board of managers, an order had been issued from the National Soldiers' Home here stating that no veterans could be received at present. On account of hard times veterans have been coming into this home in large numbers lately and there are 2,862 on the rolls, or 22 more than ever before. At present they are sleeping in the basements of buildings and crowded in everywhere. It costs the government 12 1-2 cents a day to feed a veteran at this home.

Irrigation Congress in Denver.

Denver, Sept. 4.—The irrigation congress will not meet to-day until 8 p. m., the members having gone upon an excursion through the great agricultural belt of Northern Colorado. At the evening session addresses will be made by the delegates from California and Mexico.

Money, Crops, Trade.

INTERESTING CROP REPORTS

Which Have Been Collected by President Lyman J. Gage.

Chicago, Aug. 30.—President Lyman J. Gage, of the First National bank, has received reports on the condition of the crops from nearly every county in the states of Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and North and South Dakota. These reports were made by bankers in the several counties, and are believed to be absolutely impartial and accurate. The reports on the condition of the crops from the governmen and other sources wee so conflicting that President Gage determined to have a canvass made himself for the guidance of his bank.

The states of Indiana, Ohio and Missouri were not covered, as all agree that the yields in these states will be above the average, though there will be bare spots in some localities.

Mr. Gage's conclusion from the reports is that there will be suffering in Western Kansas and Nebraska, where the crops practically have been a total failure, and the farmers will require assistance from the outside to enable them to get through the winter.

In other parts, where there is from half to two-thirds of a crop, the increased prices which the farmers will receive for their products will compensate for the shortage, and everybody will get along very comfortably. The short crops will offset to some degree, Mr. Gage thinks, the beneficent results in the revival of business which might be expected by a settlement of the tariff question.

THE IRON TRADE REVIEW.

No Higher Basis of Values Can be Expected Very Soon.

Cleveland, Aug. 31.—The Iron Trade Review says:

The feeling among authorities in the iron trade is that no higher basis of values is to be seen in the immediate future. No matter what the exact relation between foreign selling prices, with the new tariff added, and those at home, the impression is widespread that consumers will get lower prices now, and there is no willingness to pay an advance. If a permanently higher basis should be established here and there the belief is that it will not come until all the possibilities of the new duty in reference to the products in question have been fully demonstrated.

The price of Bessemer pig in the Pittsburg and Wheeling districts for spot delivery is still firm at $12. Buyers and sellers are apart in their ideas as to long contracts, and the same situation obtains as to billets.

Western foundries are coming up faster from the extreme depression of the past half year than those in the East, but in all parts of the country the reports from this industry are more encouraging. Eastern iron mills are all busy on small orders. In structural steel there is a good prospect. Other business in the same line will develop early in the fall. Wrought iron pipe works have taken some good orders, but prices are not well maintained. Sheet mills are not so well employed outside of orders for galvanized. The new tariff makes another conference necessary between mill owners and the Amalgamated Association, and wage reductions in proportion to the tariff cuts will be insisted upon by manufacturers of black plates and tin plate.

FAIR WEEK FOR TRADE.

What the American Wool and Cotton Reporter Says.

Boston, Aug. 30.—The American Wool and Cotton Reporter of to-day will say of the wool market:

This has been on the whole a fair week for trade, and wools in general have been sold at as high a price as at any time during the month, the suspense, under which trade has labored being at an end now, the feeling in general is hopeful. The sales of fleeces consisted mainly of medium and low medium unwashed wools at 15 to 18 cents, of which several hundred thousand pounds was taken. Texas wool was in some demand. There was sales of "short" at 11 cents of eight months at 12 cents and a fair sized lot of 12 months at 10 to 12 cents for average, and 12 to 14 cents for choice. Oregon wool was in fair request at current quotations.

We quote medium scoured 30 to 32 cents; fine medium, 34 to 36 cents; fine, 37 to 38 cents; defective California scoured, 28 to 30 cents; fine, 35 to 37 cents; perhaps somewhat high for choice.

The sales of the week amount to 2,048,000 pounds domestic and 336,000 pounds foreign, making a total of 3,384,000 pounds against a total of $2,379,000 for the previous week and a total of 1,042,000 for the corresponding week last year.

IN AN ENCOURAGING WAY.

The Iron Age Discusses the Outlook.

New York, Aug. 30.—The Iron Age to-day says: Less and less is being heard of the scarcity of coke, and to judge from the rate at which the furnaces west of the Allegheny mountains are going in, the supply of Bessemer pig promises to be ample. The market has weakened in the West, and quotations in Pittsburg now stand $11.65 to $11.75. In the East, however, there is still some scarcity.

Chicago has been active in the billet market, closing about 18,000 for delivery in its own district, and taken some orders further East. Some business has been done in Pittsburg for September and October delivery at $16.85 to $17.

Raw material is certainly cheap. Reports have it that Mesaba ore has been offered below $2.25, lower lake ports.

A significant fact is that American cotton tie-makers have captured orders during this week in competition against free foreign cotton ties. Ability to make quick delivery helped them.

In the metal trade values are adjusting themselves to the lower basis demanded by the new tariff.

R. G. DUN & CO.'S WEEKLY REVIEW OF TRADE.

The Gain in Business is Not Yet What Was Expected, but is Encouraging—Bradstreet on Finance.

New York, Sept. 1.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade to-day says:

"The activity which came with exhausted stocks and the pressure of delayed fall demands, and was increased by the removal of uncertainty about the tariff, has continued with heavy entries of foreign goods since the bill became a law. The gain is not yet which was expected and business, if good in comparison with last year, is still poor in comparison with years preceding. Presumably there has not been time to feel the full effects of the change, and a gradual gain will be more healthy and encouraging than a spasmodic rise, but the expension of commercial loans has suddenly ceased, prices of manufactured products show weakness rather than strength and there has been a reaction in the stock market, prices of railway stocks averaging 32 cents and of trust stock 2.11 per share lower than a week ago.

"Wheat moves largely and Western receipts were 5,762,777 bushels for the week against 2,923,901 last year and for August 28,500,000 bushels against 15,500,000 last year, which does not fit short crop predictions. Atlantic exports for the month have been only 14,000,000 bushels against 24,000,000 last year, and the price has risen a shade during the week. Receipts of corn are only 1,423,302 bushels against 3,460,646 for the week last year, while exports are insignificant, and the price has advanced 3½ cents, while pork has risen 25 cents per barrel and lard 55 cents per 100 pounds. Fears of frost, the crop being late, are argued as a reason for quotations otherwise unwarranted. Cotton has declined an eighth for the week, but the year closes with every indication of a yield materially exceeding the world's maximum consumption of American and with 1,600,000 bales of old cotton in sight. If all the mills were running full force, the situation would not promise much. The demand for products of iron and steel has increased, but prices tend downward where any change appears, as there is not enough business yet to employ the works in operation. Steel bars are sold at 1c at Pittsburg and wire nails at 1.05c, with Bessemer iron at $11.65, several additional furnaces having gone into blast.

Failures are still few and small. For the third week of August reported liabilities were $2,976,518, but for three weeks only $8,214,470, of which $2,845,338 were of manufacturing and $3,884,414 of trading concerns. The average is only $11,521 per firm failing. The failures this week have been 188 in the United States against 356 last year, and forty in Canada against 29 last year."

Bradstreet's Financial Review.

New York, Sept. 1.—Bradstreets's Financial Review to-day says:

"The course of the stock market during the present week shows not only how entirely professional current speculation has been, but also supplies an illustration of the readiness with which Wall street discounts all factors in advance of their actual development. The market has been waiting for the new tariff law and the upward movement in prices last week was based on the idea, when certainly on the tariff was attained, public interest would be at once attracted to the railroad and industrial shares. Certain large manipulative operators took the lead in this movement, and impressed these ideas upon the rank and file of the street. Instead, however, of exhibiting fresh outside interest when the new tariff went into effect, the market showed by a decline and liquidation that it had been more than fully discounted and that no real increase had taken place in the public participation. The leading operators too, had evidently prepared for this, and assisted the market on its declining course, until after a few days, the overgrowth of the short interest checked the movement and furnished a basis for a slight rally. The range of prices is, therefore, somewhat lower, though only in Sugar and Distillers have the fluctuations been of any real importance and a few stocks have continued to show marked strength, especially those of Southern roads. The foreign market for American securities has been governed by the same influences. A movement of some importance has occurred in other departments of the London Stock Exchange, the public being eager buyers of all classes of silver and South American securities. "American rails," however, have been left to the professional element in that and the continental markets."

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE BLADE,
Toledo, O., Sept. 4, 1894.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Sept. 4.	Aug. 24.
U. S. 5's, coupons	118¾	118¾
U. S. 5's, registered	118½	118¾
U. S. 4's, coupons	114½	114½
U. S. 4's, registered	114½	114½
U. S. 2's, regist'd (bid)	96	(bid) 96
Pacific 6's of '95 (bid)	101	101

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

As compared with Saturday at the Toledo Exchange, cash and September wheat is unchanged; December, 1-4c up. Trade was active, closing steadier.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 53c, then 53 1-4c; No. 3 soft red, 52 1-2c.

September wheat, 53c, 53 3-8c, then 53 1-4c; December, 56 1-4@56 5-8c; May, 61 1-4@61 1-2c.

Prices of wheat to-day:

Sept.	Opened	Highest	Lowest	Close
Toledo	53	53¼	53	53¼
Chicago	53¾	53⅞	a53¾	53⅞
New York	b57⅞	58	b57⅞	a58¼
St. Louis	50	50	49⅞	50

Corn—Dull, Steady.

The market for corn showed but little signs of life. Prices steady. No. 2 mixed, nominally 56c; No. 2 yellow, 56c.

Oats quiet; No. 2 mixed, 30c; No. 2 white, 32 1-2c.

Rye dull; No. 2, 47 1-2c.

Clover Seed—Active, Steady.

Trade was large in clover seed. Prices closed steady. Prime, September and October, $5.35; February, $5.50; No. 2 seed, $5.10.

Timothy seed, prime, $2.40.

F. N. Quale reports street prices: No. 2 soft red wheat, 51c; No. 2 white wheat, 51c. Oats, 28c for mixed and 30c for white. Rye, 43c.

Close Elsewhere—Wheat Active, Firm.

As compared with Saturday wheat is up 1-4c to 1-2c. The market exhibited fair activity and prices closed firm. Aside from the sympathy with corn, there was no marked feature. Liverpool wheat steady. Export clearances, 252,382 bushels of wheat. Receipts in the Northwest for 72 hours, 835,125 bushels. The French country markets were firm but unchanged. Increase of visible supply in United States and Canada, 2,178,000 bushels; corn increase, 114,000; oats increase, 1,106,000 bushels.

Corn—Fair Business, Higher.

The corn markets were higher, with a steady close. Trade was fair. The Missouri state report gives condition of corn at 60 against 88 August 1. Rains in the west caused a decline from highest point. At Chicago September corn opened at 56c, fell to 55 5-8c, rose to 57c, and closed at 56 1-4c. At New York September corn opened at 62 3-4c, and fell to 62c, closing at 62c bid.

Cronenberg & King received the following from Chicago: What there has been in wheat to-day has been on the long side of the market. The strength has come from firmness in corn. The outside trade has been very light, except towards the close, when New York brought quite a line. The local crowd are inclined to bear side and every time it weakens they jump on it. It quickly firms on any outside demand. Receipts are big all over, but they were for two days. Visible showed a bigger increase than was expected. Cables steady. Corn—The Missouri state report was all the strength corn had today. Copious rains was thought would break the market. It is thought the government report will be very bullish.

Visible supply of grain in the United States and Canada on dates named:

	Sept. 4.	Aug. 25.
Wheat	66,940,000	64,771,000
Corn	3,151,000	3,038,000
Oats	7,204,000	6,097,000

Toledo Produce Market.

Business was about an average today. Prices steady.

Butter—Dairy, 18@20c; creamery, 22@28c.

Eggs—Fresh, 16c.

Butter—Creamery, 22@26c; dairy, 18c.

Eggs—Freshly gathered, 16c.

Vegetables—Celery, doz. stalks, 25c; potatoes, bu, 55c; sweet potatoes, bu, $1 40; onions, bu, $1 75; bunch onions, doz, 8c; radishes, doz, 8c; corn, doz. ears, 8@10c; cabbages, doz, 30c; carrots, doz, 10c; beets, bu, 35c; cucumbers, per 100, 20@25c.

Dressed meats—Beef, lb, 6c; hogs, per 100 lbs, $7 00; calves, lb, 7c; mutton, lb, 6c; lambs, lb, 7c.

Fruits—Pears, bu, 75c@$1 00; apples, bu, 40c; melons, doz, 50c@$1 25; watermelons, doz, $1 25@1 75; huckleberries, bu, $3 50; oranges, box, $3 50; lemons, box, $3 50; peaches, basket, 30@60c; plums, basket, 75c; grapes, lb, 2½c.

Hides—Green, heavy steers, lb, 3½c; light, 3¼c; cured heavy steers, lb, 4c; skins, shearlings, each 15c; lambs, 30c; tallow, 4½@5c.

Wool—Washed, 12@15c per lb; unwashed, lb, 8@12c.

Lard—Tierce, bbls, half bbls and 50-lb tins, 10c.

Hams—Sugar-cured, lb, 11@12c.

Salt Meats—Breakfast bacon, lb, 12½c; shoulders, lb, 9c; bologna, lb, 5c; mess pork, heavy, lb, 13c; short mess, 13½c; short clear, 14c.

Grain and Produce.

Buffalo, Sept. 4.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 56c; No. 1 white, 60c. Corn—Arrivals moderate; some inquiry; No. 2 yellow, 61c; No. 3 do., 60½c; No. 2 corn, 60c. Oats—Fair demand; No. 2 white, 34¾@35c; No. 3 white, 34@34½c; No. 2 mixed, 32c.

Chicago, Sept. 4.—Close—Wheat firmer; September, 53⅝c; December, 57c; May, 62@62¼c. Corn higher; September, 56¼c; October, 55⅝c; December, 53¾c; May, 53⅝@54. Oats firmer; September, 29⅞c; October, 30⅛c; May, 35⅞c. Mess pork higher; September, $14 15; January, $14 17½. Lard higher; September, $8 67½; October, $8 72½; May, $8 22½. Short ribs higher; September, $7 82½; January, $7 25. Rye quiet at 46½c. Barley firm at 56@56½c. Flaxseed steady at $1 23. Prime timothy seed firm at $5 20.

New York, Sept. 4.—Butter—Receipts, 10,001 packages; market steady; western dairy, 11½@17c; western creamery, 15@24c; Elgins, 24c. Eggs—Receipts, 10,0004 packages; market firmer; western, 17@18c; cases, $1.75@3.50. Sugar—Raw, firm; fair refining, 3¼@3⅜c; centrifugal, 96 degrees test, 3⅞@3⅞c; refined, quiet and steady; crushed, 5⅞@5 9-16c; powdered, 5 1-16@5¼c; granulated, 4 13-16@5c. Coffee, dull; No. 7, 15⅝@15¾c.

Live Stock.

East Buffalo, Sept. 4.—(Eirick Bros.' report, exclusive to The Blade.)—Cattle—Fresh receipts, 3 cars, 20 cars holding over from yesterday; offerings mostly common stuff; market very dull on all grades except prime stuff. Hogs—Receipts, 7 cars; market steady to strong; no prime here; offerings mostly poor quality; heavy grades, $6 35@6 45; prime quotable at about $4 60; Yorkers, common to best, $5 75@6 25; pigs, $5 25@$6 00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts light; feeling firm on all good grades.

Chicago, Sept. 4.—Hogs—Receipts today, 14,000 head; official yesterday, 24,766 head; shipments yesterday, 6,865 head; left over, 4,500 head; quality poor; market active and best grades 5c higher; other grades easy and in some instances 5c lower; sales ranged at $5 50@6 20 for light; $5 40@5 65 for rough packing; $5 50@6 25 for mixed; $5 70@6 35 for heavy packing and shipping lots. Cattle—Receipts, 6,000 head; market steady and firm for good grades, with common qualities easy. Sheep—Receipts, 8,000 head; market steady and moderately active.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Close of the Stock Market in New York This Afternoon.

New York, Sept. 4.—10:15 a. m.—The share speculation was generally firm at the opening, and some of the specialties were advanced materially, including Illinois Central, 1½ per cent; Richmond Terminal preferred, 1; Pittsburg, C., C. & St. L., common and preferred, ¾; Minneapolis & St. Louis preferred, Norfolk & Western, Wheeling & Lake Erie preferred and Susquehanna & Western preferred, ½ per cent. Sugar opened ⅛ per cent higher, but quickly broke 1¼ per cent to 103⅝, and Chicago Gas was sold down 1¼ per cent to 73¼. Louisville & Nashville receded ⅝ per cent; Burlington, ½, and the rest of the active list ⅛@½ per cent. The market is still heavy.

Noon—Sugar came into good buying and advanced ⅞ per cent; L. & N., P., C., C. & St. L., preferred, ¾; Canada Southern, 1; Western Union, St. Paul, Burlington & Quincy and Pittsburg & Western, ½, and the rest of the shares traded in, ⅛@⅜ per cent. Subsequently some shares eased off a fraction, including Sugar, ⅜ per cent; Western Union and Great Northern preferred, ½; Distilling, Chicago Gas and Louisville & Nashville, ⅜. The market now is about steady. Sales to noon, 85,900 shares, including 56,400 shares listed and 29,500 unlisted.

1:45 p. m.—The general list was steady up to 12:45, and was, in the main, higher after 1 p. m. Speculation is now very quiet. In the loan market stocks are scarcer.

New York, Sept. 4.—Money on call easy at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper, 3@5½ per cent. Sterling exchange dull and heavy, with actual business in bankers' bills at $4 86¼@4 86½ for demand, and $4 85¼@4 85½ for 60 days; posted rates, $4 85½@4 86½ and $4 87@4 88; commercial bills, $4 84@4 84¼. Silver certificates, 66@67c; no sales. Bar silver, 65½c. Mexican dollars, 52½c.

	Opening	Highest	Lowest	Close
A. C. O.	33⅞	34½	33⅞	34
Atch	7⅞	8	7⅞	8
Sugar	104⅞	105⅞	103⅝	105¼
C. S.	52⅞	....	....	53½
Gas	74¼	74⅜	73¼	74¼
B. Q.	77⅞	78½	77¼	78⅜
C. C. C.	40⅞	....	....	41⅛
D. L.	168	....	....	168½
Erie	16⅝	....	....	16⅞
H. V.	18⅞	....	....	19
J. C.	113⅞	....	....	113⅝
L. S.	136	....	....	136¼
L. & N.	56⅞	57¼	56⅞	56⅞
Lead	43	43¾	42⅝	43½
M. P.	29⅞	30⅛	29⅞	30⅛
N. E.	27	....	....	27¼
N. A.	4⅞	....	....	4⅞
N. Y. C.	101⅞	....	....	101⅞
N. P.	5⅞	6⅛	5½	5⅞
N. P. pfd	21⅞	22⅜	21½	22⅜
N. W.	106½	107	106¼	107
O. M.	37⅞	38⅜	37½	38⅜
R. G.	18⅞	18¾	18¼	18⅜
R. I.	65½	66¼	64½	66¼
St. P.	66	67¼	65⅞	67⅛
U. P.	14	14	13⅞	14
W. P.	16⅞	....	....	16⅞
W. U.	90¾	92	90¾	91⅞
G. E.	40⅞	....	....	42
D. C. F.	18⅜	18⅜	18⅜	18⅜
Man	118½	....	....	120½
T. C. & I.	18½	18⅜	18	18⅜
D. & H.	135½	....	....	135½

Trade.

Business generally continues to show more active life. Yet the condition is not one of marked activity.

Chicago Horse Market.

Chicago, Aug. 21.—Considering the general depression of almost all kinds of business, the horse market can be quoted as very fair, and has been better all through August than most of the dealers expected. At this writing the demand still continues steady, and for some extra classes strong, such as nice actors, drivers and carriage horses with quality, which are not plenty. Receipts so far this week are liberal, but mostly of very common grades and a great many thin, rough, blemished horses, which do not sell high, but bring all buyers and dealers think they are worth, and all sell. Good many buyers now on the market. Some demand for extra draft, 1,500 to 1,700 lbs.; prices run according to quality, $75@125 per head. Some little demand for cheap little Southern mares, 900 to 1,000 lbs., at $30@50 per head. The best demand is from the East, for nice, smooth, sound business chunks, 5 to 7 years old, well broke and sound and good flesh, weighing 1,050 to 1,250 lbs. This class sell generally from $60 to $90. Good, well broke, breedy drivers of the same weight are in good demand and selling well, especially if high actors or speedy, or both, and bring the top prices, which, depending on so many things, are hard to give, quotations ranging all the way from $75 for common to $250 for extra.

Wool.

Bradstreet's says of the wool market for the past week: "The sttlement of the question whether wool in bond can be taken out free of duty under the new law caused an active business at the custom house, while sales of the week also foot up large, owing to several unusually heavy individual transactions. Sales in Boston include 1,700,000 pounds Cordova wool to one mill and 1,500,000 pounds Montana wool to another leading manufacturer. Australian wools have also met with a better sale, the amount reported footing up in excess of 1,000,000 pounds. Outside of these transactions the tendency has been toward quietness, with values for domestic wool only fairly maintained in the absence of business. The prices of foreign wools are not yet established, and the market is nominal. The stock in bond in Boston at the time of the tariff change was in excess of 33,000,000 pounds, largely carpet, while the bonded stocks of the country were about 62,000,000 pounds.

New York Cotton Market.

New York, Sept. 4.—Cotton futures are quiet and steady, sales, 1,600 bales. September, 657; October, 661; November, 669; December, 675; January, 680; February, 687; March, 693; April, 699; May, 705; June, 710.

New York, Sept. 4.—Spot cotton steady; middling uplands, 6⅞c; middling gulf, 7⅛c; sales, 1,205 bales.